June 10, 1967

THE NEW YORKER

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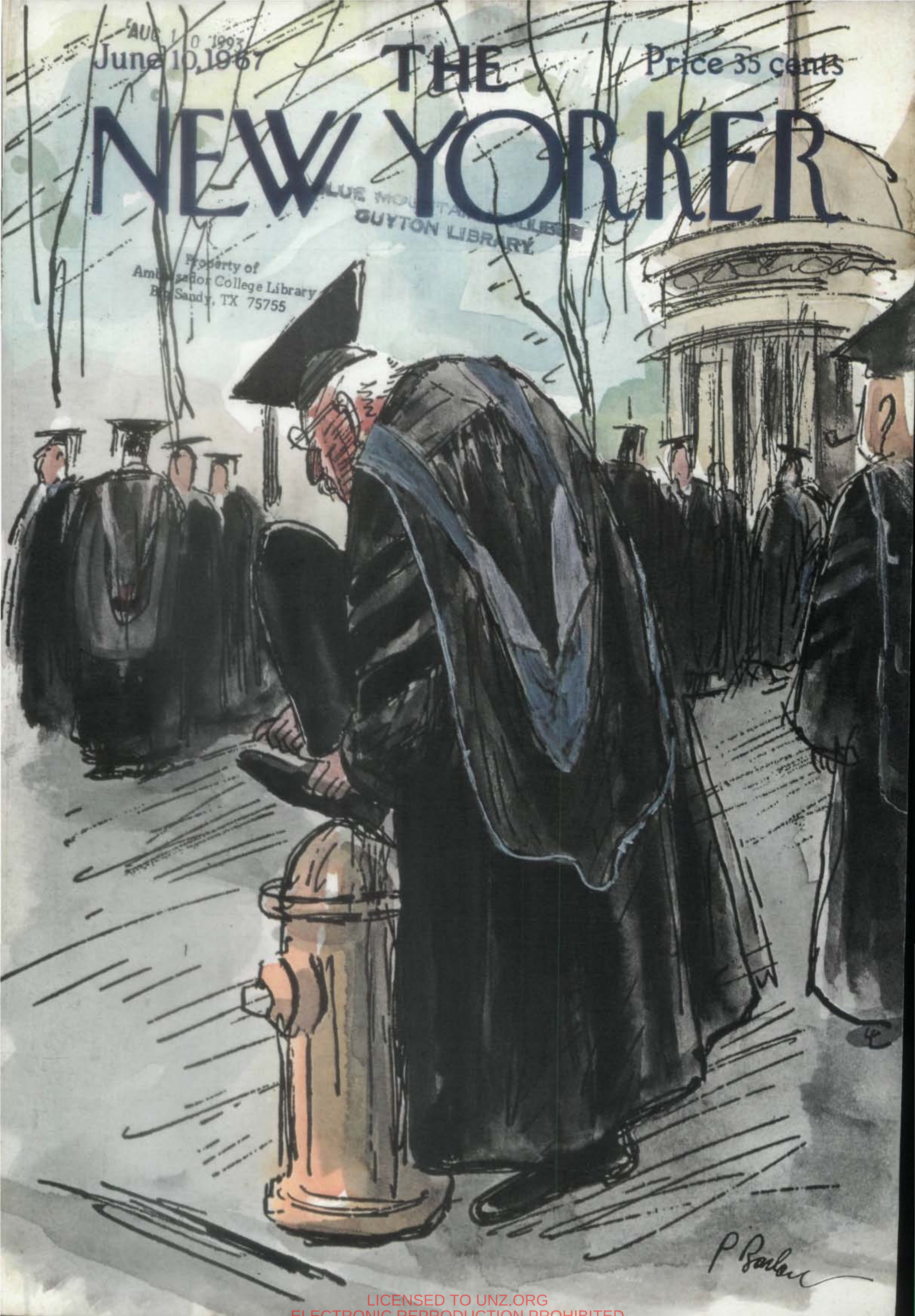

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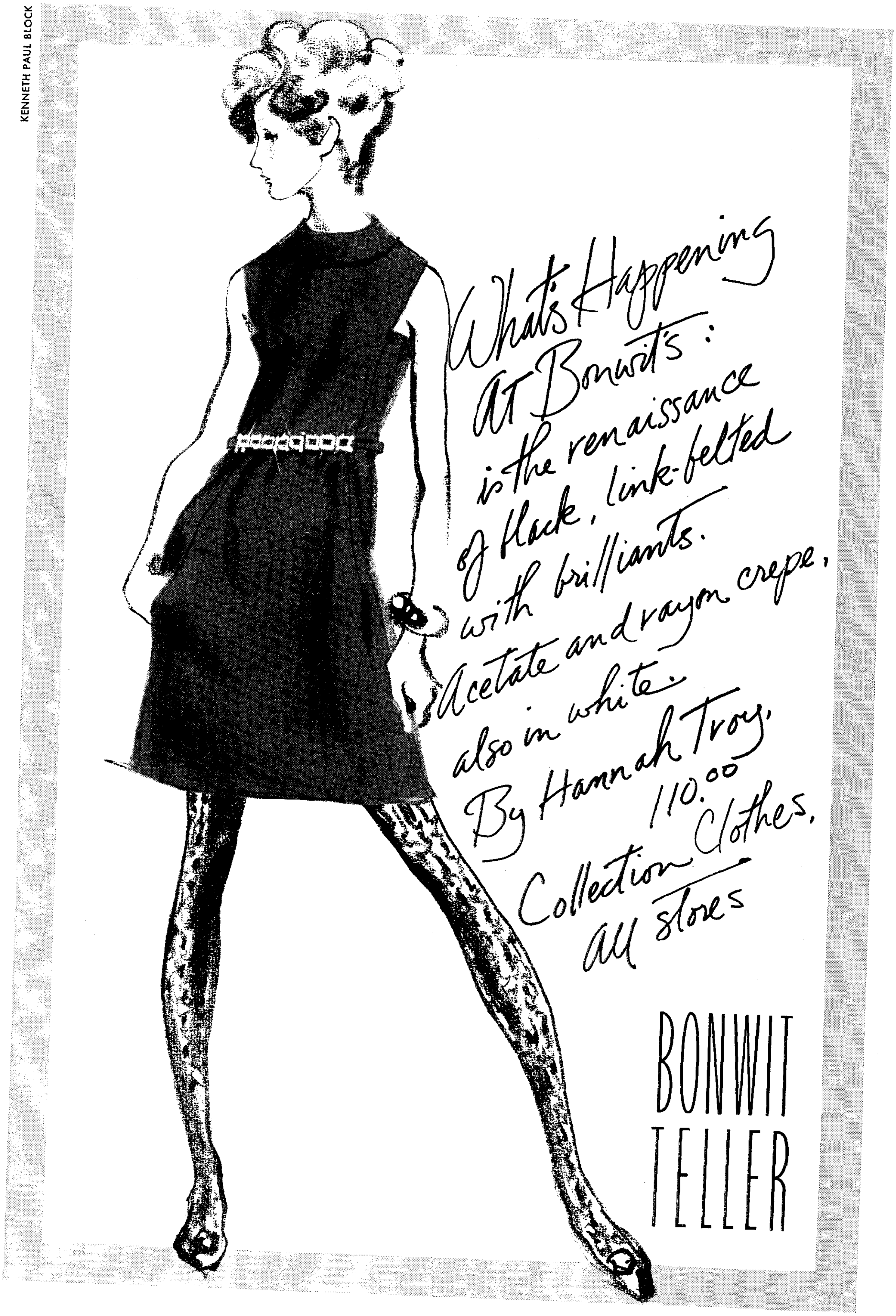

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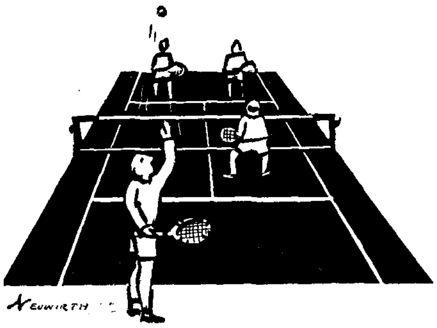
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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11	12	13	14	15	16	17

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

APA-Phoenix—The final performances of the season. **WAR AND PEACE:** Thursday and Friday, June 8-9, at 8:30; Saturday, June 10, at 2:30 and 8:30; Thursday and Friday, June 15-16, at 8:30; and Saturday, June 17, at 2:30 and 8:30. . . . ¶ Ibsen's **THE WILD DUCK:** Monday and Tuesday, June 12-13, at 8:30, and Wednesday, June 14, at 2 and 8:30. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3877.)

Black Comedy—A comical invention of Peter Shaffer, in which dark is turned into light by means too involved to go into. Mr. Shaffer claims he has been inspired by the classical Chinese theatre, but what he gives us here is old-fashioned, free-swinging vaudeville. The cast, under the direction of John Dexter, is admirable, which is more than can be said for a curtain-raiser called "White Lies." (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Don't Drink the Water—Woody Allen exhibits much verbal dexterity in his farce about a Jewish family from Newark that is forced to take refuge in an American embassy behind the Iron Curtain. Lou Jacobi, Anthony Roberts, Kay Medford, and Dick Libertini are happily engaged in this one. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Homecoming—Harold Pinter's Happening about a North London family who find themselves unexpectedly host to a scion of the house and his wife, both lately come from America. Mr. Pinter is not without wit, but he doesn't seem to put his characters to any significant dramatic purpose. However, the cast, under the aegis of the Royal Shakespeare Company, is laudable, and Peter Hall, the director, deserves salutations. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Star-Spangled Girl—Neil Simon is something less than stimulating in this account of life among the bohemians of San Francisco. Anthony Perkins, Richard Benjamin, and Sheilah Wells comprise the cast, and they, on the other hand, are commendably lively. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

You Know I Can't Hear You When the Water's Running—Alan Schneider's direction and the performances of Martin Balsam, Eileen Heckart, George Grizzard, Joe Silver, and Melinda Dillon make a good thing of this quartet of plays by Robert Anderson, in which our old friend sex prevails. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-2533. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**BAREFOOT IN THE PARK:** A frivolity concerning the adventures of a pair of newlyweds in a Manhattan walkup. Another Neil Simon creation. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CACTUS FLOWER:** Lauren Bacall and Barry Nelson, among others, in a comedy by Abe Burrows (not Neil Simon) that describes the blossoming of a cold and efficient secretary employed by an amorous dentist. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **THE ODD COUPLE:** A comedy by somebody called Neil Simon having to do with a couple of male marital rejects trying to keep house in a rambling Riverside Drive apartment. Eddie Bracken and Mike Kellin head up the cast. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:40, and Sundays at 3.)

MUSICALS

The Apple Tree—All about Eve and a couple of other females in a triptych based on stories by Mark Twain, Frank R. Stockton, and Jules Feiffer. Barbara Harris is splendid as the most conspicuous performer on view, and Hal Holbrook and Larry Blyden lend her a deft hand. Mike Nichols directed, and Jerry Bock and Sheldon Harnick did the book, music, and lyrics. Phyllis Newman substitutes for Miss Harris at the matinée performances. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Cabaret—A formidable production that serves to show how things were just before the Nazi takeover in Germany. Jack Gilford, Lotte Lenya, and Joel Grey do what they can with the music, lyrics, and book. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Hallelujah, Baby!—An account of the adventures of a Negro lass and her lad as they try to make something of themselves in a hostile environment. The book, by Arthur Laurents, isn't very substantial, but the music, by Jule Styne, and the lyrics, by Betty Comden and Adolph Green, are lively. Leslie Uggams and Robert Hooks are fine in the leading roles, and are aptly aided by Allen Case and Lillian Hayman. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

I Do! I Do!—Jan de Hartog's "The Fourposter" in a rather saccharine adaptation by Tom Jones, which is buoyed up tremendously by Mary Martin and Robert Preston as a couple reënacting fifty years of happy married life. The play has music and lyrics by Harvey Schmidt and Mr. Jones, and some imaginative sets by Oliver Smith. The direction, by Gower Champion, is eminently satisfactory. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35.)

Illya Darling—Melina Mercouri as a jolly trollop in Piraeus is a fine figure of a woman in this variation on the film called "Never on Sunday," but the musical is a rather weak vehicle despite some sprightly tunes and a spate of virile dancing. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Joseph Stein's adaptation of some of Sholom Aleichem's stories, with Herschel Bernardi. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **FUNNY GIRL:** Mimi Hines representing Fanny Brice. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Martha Raye now has the role of Empress Poppaea Sabina. Starting Monday, June 12, Betty Grable will succeed to the throne. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **MAME:** This version of the Patrick Dennis novel about an exuberant aunt and her orphaned nephew has a cast headed by Angela Lansbury. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **SWEET CHARITY:** Gwen Verdon as a dance-hall girl who dreams long dreams of true love and matrimony. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

Music Theatre of Lincoln Center—A revival of **SOUTH PACIFIC**, with Florence Henderson and Giorgio Tozzi. Opens Monday, June 12, and will run through Saturday, Sept. 9. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—A revival of Bertolt Brecht's **GALILEO**, with Anthony Quayle in the title role. The final production of the season. (Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Saturday, June 17.)

Absolutely Freeee—A rock-'n'-roll concert by the Mothers of Invention. (Garrick Theatre, 152 Bleecker St. 777-4530. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30 and 10:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 12:30.)

Amato Opera Company—Presentations of **MADAME BUTTERFLY.** (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:15.)

America Hurrah—A trio of plays by Jean-Claude van Itallie. (Pocket Theatre, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Coach with the Six Insides—A return engagement, after an absence of four years, of Jean Erdman's lively adaptation of portions

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

of "Finnegans Wake." The five members of the company, who act and pantomime and dance and recite, do quite well. Teiji Ito's music sounds just as delightful as it did the first time around, and Joyce's words sound just as wonderful. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 3.)

Drums in the Night—It is doubtful whether this very early play by Bertolt Brecht would mean much even if the acting and translation were good. They are not. The action takes place during a Communist uprising in Berlin immediately after the First World War. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—What is an optimist, Pop? (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Fortune and Men's Eyes—A play by John Herbert. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Gorilla Queen—This effeminate and very obscene lampoon of old jungle movies all but drowns in its own whimsey and complacency, but it is quite lively, all the same. *Caveat emptor.* (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. 736-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

In the Nick of Time—An evening of light entertainment by a pair of young performers named Sue Lawless and Ted Pugh. They are, at this point in their careers, somewhat stronger on appeal than on technique, but some of their ideas are fresh and amusing, and several of the ideas really work. Andrew Orestes Lesko is at the piano. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Mad Show—A musical revue with a cast made up of a quintet of highly ingratiating young performers, Lightweight satire is the main ingredient. The piece has music by Mary Rodgers. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Man of La Mancha—José Ferrer is now playing the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman. The music, by Mitch Leigh, is commendable, as is the staging, by Albert Marre, but the play as a whole is spotty, and the choreography, by Jack Cole, runs to burlesque-house routines. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. 674-5600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

People Is the Thing That the World Is Fullest of—A cheerful puppet show in the form of a topical revue for adults. Children would probably enjoy it, too. (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30.)

The Pocket Watch—A comedy by Alvin Aronson. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. 736-4073. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 6. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown—This musical adaptation of Charles M. Schulz's "Peanuts" is a total delight. The songs, by Clark Gesner; the libretto, by John Gordon; the setting, by Alan Kimmel; the direction, by Joseph Hardy; and all the actors are fine, too. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

Ballet Folklorico of Mexico—A company of seventy-five dancers, singers, and musicians. (Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center. 787-4200. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, June 11.)

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Charles Weidman—With his dance company. (Village Theatre, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 475-8400. Monday, June 12, at 8:30.)

OUTDOORS

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of **THE COMEDY OF ERRORS**, with Joe Bova, Julienne Marie, John Call, and Charles Durning. The first in a series of three plays by the company. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Closes Saturday, July 1. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

Ice Show—"Ice Capades," with a company headed by Otto and Maria Jelinek. (Shea Stadium. 478-1140. Final performance Thursday, June 8, at 8:45.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Whipper and snapper are the ways of Paul Anka, a skillful young mesmerizer, whose words and music know how to both arouse and subdue the younger generation. He appears in the Royal Box at dinner and supper. The local bandsmen, who keep longer hours, are under the management of the knowing Lee Evans. Closed Sundays.

Barberry, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800)—The night mayors of a lot of neighborhoods, from Sutton Place to Times Square, convene and convive. The small band of Ernie Warren, a night mayor himself, urges them on from nine until two or three every night but Sunday.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—Standing on its dignity is the most vigorous exercise engaged in by the local restaurant, wherein a wee Cliff Hall staff puts forth dance tunes from eight until one or maybe two, desisting only on Sundays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—Nothing funereal about the lilies here; they all have a gilt complex. So that they may dance, Lester Lanin and a set of followers, plus George Anaya's Latin band, keep up a steady fire hour after hour. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—For Mod, for country, and for Yale is the jaunty credo and sound of the musicians assembled by Ben Cutler, that Old Blue, for the kempt and well-brought-up Café Pierre. They do it every night until well after the theatre. Industrious song and guitar, most often Andalusian, fill in the intervals between sets.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—At dinner and supper, the Persian Room contains (just barely) Jack Jones, handsome is as handsome does, which in his case means an active life, perfect pitch, and a keen ear for a good lyric. A vast band purrs knowingly behind him. All evening long, the orchestras of Burt Farber and Mark Monte proceed at a brisk, bountiful, and blithe pace. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's piano and violin do *petits-fours* music in the Palm Court from four-thirty to six-thirty, and (except on Sundays) Viennese music from seven to nine in the Edwardian Room. . . . ¶ Gunnar Hansen's violin, which has a romantic story to tell (tales of Hoffmann and tales of the Vienna Woods), is in the Palm Court between eight and one every night but Sunday. His accompaniment is piano and a dozen ladies in waiting laden with *Linzer Torte*, water ices, and spirits.

SARDIS
SARDI'S
2

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Pink of perfection on a peak (sixty-five floors up) of the same. Ray McKinley, once the Glenn Miller majordomo, is running the current band, which will be replaced, on Tuesday, June 13, by a crew in the charge of Benny Goodman, the well-known maker of clarinet marmalade. The sound commences at seven (an alternate threesome is used for openers) and ceases at around two. Sundays are silent, and so is Monday, June 12.

The Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (PL 9-2444)—Harry James, a consistent winner in the past-performances charts, is at it again with his newest band, deep in the hull of our last remaining night boat. The music lets go from eight to two. No sound on Sundays.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The affluent society maintains an executive suite in the Maisonette. Among its trappings are George Cort's brush-fire band and Quintero's Latin one, which operate from seven-thirty until two. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ La Boite, a more subdued refectory, drifts placidly through its dinner and supper menu with Jani Sarkozi's fiddle as the housewarmer. He ticks and tocks from six to one-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (TR 3-3200)—A not especially far country, wide open (on civilized nights, anyway) to the country air (or what passes for air), with eating, drinking, and being merry to the tunes called by Phil Wayne's city-bred quintet and a troupe of Latinos. The music carries on from around seven until after midnight. The games are all indoors ones on wet evenings.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In one portion of the many-chambered Peacock Alley, the band of Sonny Kendis rambles from, say, eight until one, or a bit past, Tuesday through Saturday every week.

Note—**ROSELAND DANCE CITY**, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—The playing fields of Eton, or something as large, and conducted with Etonian decorum (no Frug, no Fragmentation) by two endless big bands. No frills or folderol, either, and only smidgens of menu. The music usually begins around seven-thirty and ends around one. Sundays begin at three-thirty in the afternoon. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): There's no split level in this ranch house, for it's *all* one big happy family; Louis Golson Hawkins (Goldie, that is to say) is a padrone, pianist, and walking delegate who knows how to keep it that way. From time to time, Sam Hamilton and Wayne Sanders ply piano, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): Innocence abroad, so young is the cast of customers, who all have something junior to do with the graphic arts. The audible arts are handled by the threesome of the pensive Chuck Wayne, who is there every night but Sunday. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the little Londoner who, after twelve years at one piano, has unassailable squatter's rights in the Western Hemisphere, begins playing at nine-thirty in the burbling neighborhood pub of the Hotel Earle. The dining is minimal here. No music Mondays. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS**, 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): West Indies vacationers who like to return to the scene of their prime can be observed in this island port, listening to the song and guitar that have become part of the West Indian

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

urban way of life. The music occurs Thursdays through Saturdays from eight to two, and in shorter stints the rest of the week. The décor, which is entertainment in its own right, is there all the time. Closed Sundays. . . . **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): All the restaurant's a stage to the staff, and the scallopini arrives at table garnished with freehand Verdi. Closed Mondays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): The only piano throw in use here is Rita Dimitri, who perches herself on the instrument at dinner on week-nights and at both dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays to do her soubrette chansons, which are couched in several lively languages. There is dance music, too, beginning at eight. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): It has been a long time away from its natal niche in Budapest, but its music and its folkways are immutable. Béla Babai's band plays for musing and dancing; the gallant tenor of Tibor Rakossy augments the ambiance. Closed Mondays. . . . **TAMBURLAINE**, 148 E. 48th St. (PL 1-0033): A forest primeval, apparently situated in early Tibet. Admirers of the past may observe certain fragments of the old Stork staff, admirers of the fine arts may listen, and dance, every Monday night, from nine o'clock on, to the adrenalin piano of Billy Rubenstein and his threesome, as well as (from six to eight Mondays through Fridays) to a crew involving Allan Haig and Phil Leshin. Most of the other music keeps its foot on the loud pedal. Closed Sundays. . . . **KIPPYS**, 240 W. 52nd St. (581-4773): If it must be a Broadway steak house after the theatre, this one (done in the new manner of the musical-comedy ancestral drawing room) has an upstairs inglenook wherein George Taylor, who has been around, addresses a baby grand from nine until two every night but Sunday.

NOTE—Those who would like to have their ears pierced (for dancing, that is) are best off in this set of discothèques: **ARTHUR**, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): The Arthurian legend is still all true—entrance into this dynasty of din is just about by written permission only, and the irrational orbits of the patrons on their solo flights seem never to intersect at any point. The human element of the music is created by the group known as Mortimer. Nine until four is the running time; a fair number of dinner dishes are in evidence. Closed Mondays. . . . **YELLOWFINGER'S**, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980): Behind the closely guarded wicket of this blithe Underground is a world of make-believe, wherein seemly young people in make-believe costumery indulge in make-believe folk dancing. Amusing and bemusing—that's the ticket. Nine-thirty to three-thirty night after night. . . . **L'INTERDIT**, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): Dim recesses, a quite visible late-dinner menu, machine-knit music not quite as audible as usual, and local ground rules against costumery that is extrovert. Nothing doing before nine, or on Sundays or on Saturday, June 10.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Cy Walter is providing the proper perspective on whatever composition runs the course of his keyboard, and every perspective pleases. He is on duty from six to nine-thirty and ten-thirty to one, every night but Sunday, when the pianoforte is given over to Allan Haig. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Norbert Faconi, who was fiddling back when Nero burned, is still doing I-am-yours-alone violin within the portcullis of this tongue-in-cheek feudal system. No sound on Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): The good King's second castle keep, likewise planned to amuse the eye as well as the palate. George Cardini and his enthusiastic violin provide the marching music. Silence on Sundays and Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The language spoken by the guitar of Rogelio Reguera is the purest Castilian, and the architectural background is indigenous and ingenious. No sound effects Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): When in Rome, dine as the Romans do, and let the itinerant musicians take the place of discourse. These dulcet citizens are armed with vocal cords, mandolin, violin, and accordion. Curfew arrives at two. Closed Sundays. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): One segment of early New York that has learned how to grow old gracefully. In the bar of this genuine antique, there is unassertive piano from six to one, except on Sundays. . . . **REGENCY**, Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): In the lounge of the Regency Room, one of the statelier homes on Park Avenue, a piano joins in with the proceedings from five-thirty to twelve-thirty every evening. Supper, but no dinner. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Maison de style* and, from nine-thirty to one, music room, too. The best of the music is the effervescent guitar of Enzio Lembo, whose off nights are Mondays and Wednesdays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): In the Casino-on-the-Park's peaceful pleasance, Steven Weltner turns out piano that is not just background for conversation but a conversation piece in itself. Six-thirty until midnight, except on Saturdays and Sundays, is the scheme. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Royal-enclosure is the mood of the place; hop, skip, and jump is the attitude of George Feyer's piano, which is on duty from eight-thirty until around two. N.B.: Closed Sundays, and on Monday, June 12, Karl Inwald will fill in at the piano. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Friends, Romans, and countrymen forgather for talkative dining while self-propelled musicians (the worldly Herman Honigsberg and his troupe of violinists) play on, play on. Closed Sundays. . . . **POLO BAR**, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): Conrad Monjoy's piano communes quietly with itself in a corner of this portion of the Westbury Hotel. The musings occur from nine until one. No musings Sundays and Mondays. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM**, 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (only by appointment with a secret agent whose name and number is UN 1-9494): A cenacle whose trappings imply that it is constructed of Turkish Delight. In one of its dining alcoves, a piano implies, from six to one, that the locale is really U.S.A. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dining, unless otherwise indicated.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): The main bout is Bobby Vinton, who, it is well known, has special insight into the problems of the young (life, liberty, the pursuit of happiness, and the lack of them, which do sound like adult problems, too). He and his brace of go-go girls spell out the remedies in sturdy sleight of hand, foot, and mouth. On Thursday, June 15, another lecturer to the younger set, Johnny Tillotson, will succeed him. Both players are accompanied by comedians, who are not required reading. . . . ¶ In the street-level lounge, from ten o'clock on, loud sings this and that cuckoo, often with electronic components. . . . **LATIN QUARTER**, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): "Maid in Paris" is the title of an extravaganza in which many, many girls in their gym suits are constructing a stairway to Paradise. The most splendid example is Susan Clemm, seven foot seven if she's an inch. Among other things, there are the Ramon Cadiz dancers (do or die for dear old Spain) and the sonnets of Ronnie Dove, a tenor fresh out of the record albums. Dancing. . . . **CHEETAH**, 1680 Broadway, at 53rd St. (582-2970): The sack of Troy, the delending of Carthage, done as an impromptu extravaganza by a cast of thousands, all of them volunteer and most of them miniskirted. No quarter is asked or given by the bands alongside the dance floor. They begin at eight (even at three on Sundays, when they are

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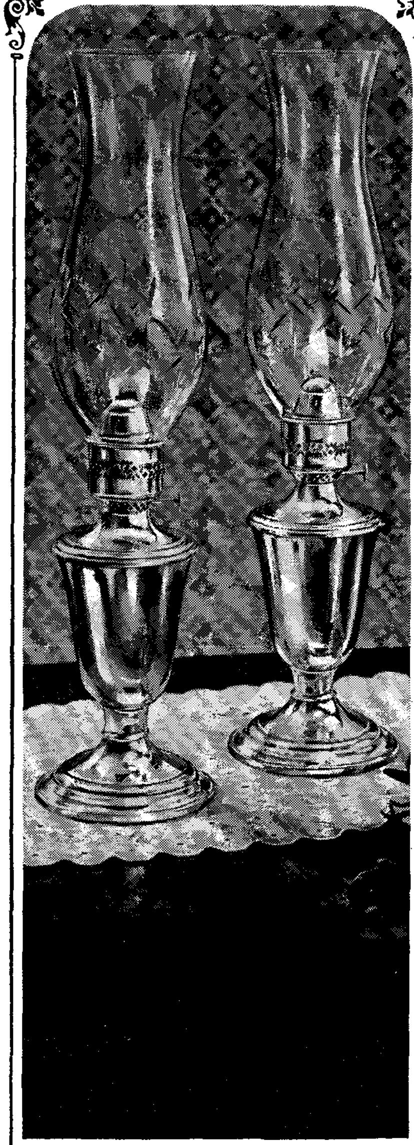

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

supplemented by rhythm-and-blues chanters). No kitchen privileges. Closed Mondays. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Trini Lopez is nothing if not a moving target as, picking on a guitar of his own size, he careers across the stage, glittering with overcome-by-joy lyrics—moving especially to the boys and girls of school age who are allowed to sit up late enough to see him. Closed Sundays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): It's politics that makes the world go round, faster and faster and faster, but not so fast that Nic Ullett and Tony Hendra, political-science majors from the English Cambridge, are unable to keep up a running commentary. Jeanne Arnold, as fine a *femme fatale* as could be wished for, does the chanting. The scene is the polished finishing school of which Julius Monk is headmaster, and the background is the duplex and dashing pianoing of Otis Clements and Robert Colston. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): The feral feet of the Lusitanian flamencans led by Joaquin Robles often rise above their surroundings—the burning deck of the backroom stage—but only to return to it full force. The four-strong Los Hispanos (song and strings and heart and soul) are also present. On Thursday, June 15, these performers give way to Los Chavales de España, the Iberian Peninsula's most notable standing, singing army. Dinner and supper is their schedule, but the dancing by the customers can make the performance continuous. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the neighborly Flamenco Room, after ten, Emilio Prados's guitar and Domingo Alvarado's arias sigh as softly and sadly as the wind in the willows. Closed Sundays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): "Mixed Doubles," another of the bandbox revues that are this establishment's staple crop, takes after its parents and even its grandparents, yet a number of original biological sports appear in its libretto, and that's just fine. Judy Graubart is a neat bit of wide-eyed wistfulness; Richard Blair and Larry Moss are the best of her helpmeets. The hours are nine-thirty and midnight. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): What Joan Rivers has to say to her analyst becomes a poorly kept secret after ten o'clock every night but Sunday, for it is at that time that she takes the witness stand. . . . **THE IMPROVISATION,** 358 W. 44th St. (CI 5-9978): Actors' work is never done, so one or another of them takes an after-the-theatre turn around an establishment that is nothing if not informal. Earlier on, there is both piano and other happenings, also impromptu.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Wes Montgomery's quartet, the incumbent musicians, sign off on Sunday, June 11, with a matinée and evening go. Next evening, in accordance with the local Monday custom, the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Jazz Band is turned loose, and on Tuesday, June 13, the quartet of Thelonious Monk should move in. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): This Gaul is divided into two parts. The Top of the Gate offers, after the dinner hour, the trio of Mose Allison, which is food for thought (at least) in itself, plus the piano of Tete Montoliu, whose Catalan progressive piano improves upon the work of more than one American contemporary. Mondays, they are replaced by the triad of Daphne Hellman, which deals wistfully and gracefully with things in between Kern and Respighi. . . . ¶ The lower level is occupied by John Handy's quintet, currently regarded as a hopeful sign in current music. Friday and Saturday, June 9-10, it will be supplemented by Miriam Makeba, whose presence and voice indicate at once that she is African aristocracy. From Tuesday, June 13, on, it will be supplemented by Chad Mitchell, an American singer who ranks in content and feeling with Brel and Aznavour. Mondays, the lower level is allotted to Symphony Sid and his Latin bands. . . . **SHEPHEARD'S,** in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Little Egypt—architecturally, that is, and *not* in the flesh. There is a great deal of electricity in the air, most of it devoted to bringing tape to life. There is earthling music, too, produced by the threesome of Rubin Mitchell, a facile keyboard technician, or pyrotechnician, since some of his work is a three-alarm blaze in a firecracker factory. Dinner, supper, and all that. Closed Sundays. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Richie Kamuca's quartet ends up on Thursday, June 8, and next evening Clark Terry brings his squadron to work (seventeen men, it is said, Friday through Sunday every week, and a foursome the rest of the time). No noise Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Tony Scott's quintet finishes up on Saturday, June 10. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S,** 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): The oldest established jazz museum in town, displaying music that has been scarcely touched by the deleterious hand of time. Mr. Condon, Yank Lawson, Cutty Cutshall, Bob Wilber, Ross Tompkins, and Cliff Leeman. Dining and dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Arriving around ten, Billy Taylor's threesome does music to adumbrate to; after the theatre, even though there is no dance floor, it makes music to animate to. It is available every night but Monday, and so is the piano of Eddie Thompson, the solo operator. Nine-fifteen is starting time. Dining. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): A landing place where the Robert E. Lee makes regular calls. A squadron usually composed of Max Kaminsky, Zutty Singleton, Tony Parenti, and Marshall Brown is in the waiting room. Closed Sundays. . . . **RED ONION,** 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): Anyone who wants to know what the children do when they're off the streets should listen in. Beer mugs and sawdust, banjos and blampety-blamp—these are their throwbacks to the past. Nine to three or four every night. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): Siss, boom, bah, repeated ad infinitum. Washboard, tuba, banjo, and such fill in chinks in the young customers' clamor. Music from nine until two or three all week. . . . **SLUGS',** 242 E. 3rd St. (WA 4-8400): In the midst of a new urban-youth redevelopment area sits this shack, full of music of the moment. It is currently being done by the quartet of Roy Haynes; on Tuesday, June 13, the Hayneses will be succeeded by the quintet of Cecil Taylor, whose piano occasionally amuses itself by garbling the message in transmission. Mondays, Sun Ra's pathfinding ten-man firing squad is there instead. . . . **RED GARTER,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270): The entire student body of the City of New York engaged in hanging Peace and Quiet in effigy. A shotgun band erupts from time to time, often helped on by the stentorian lyrics of Ruth Crews, and there are movies that date back to Chaplin and Sarah Siddons. Beer is the elixir; nine until the end of time is the schedule. . . . **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): Is there a doctor in the house? Yes, there is—Dr. Richard Ireland, whose lighthearted specialty is "demonstrations in ESP and precognition." He departs on Saturday, June 10. On Thursday, June 15, Josh White and his folk songs are due for a stay. Tuesdays are assigned to visiting graduates and undergraduates. . . . **POOKIE'S PUB,** 282 Hudson St., near Spring St. (924-1945): The quartet of Elvin Jones, which (by today's standards) belongs to the Conservative party, should be on hand every night but Sunday and Monday.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

WILLIAM ACCORSI—A group of playground sculptures, utilizing motion; through June 30. (Union Square Park, Broadway at E. 14th St.)

FORREST BESS—Visionary primitivist paintings; through Friday, June 9. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

GEORGE BIRELINE—Abstract color-field paintings; through June 30. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Saturdays.)

ALBERTO COLLIE—Sculptures magnetically afloat;

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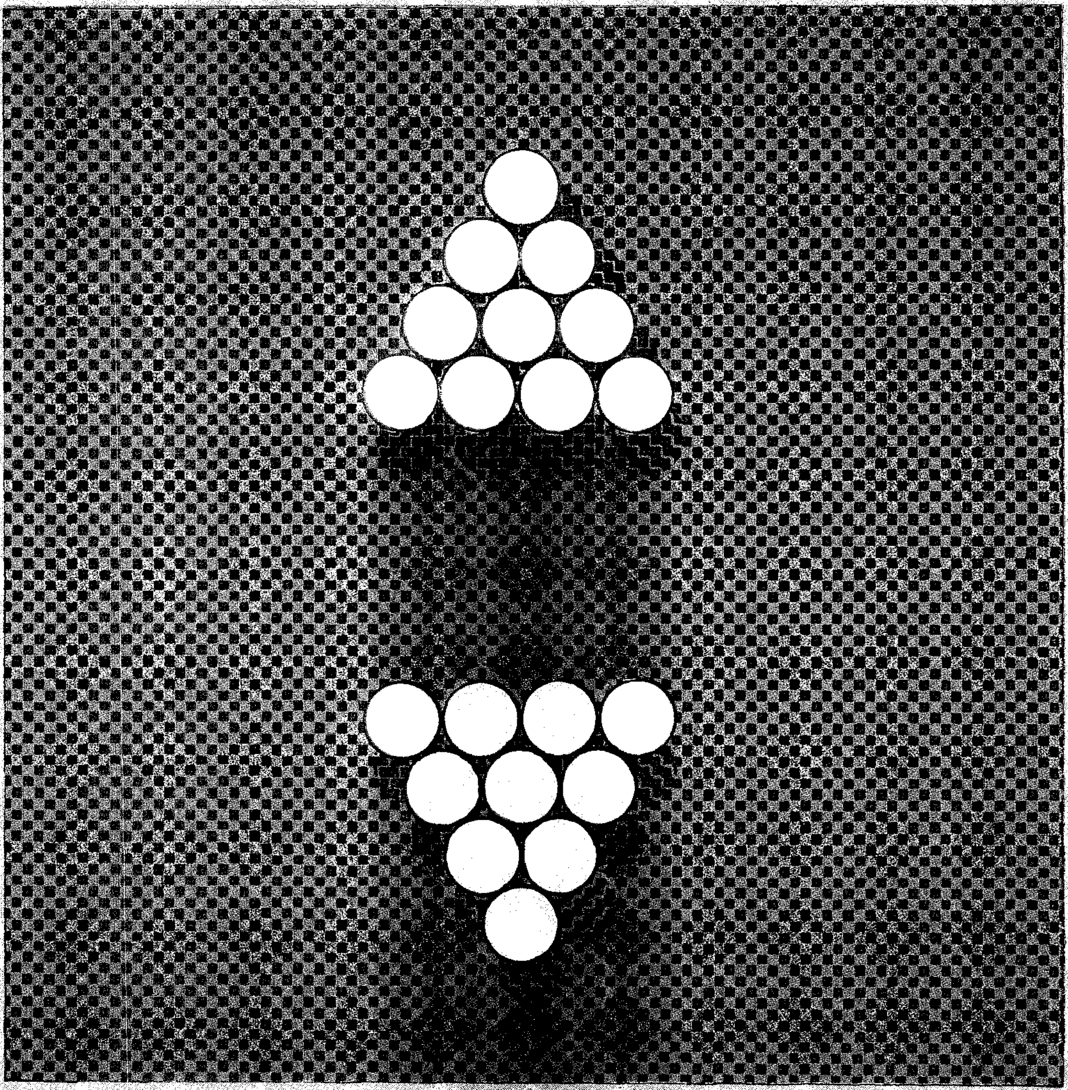

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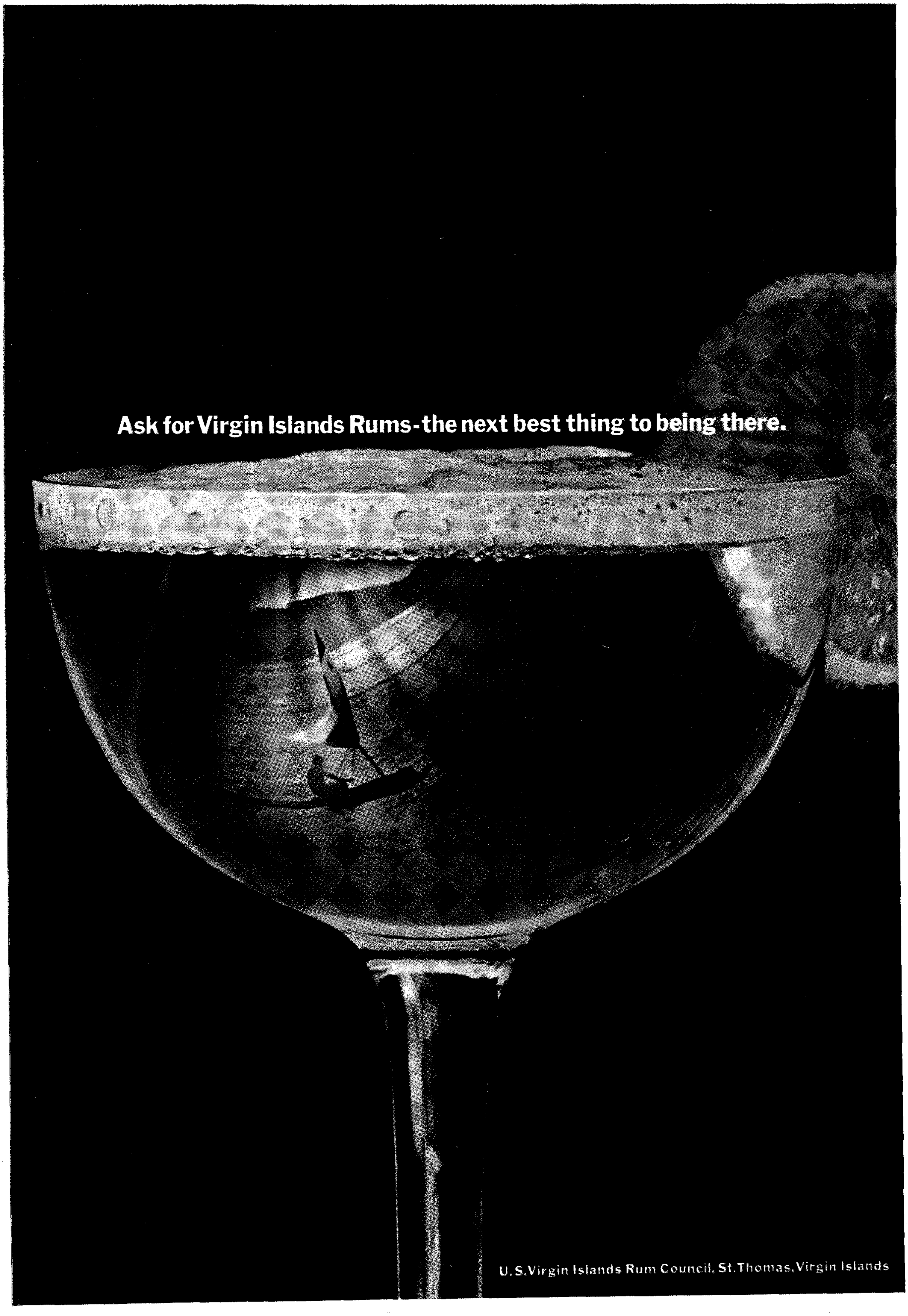
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through Saturday, June 10. (Nordness, 134 E. 70th St.)

Shigeo Fukuda—Toys and objects, some animated, by a Japanese designer; through Saturday, June 10. (IBM Gallery, 16 E. 57th St.)

Juan Gris—An anniversary exhibition of drawings and gouaches, many never shown here before, by a leading Cubist who died forty years ago; through June 30. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Raymond Hendler—Ideographic paintings; through Saturday, June 17. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jim Houser—Compositions of simplified everyday images by a former Abstract Expressionist; through Friday, June 16. (Grand Central Moderns, 8 W. 56th St. Closed Monday mornings.)

Robert Kabak—Large prismatic landscapes; through Friday, June 9. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Jacques Kaplan—Fur used as a medium for various vanguard art forms by the furrier; through Friday, June 9. (Waddell, 15 E. 57th St.)

Jules Moigniez—Bird and animal sculptures by a nineteenth-century French artist; through June 30. (Pietrantonio, 26 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

Guido Molinari—Black-and-white hard-edge paintings by a young Canadian; through Saturday, June 10. (East Hampton Gallery, 22 W. 56th St.)

Giorgio Morandi—Paintings, drawings, and engravings; through Saturday, June 17. (Loeb & Krugier, 12 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Giora Novak—One gallery-filling piece of sculpture; through Friday, June 16. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Nathan Oliveira—Figurative watercolors and drawings; through June 30. (Landau-Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St. Closed Mondays and Saturdays.)

Jules Pascin (1885-1930)—Two exhibitions that are running simultaneously with his show at the Whitney Museum: Forty-two watercolors and drawings taken from the whole range of his work; through Friday, June 9. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.) . . . ¶ Drawings; through June 30. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Saturday mornings.)

Robert Rauschenberg—Spectator-controlled kinetic constructions; through Saturday, June 10. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

George Rickey—Recent kinetic sculptures; through Saturday, June 17. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Herman Rose—Representational oils, watercolors, and etchings; through Saturday, June 10. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St.)

Harry Soviak and Leo Rabkin—Collages by the former and Plexiglas light-boxes by the latter; through June 24. (Feigen, 24 E. 81st St.)

The Italian Heritage (1300-1650)—A benefit show of paintings and sculptures by, among others, Titian, Rubens, Holbein, and Donatello, lent by American museums and private collectors; through Aug. 26. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

Sculptures: Group Show—Outdoor/indoor pieces by Bruno Lucchesi, Laura Ziegler, Chaim Gross, Elliot Offner, and Hugo Robus; through June 23. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays and Saturdays.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **JACKSON**, 32 E. 69th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and constructions by newcomers working in a variety of advanced modes; through June 23. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **MILCH**, 21 E. 67th St: Works by such painters as Childe Hassam, Stephen Etnier, and John Twachtman; through July 28. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **PARK PLACE GALLERY**, 542 West Broadway, at Bleecker St.: Paintings by a large group of minimal artists; through June 21. (Closed Mondays; open Sundays, noon to 5.) . . . **PERIDOT**, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Paintings and a sprinkling of sculptures by members of the gallery, including Rosemarie Beck, Stanley Bleifeld, and Reginald Pollack; through Saturday, June 17. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **PHOENIX**, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.: Lithographs, etchings, and other prints by an extensive list of contemporaries; through June 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.) . . . **SACHS**, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Howard Mehring and Warren Brandt are two of the five participants in a show of paintings; through June 23. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **WICKERSHAM**, 959 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: A loan exhibition of oils, pastels, and watercolors of flowers by important nineteenth- and twentieth-century painters; through Sunday, June 11. (Open Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **BORGENICHT**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Drawings by Avery, Cuevas, Santomaso, and others; through June 30. (Closed Mondays and Saturdays.) . . . **CORDIER & EKSTROM**, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: A painting or sculpture apiece by each of the gallery artists; through Friday, June 16. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **DWAN**, 29 W. 57th St.: Language to be looked at, things to be read, by well-known contemporaries, from Duchamp to Flavin; through June 28. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **EGAN**, 41 E. 57th St.: Sculptures and paintings by Hague, Nakian, Goldberg, Klein, Moynihan, and Golsinopoulos; through June 30. (Closed Mondays and Saturday mornings.) . . . **FRUMKIN**, 41 E. 57th St.: Figurative paintings and sculptures by Philip Pearlstein, Peter Saul, and Jean Ipousteguy (to mention a few); through June 30. (Closed Saturday mornings.) . . . **WISE**, 50 W. 57th St.: A recap of the gallery's exhibitions of the past season, mainly light and kinetic displays, including LeParc, Maddox, and Takis; through July 28. (Closed Saturdays.)

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **ADRIA ART GALLERY**, 635 Madison Ave., at 59th St.: Paintings, sculptures, graphics, and tapestries by present-day artists make up the opening show of the first Yugoslavian art gallery here; through June 30. . . . **BIANCHINI**, 50 W. 57th St.: Master drawings (sixteenth century through the nineteenth) by Daubigny, Lorrain, Bernini, Guardi, and others of the French and Italian schools; through June 27. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **LEFEBRE**, 47 E. 77th St.: Paintings and sculptures by (for instance) Pierre Alechinsky, Pol Bury, and Kurt Sonderborg; through July 28. (Closed Saturdays.)

Note—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit is on view daily, from noon until dark; through Sunday, June 11.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Royal treasures assembled from the Museum's collections of objects given to or made for a hundred rulers over five thousand years, from Queen Hatshepsut to Queen Victoria; through July 16. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5.) . . . ¶ Free performances of modern and medieval drama are being presented by the Four Winds Theatre Thursday through Saturday, June 8-10, in the galleries. Ionesco's "Maid to Marry," in the Gallery of Contemporary American Paintings, at 11:30 and 1. . . . "The Garland of Months: A Tapestry of Medieval Life," a dramatic reading of Italian poetry and historical documents adapted by Jenny Egan, in the Romanesque Chapel of the Medieval Sculpture Gallery, at 2 and 3.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Fifty-two prints representing artists and their artist friends, from 1890 to today; through Sept. 30. . . . ¶ Whimsical pieces by Alexander Calder, presented to the Museum by the artist: a whale, a snow flurry, a spider, an elephant chair, a cat lamp, wire portraits, and jewelry; through Sept. 4. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Eighty-eight boxes and collages by Joseph Cornell, an American well known in the art world since the thirties; through June 25. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A retrospective of paintings, drawings, and etchings by William Glackens (1870-1938); through Sunday, June 11. . . . A retrospective of over a hundred oils, watercolors,

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and drawings by Jules Pascin; through June 25. . . . Paintings, sculptures, drawings, and prints acquired during the past year; a few of the artists are David Weinrib, Barnett Newman, Franz Kline, and John Singer Sargent. Through June 18. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.). . . ¶ Complementing the Pascin exhibit are his shows at the Frumkin Gallery, 41 E. 57th St., and (through Friday) at the Perls Galleries, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—The first showing here of Japanese ink paintings and calligraphy from the Tokiwayama Foundation, in Japan; through June 25. (An admission charge of fifty cents goes to the Museum's special-exhibitions fund.). . . ¶ Prints and posters by Toulouse-Lautrec, Bonnard, Cassatt, and other artists who lived and worked in Montmartre between 1890 and 1915; through Sept. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Indians of the Plains," an amalgam of paintings, recorded songs and chants, and lifelike models in settings representing their activities in the nineteenth century. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN ACADEMY AND NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS, Broadway at 155th St.—Works by newly elected members and recipients of this year's honors and awards. Manuscripts, books, and scores by, among others, Katherine Anne Porter, Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., John Hall Wheelock, and Gunther Schuller. Also paintings, drawings, and sculptures by David Burliuk, John Heliker, Dennis Leon, William Thon, and others. Through June 25. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

CHINA HOUSE, 125 E. 65th St.—"Art Styles of Ancient Shang;" through Sunday, June 11. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

FINCH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART, 62 E. 78th St.—Environmental sculptures by Will Insley, Michael Kirby, Les Levine, Ursula Meyer, Brian O'Doherty, Charles Ross, and Tony Smith; through June 18. . . . ¶ French masters of the seventeeth century, Vouet to Rigaud; through June 18. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

GALLERY OF MODERN ART, 2 Columbus Circle—Photographs, documents, and memorabilia from the life of former President Dwight D. Eisenhower, together with eighty of his landscapes and portraits; through Aug. 31. (Daily, except Mondays and Tuesday, June 13, from 11 to 11.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"The Lower East Side: Portal to American Life," a display of photographs, posters, and films, and a group of paintings and drawings (by George Bellows, John Sloan, and Joseph Stella, to name a few), documenting a chapter of American-Jewish cultural and social history from 1870 to 1924; also included is a mixed-medium environmental effect by John Brockman Associates and USCO. Through July 2. . . . ¶ Four bronze sculptures on Biblical themes by Jacques Lipchitz; through June 18. (Mondays, noon to 9; Tuesdays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6. Closed Wednesday and Thursday, June 14-15.)

LIBRARY AND MUSEUM OF THE PERFORMING ARTS, Lincoln Center—"Illustrations of the Dance Before Our Time" in prints, librettos, and books, from the fifteenth century to the nineteenth; through Aug. 23. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 9; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—Autograph manuscripts, letters, documents, first editions, and original illustrations commemorating the hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Harpers; through July 28. . . . ¶ Eighteenth-century French watercolors of flowers, many enlivened by the presence of insects, along with an assortment of books and manuscripts, all highlighted with pictures of flowers; through July 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—Recent acquisitions, comprising about a hundred works from Africa, the Pacific Islands, and the pre-Columbian Americas; through Sept. 3. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Presentations of Nature in Contemporary Prints" by American, European, and Japanese artists such as Sue Fuller, Gerhard Marcks, and Shigeru Kimura; through June 30. (Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 10.)

NOTE—"Merchants and Planters of the Upper Hudson Valley, 1700-50," a joint exhibition of portraits on loan from public and private collections, is being held (through Sunday, June 11) at the New-York Historical Society (170 Central Park W., at 77th St., Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5) and, along with some religious paintings, at the Museum of American Folk Art (49 W. 53rd St. Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30).

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center is 799-4420 and for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424.)

METROPOLITAN OPERA—The first six in a series of ten non-subscription performances, which will continue through Thursday, June 22. Monday, June 12: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Leontyne Price, Roberta Peters, Nell Rankin, Richard Tucker, and Sherrill Milnes. . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 13: "La Traviata," with Anna Moffo, Bruno Prevedi, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 14: "Lohengrin," with Ingrid Bjoner, Irene Dalis, Sándor Kónya, Walter Cassel, John Macurdy, and William Walker. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 15: "La Gioconda," with Renata Tebaldi, Rosalind Elias, Belén Amparán, Richard Tucker, Cornell MacNeil, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Friday, June 16: "Die Zauberflöte," with Judith Raskin, Roberta Peters, George Shirley, Theodor Uppman, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 17: "La Traviata," with Anna Moffo, John Alexander, and Robert Merrill. (Evenings at 8.)

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Philharmonic Hall, Andre Kostelanetz conducting the final performances of the "Promenades" season. Thursday, June 8: With Marc Connelly, narrator, and Leonid Hambro, piano. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, June 9-10: With Glenn Dicterow, violin. . . . ¶ Monday, June 12, and Wednesday and Thursday, June 14-15: With Anne Draper and E. G. Marshall, narrators. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, June 16-17: With Phyllis Curtin, soprano. (Evenings at 8:30.)

PATRICIA NEWAY'S OPERA THEATRE GROUP—Scenes from four Menotti operas. (Clark Center for the Performing Arts, West Side Y.W.C.A., Eighth Ave. at 51st St. CI 6-3700. Sunday, June 11, at 6:30.)

MUSIC OUTDOORS—The New York Pro Musica in a program of medieval and Renaissance music. (Central Park Mall. Friday, June 9, at 8:30. In the event of threatening weather, call 999-1234.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At **YANKEE STADIUM:** Yankees vs. Washington, Thursday, June 8, at 8. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Chicago, Friday, June 9, at 8; Saturday, June 10, at 2; and Sunday, June 11, at 1 (doubleheader). . . . **SHEA STADIUM:** Mets vs. Cincinnati, Tuesday, June 13, at 5 (twi-night doubleheader), and Wednesday, June 14, at 8. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Chicago, Friday, June 16, at 8, and Saturday, June 17, at 2:15.

CREW—Intercollegiate Rowing Association Regatta. (Onondaga Lake, Syracuse. Saturday, June 17.). . . ¶ Yale-Harvard Regatta. (New London. Saturday, June 17; varsity race at 7:05.)

DOG SHOW—Greenwich Kennel Club. (Greenwich. Saturday, June 10.)

GOLF—U.S.G.A. Open Championship. (Baltusrol Golf Club, Springfield, N.J. Thursday through Sunday, June 15-18.)

HORSE SHOWS—Upperville Colt and Horse Show. (Upperville, Va. Friday through Sunday, June 9-11.). . . ¶ Helping Hand Horse Show. (Old Westbury. Saturday, June 10.). . . ¶ Ox Ridge Hunt Club Horse Show. (Darien. Thursday through Sunday, June 15-18.)

MOTORBOAT RACING—President's Cup Regatta. (Washington, D.C. Saturday and Sunday, June 17-18.)

POLO—Sundays at 3:30—At **BLIND BROOK POLO**

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RACING—BELMONT-AT-AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30. The Mother Goose, Saturday, June 10; the National Stallion (for fillies), Wednesday, June 14; and the Bowling Green Handicap, Saturday, June 17. . . . **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 5. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 11:48.)

SOCCER—At Yankee Stadium—**UNITED SOCCER ASSOCIATION:** New York (represented by Cerro of Uruguay) vs. San Francisco (represented by ADO of Holland), Tuesday, June 13, at 8. . . . ¶ New York vs. Chicago (represented by Cagliari of Italy), Friday, June 16, at 8. . . . **NATIONAL PROFESSIONAL SOCCER LEAGUE:** Generals vs. St. Louis Stars, Wednesday, June 14, at 8. . . . ¶ Generals vs. Toronto Falcons, Saturday, June 17, at 2:30.

TENNIS—PROFESSIONAL MATCHES: Rod Laver, Ken Rosewall, Mal Anderson, Dennis Ralston, Fred Stolle, Earl Buchholz, Mike Davies, Alex Olmedo, Pierre Barthes, Pancho Segura, Andres Gimeno, Luis Ayala, Barry MacKay, and Sammy Giammalva. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Thursday, June 8, at 4, and Friday and Saturday, June 9-10, at 7:30.) . . . **AMATEUR MATCHES:** New Jersey State Men's Championships. (Arlington Players Club, Kearny. Saturday, June 10, through Sunday, June 18.) . . . ¶ Eastern Men's Clay Court Championships. (Oritani Field Club, Hackensack, N.J. Starting Saturday, June 17.)

TROTTING—At **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Weekdays at 8; through Monday, July 24. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 25.

YACHTING—America's Cup preliminary trials. (Long Island Sound. Through Friday, June 9.) . . . ¶ Start of the Annapolis-to-Newport race, Saturday, June 17.

ET ALIA

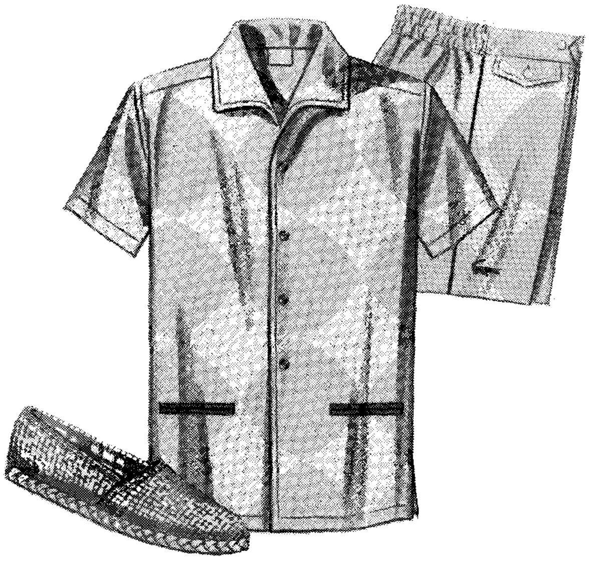
UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend meetings of the Security Council, as well as sessions of the Trusteeship Council and various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

ANN ARBOR FILM FESTIVAL—Six programs of experimental shorts that qualified as finalists in the Michigan competition, Friday, June 9, at 7 and 9:30, and Saturday, June 10, at 10, 1, 3, and 5. . . . ¶ Awards and a reshowing of the winning films, Saturday, June 10, at 8:30. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700.)

FLOWER SHOW—The June Garden Show of the Horticultural Society of New York. (Essex House, 160 Central Park S. Wednesday, June 14, from 12:30 to 4.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, June 8, at 1:45: French and other furniture and decorations, from various owners. . . . ¶ Monday, June 12, at 8: Paintings, sculptures, furniture, jewelry, and objects of art, donated by collectors, in a benefit auction. (Special exhibition hours: Friday and Saturday, June 9-10, from 10 to 5, and Monday, June 12, from 10 to 4.) . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 13, at 10:30: Art reference books and volumes of English and American literature; from several libraries. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 14, at 10:30 and 1:45: Old Masters, eighteenth- and nineteenth-century paintings, and contemporary works; from the estate of Edith Wetmore and from other sources. Exhibition starts Friday, June 9. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 15, at 10:30: Sterling and other silver and silver plate, belonging to many collectors. Exhibition starts Friday, June 9. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 15, at 1:45: Furniture and decorative objects, from a number of collections. Exhibition starts Friday, June 9.

COMMENCEMENT DATES—Dartmouth, Sunday, June 11; Yale, Monday, June 12; N.Y.U. and Princeton, Tuesday, June 13; and Harvard, Thursday, June 15.



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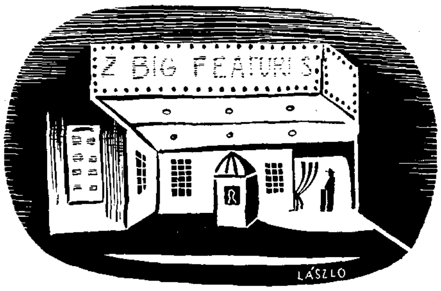
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES



FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Accident—How a heartless, predatory girl comes close to destroying a happy household. With Dirk Bogarde, Stanley Baker, and Vivien Merchant. The director was Joseph Losey and the screenplay is by Harold Pinter. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

Barefoot in the Park—A successful adaptation, by Neil Simon, of his Broadway comedy, well acted by Robert Redford, Jane Fonda, Mildred Natwick, and Charles Boyer. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, PL 7-3100.)

The Bible—Gigantic snippets of Genesis, directed by John Huston and with Mr. Huston playing Noah. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Blow-Up—David Hemmings is a fashion photographer in London and Vanessa Redgrave is a pretty girl who is somehow implicated in a murder. Michelangelo Antonioni is a poet, not a storyteller, and his picture is always lovely to look upon and often impossible to understand. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408; and Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

Casino Royale—A very funny atticful of old and new sight gags, verbal gags, and wholesale scene-stealings by such masters as Peter Sellers, Woody Allen, David Niven, Orson Welles, and Deborah Kerr. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022; through June 13. . . . ¶ Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060; through June 14. . . . ¶ 86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AG 9-1144; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; starting June 14.)

A Countess from Hong Kong—A disaster, carried out with ill-concealed despair by Marlon Brando and Sophia Loren. Charlie Chaplin wrote the screenplay and directed the movie. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; through June 12. . . . ¶ Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; through June 13. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; and Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting June 14.)

The Crazy Quilt—A charming and modest movie by a young California director, John Korty. With Tom Rosqui and Ina Mela as incompatible but lifelong lovers. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting June 14.)

Dutchman—LeRoi Jones' savage, eloquent assault upon our eyes, ears, and consciences, with Shirley Knight and Al Freeman, Jr. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting June 14.)

Funeral in Berlin—Michael Caine is again a Cockney spy in the service of Her Britannic Majesty. An admirable thriller, directed by Guy Hamilton. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through June 13.)

Georgy Girl—Lynn Redgrave, James Mason, Alan Bates, and Charlotte Rampling acting their talented heads off in a wry English comedy. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540; through June 12. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through June 13.)

Grand Prix—Yves Montand, James Garner, Toshiro Mifune, Eva Marie Saint, and a lot of other good-looking, high-spirited people in a continuously thrilling picture about racing cars and the strange men who drive them. Directed by John Frankenheimer. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

La Guerre Est Finie—Yves Montand as an Existentialist hero, spending his life for others in the expectation of certain defeat. Brilliantly directed by Alain Resnais. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

A Guide for the Married Man—Walter Matthau dominates this mindless, amusing study of the fine art of undetected infidelity. Also present are Robert Morse, Art Carney, Jack Benny, and Phil Silvers. (Forum, B'way at 47th, PL 7-8320; and Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

Hawaii—Enormous in scale and tiny in content. With lots of impressive scenery and Julie Andrews and Max von Sydow. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Jokers—An admirable comic melodrama about the theft of the Crown Jewels from the Tower of London. Directed by Michael Winner and starring Michael Crawford and Oliver Reed. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

A King's Story—A documentary account of the life of the Duke of Windsor, from his birth to his marriage to Mrs. Simpson. The Duke tells much of the story in his own voice. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

Made in Italy—Thirty-odd vivid snapshots of contemporary Italy, featuring, among others, Anna Magnani, Virna Lisi, and Sylva Koscina. The director is Nanni Loy. In Italian. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; and Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123.)

A Man and a Woman—Beautifully photographed account of love between a beautiful widow who works as a script girl and a handsome widower who drives racing cars for a living and a Mustang on his days off. In French. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-2013.)

A Man for All Seasons—A flawless rendering of Robert Bolt's eloquent play about Sir Thomas More. Mr. Bolt has written the screenplay, and Fred Zinnemann has directed with discrimination and force a large cast that includes Paul Scofield as the tragic, noble Sir Thomas; Wendy Hiller as his wife; Robert Shaw as Henry VIII; and Leo McKern as the wily Cromwell. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030. Daily at 2:30, 5:45, and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

Marat/Sade—A movie of a play inside a play, cleverly brought to life by the director, Peter Brook. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through June 13.)

Persona—Bibi Andersson and Liv Ullmann in Ingmar Bergman's delicate and profound study of the nature of the masks behind which we live. In Swedish. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; through June 13.)

The Taming of the Shrew—Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton in Franco Zeffirelli's Hellzapoppin version of the old comedy. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1664. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Mondays through Fridays at 2:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30 and 5:30. Reserved seats only.)

Thoroughly Modern Millie—A mild satire on the Giddy Twenties, with Julie Andrews, Carol Channing, James Fox, Mary Tyler Moore, and Beatrice Lillie. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10. Reserved seats only.)

Ulysses—A laudable sortie into the Joyce country, which is full of flung missiles and secret ha-ha's. Joseph Strick has directed his excellent cast with intelligence and tact. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The War Game—The time is the near future, and London is under enemy fire. A grim, compelling account of what had better not befall us, well directed by Peter Watkins. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting June 14.)

You're a Big Boy Now—A not altogether black comedy about coming of age in New York. Directed by Francis Ford Coppola, who is coming of age. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; through June 12.)

REVIVALS

Camille (1937)—Greta Garbo, coughing delicately and looking fragile. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through June 13.)

Casablanca (1942)—Intrigue in North Africa. With Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; June 12-13.)

The Easy Life (1963)—Vittorio Gassman depicts a good-looking rogue in eruption on the sunny seacoast of Italy. In Italian. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

The Endless Summer (1966)—A hang-ten documentary about surfing in various parts of the world. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; starting June 14.)

The Group (1966)—Mary McCarthy's novel about some members of the Vassar Class of '33. In the big cast are Joan Hackett, Shirley Knight, Joanna Pettet, James Broderick, Larry Hagman, and Hal Holbrook. Directed by Sidney Lumet. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; June 13-14.)

A Hard Day's Night (1964)—Ringo, George, Paul, and John. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; through June 11.)

Horsefeathers (1932)—The Marx Brothers in an academic setting. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; June 10-12, last showing on June 12 at 4:40.)

The Horse's Mouth (1958)—Alec Guinness as the raffish artist hero of Joyce Cary's novel. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through June 13.)

Hud (1963)—A tug of war between three generations of males on a Texas farm. Paul Newman, Melvyn Douglas, Patricia Neal, and Brandon deWilde. (R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050; starting June 14.)

Knife in the Water (1963)—The director Roman Polanski takes a look at life and love in contemporary Poland. In Polish. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through June 9.)

The Maltese Falcon (1941)—Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor, and Sydney Greenstreet in the Dashiell Hammett yarn. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; June 12-13.)

Ninotchka (1939)—Garbo laughs. Melvyn Douglas chuckles in it, too. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through June 13.)

Il Successo (1965)—Vittorio Gassman in a comedy about a businessman on the make. In Italian. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

The Wrong Box (1966)—Tontine, train wreck, tottering butler; Ralph Richardson, John Mills, Peter Sellers, and many others. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through June 13.)

You Can't Cheat an Honest Man (1939)—Circus life, with W. C. Fields, Edgar Bergen, and Charlie McCarthy. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; June 10-12, last showing on June 12 at 3:25.)

Film Libraries—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd—Through June 13: Six programs of short French films. . . . ¶ June 14: "The Battle of China" (1944). (Showings Sundays through Fridays at 2 and 5:30, and Saturdays at 11:30, 3, and 5:30, plus additional showings on Thursday evenings at 8.) . . . **GALLERY OF MODERN ART**, 2 Columbus Circle—June 8 at 3, June 9-10 at 3 and 5:30, and June 11 at 2 and 4: "Animal Crackers" (1930), with the Marx Brothers. . . . ¶ Starting June 14, showings at 3 and 5:30: "The Blood of a Poet" (1930), in French, a Jean Cocteau film; and "Lot in Sodom" (1933), a short Surrealist film. . . . **NOTE**: At both Museums, a limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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11	12	13	14			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
Through June 12: "The Way West," Kirk Douglas, Robert Mitchum.
From June 13: "You Only Live Twice," Sean Connery.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
Through June 14: **CASINO ROYALE.**

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
THOROUGHLY MODERN MILLIE.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
HAWAII.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
A GUIDE FOR THE MARRIED MAN.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
BAREFOOT IN THE PARK.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
BLOW-UP.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sand Pebbles," Steve McQueen, Richard Attenborough. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
THE BIBLE.

Trans-Lux West, B'way at 49th. (CO 5-1355)
"The Honey Pot," Rex Harrison, Susan Hayward.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
Through June 12: **GEORGY GIRL**; and "The Professionals," Burt Lancaster, Lee Marvin.
From June 13: "You Only Live Twice," Sean Connery.

Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
GRAND PRIX.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through June 13: **MARAT/SADE.**
From June 14: **THE ENDLESS SUMMER**, revival.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
Through June 14: "There Was an Old Couple" (in Russian).

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through June 13: **THE HORSE'S MOUTH**, revival; and "Bolshoi Ballet 67."
From June 14: **DUTCHMAN**; and **THE CRAZY QUILT.**

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through June 13: **THE WRONG BOX**, revival; and "Loving Couples" (in Swedish), revival, Harriet Andersson, Gunnel Lindblom.
From June 14: **A COUNTESS FROM HONG KONG**; and "Fahrenheit 451," Julie Christie, Oskar Werner.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"I, a Woman" (in Danish), Essy Persson.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
A GUIDE FOR THE MARRIED MAN.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
MADE IN ITALY (in Italian).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
THE JOKERS.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Honey Pot," Rex Harrison, Susan Hayward.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Two for the Road," Audrey Hepburn, Albert Finney.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
Through June 12: **YOU'RE A BIG BOY NOW.**
From June 13: "You Only Live Twice," Sean Connery.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
Through June 13: **CASINO ROYALE.**
From June 14: "To Sir, with Love," Sidney Poitier.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
ACCIDENT.

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
Through June 11: **A HARD DAY'S NIGHT**, revival; and "Black Orpheus" (in Portuguese), revival, Marpessa Dawn.
June 12-13: **CASABLANCA**, revival; and **THE MALTESE FALCON**, revival.
From June 14: **THE ENDLESS SUMMER**, revival.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
BLOW-UP.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through June 13: "Deadlier Than the Male," Richard Johnson, Elke Sommer.
From June 14: **A COUNTESS FROM HONG KONG.**

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Caprice," Doris Day, Richard Harris.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"The Gospel According to St. Matthew" (in Italian, with a cast of non-professionals), revival.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
ULYSSES.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through June 13: "Warning Shot," David Janssen, Ed Begley; and "The Busy Body," Sid Caesar, Robert Ryan.
From June 14: **HUD**, revival; and "Easy Come, Easy Go," Elvis Presley.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through June 12: **A COUNTESS FROM HONG KONG.**
From June 13: "You Only Live Twice," Sean Connery.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AG 9-1144)
Through June 13: "The Way West," Kirk Douglas, Robert Mitchum.
From June 14: **CASINO ROYALE.**

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
"Vali," Vali Myers.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through June 13: **GEORGY GIRL**; and "The Professionals," Burt Lancaster, Lee Marvin.
From June 14: **A COUNTESS FROM HONG KONG**; and "Fahrenheit 451," Julie Christie, Oskar Werner.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through June 13: **NINOTCHKA**, revival; and **CAMILLE**, revival.
From June 14: **THE WAR GAME.**

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
LA GUERRE EST FINIE (in French).

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through June 13: **A COUNTESS FROM HONG KONG.**
From June 14: **CASINO ROYALE.**

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through June 13: **PERSONA** (in Swedish).
From June 14: To be announced.

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd (AL 5-7050)
Through June 13: "Warning Shot," David Janssen, Ed Begley; and "The Busy Body," Sid Caesar, Robert Ryan.
From June 14: **HUD**, revival; and "Easy Come, Easy Go," Elvis Presley.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Alfie," Michael Caine, Shelley Winters.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
A KING'S STORY.

Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"The Sound of Music," Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
MADE IN ITALY (in Italian).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Rush to Judgment," a film about the assassination of President Kennedy.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
THE EASY LIFE and **IL SUCCESSO** (both in Italian and both revivals).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
A MAN AND A WOMAN (in French).

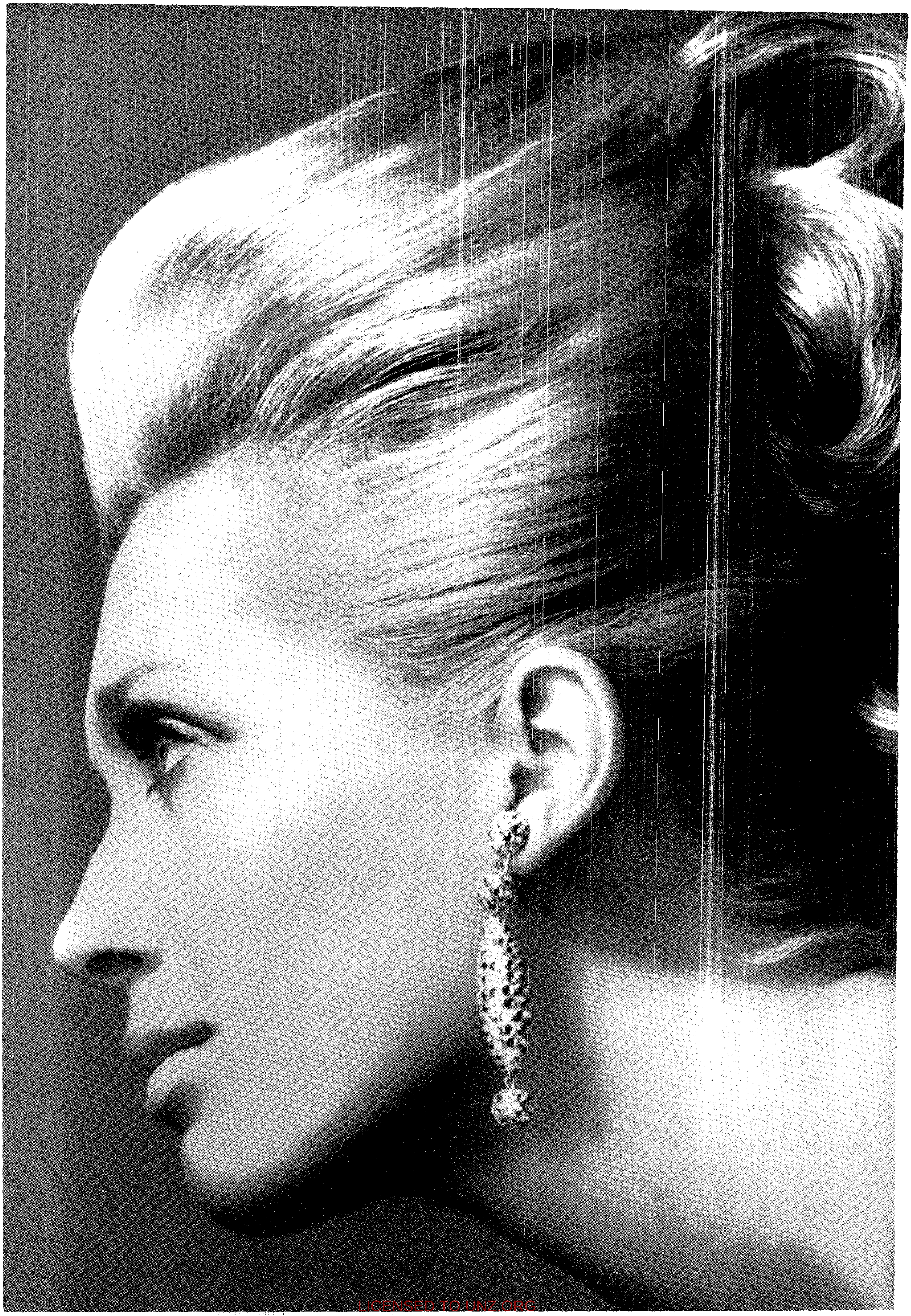
New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through June 9: **KNIFE IN THE WATER** (in Polish), revival; and "Contempt" (in French), revival, Brigitte Bardot, Jack Palance.
June 10-12 (last showing on June 12 at 3:25): **HORSEFEATHERS**, revival; and **YOU CAN'T CHEAT AN HONEST MAN**, revival.
June 12 at 7, 8:30, and 10: Underground films.
June 13-14: **THE GROUP**, revival; and "Christmas in July," revival, Ellen Drew, Dick Powell.

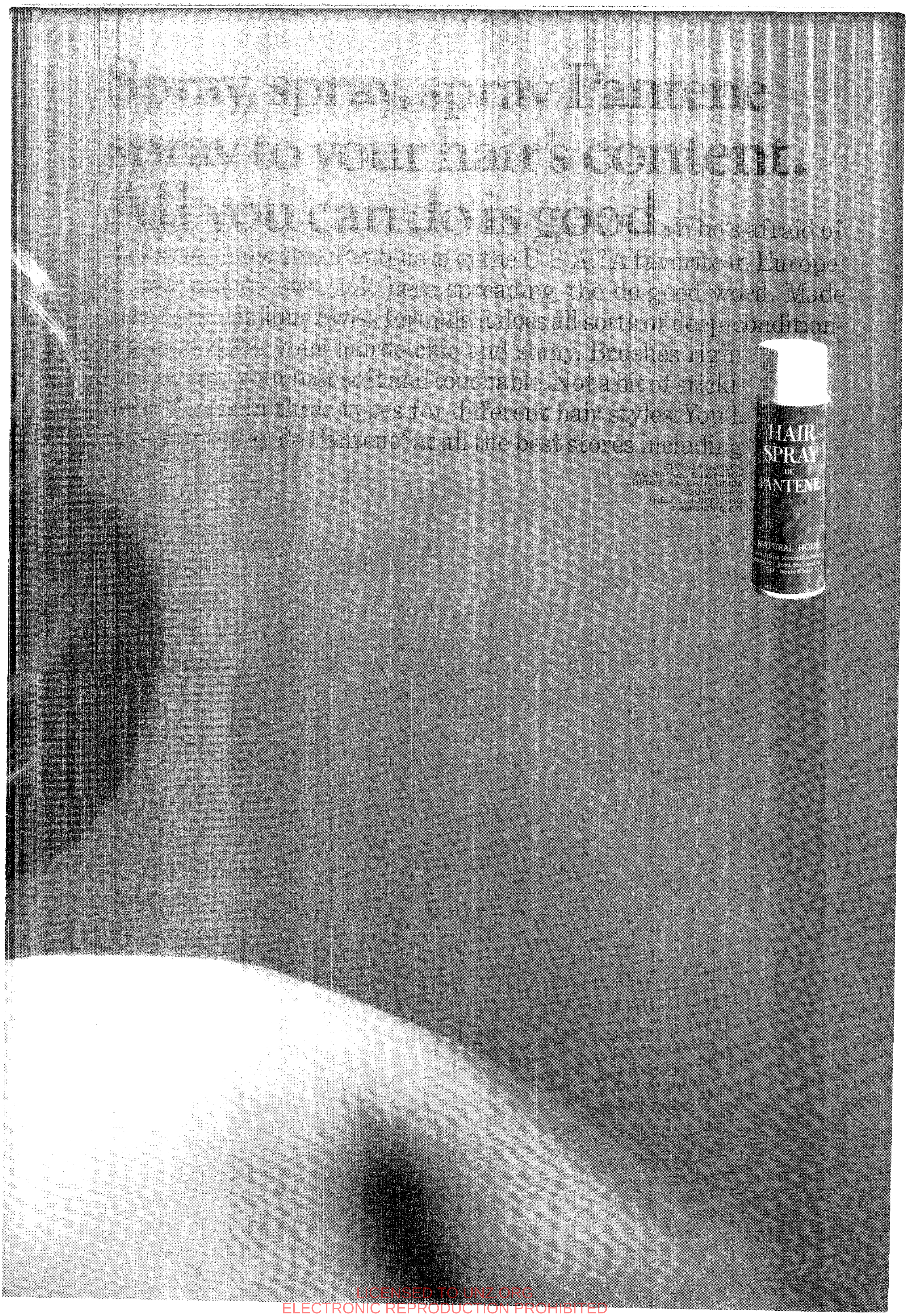
Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through June 13: **FUNERAL IN BERLIN**; and "Arrivederci, Baby!," Tony Curtis, Rosanna Schiaffino.
From June 14: "The Way West," Kirk Douglas, Robert Mitchum; and "Arabesque," revival, Gregory Peck, Sophia Loren.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
June 8: "Things to Come," revival, Raymond Massey; and "The Man Who Could Work Miracles," revival, Roland Young.
From June 9: "Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors" (in Ukrainian); and "Morning Star" (in Russian), revival, a ballet film.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through June 13: **PERSONA** (in Swedish).
From June 14: **THE ENDLESS SUMMER**, revival.

FOOD MARKET
MILK
Albert Hubbell



Spray, spray, spray Pantene
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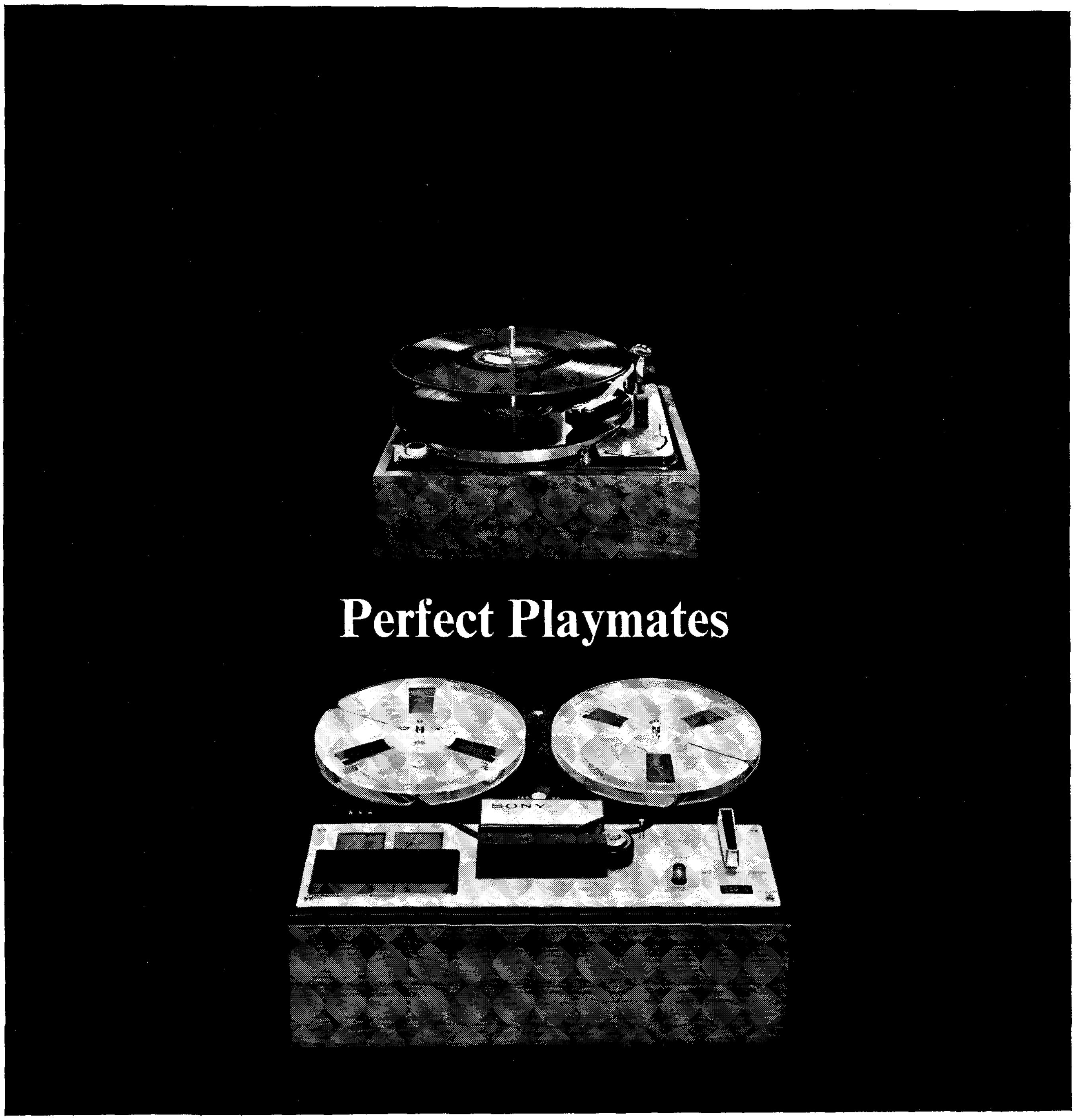

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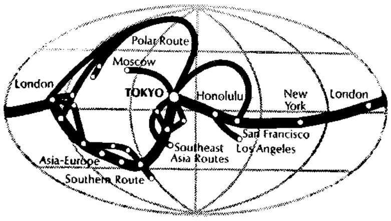
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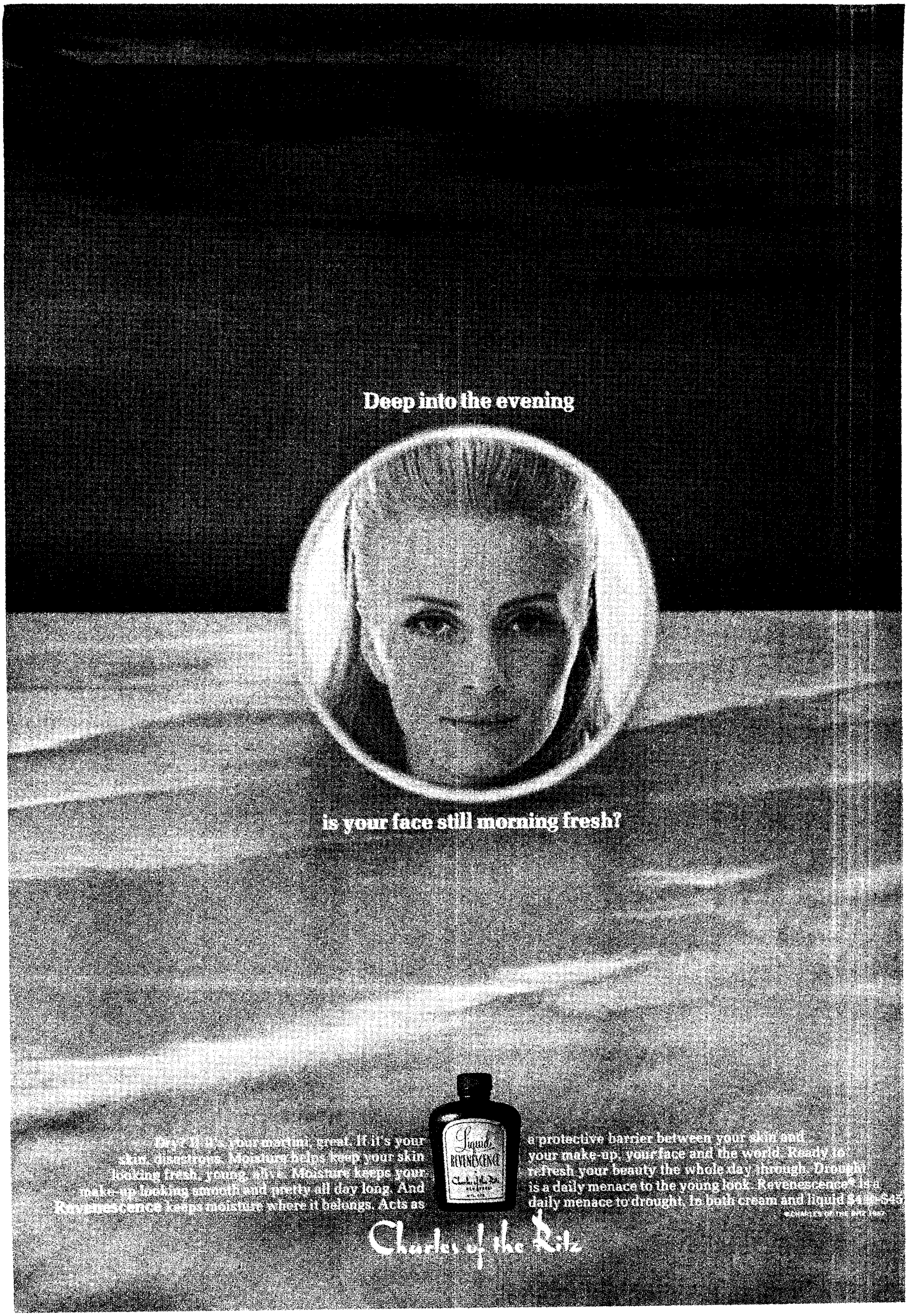
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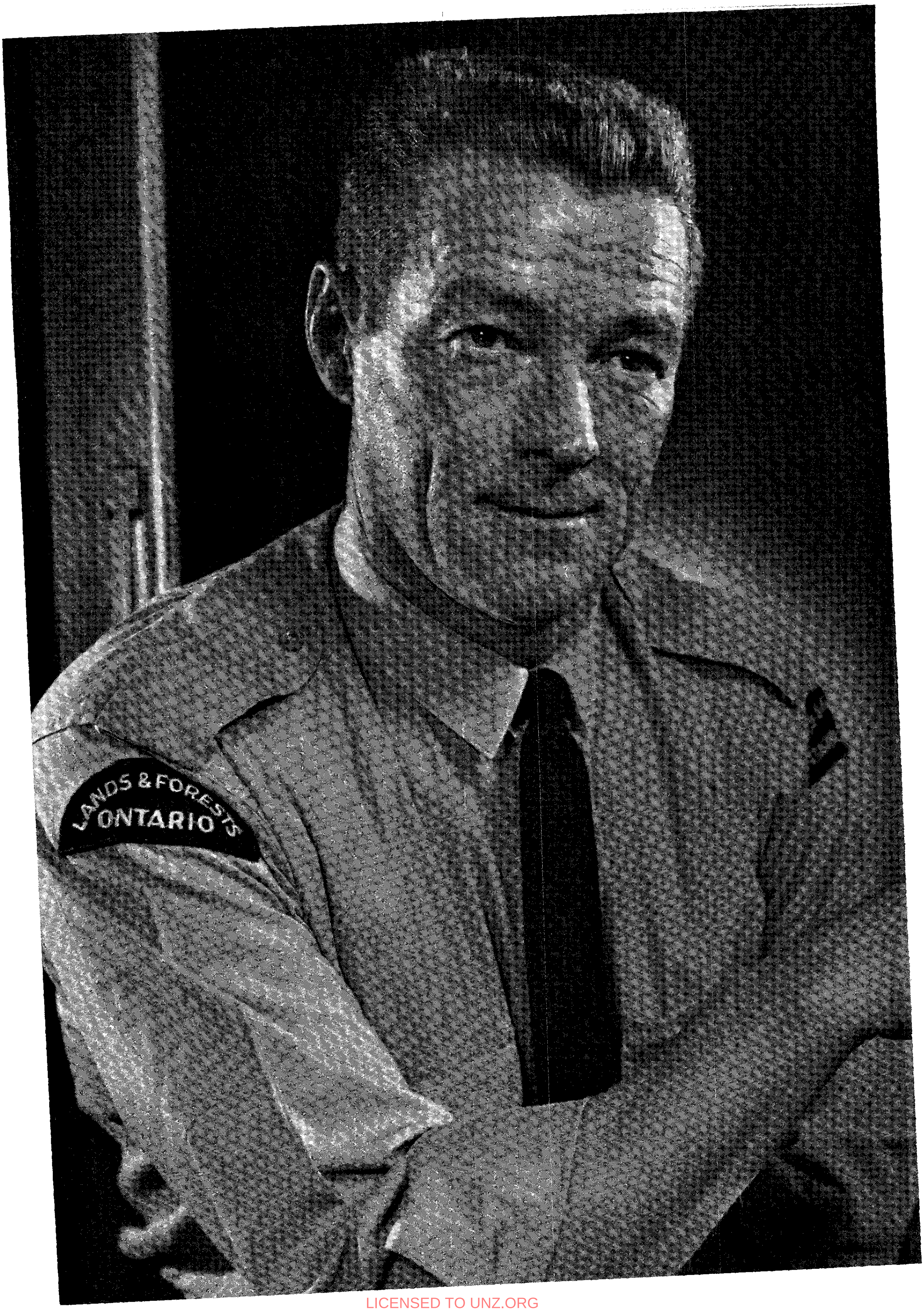
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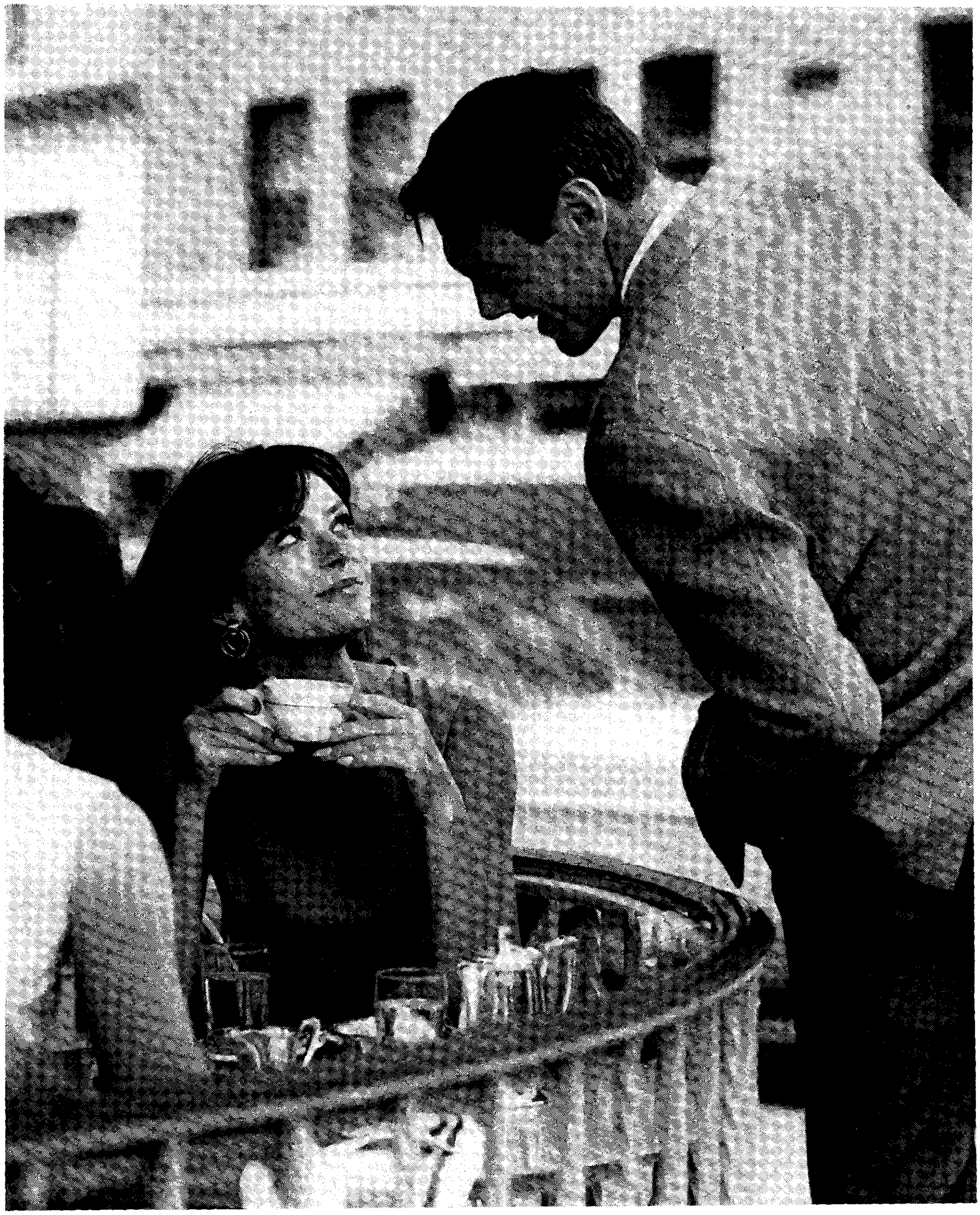

"Aren't you wearing Tweed (

)?"

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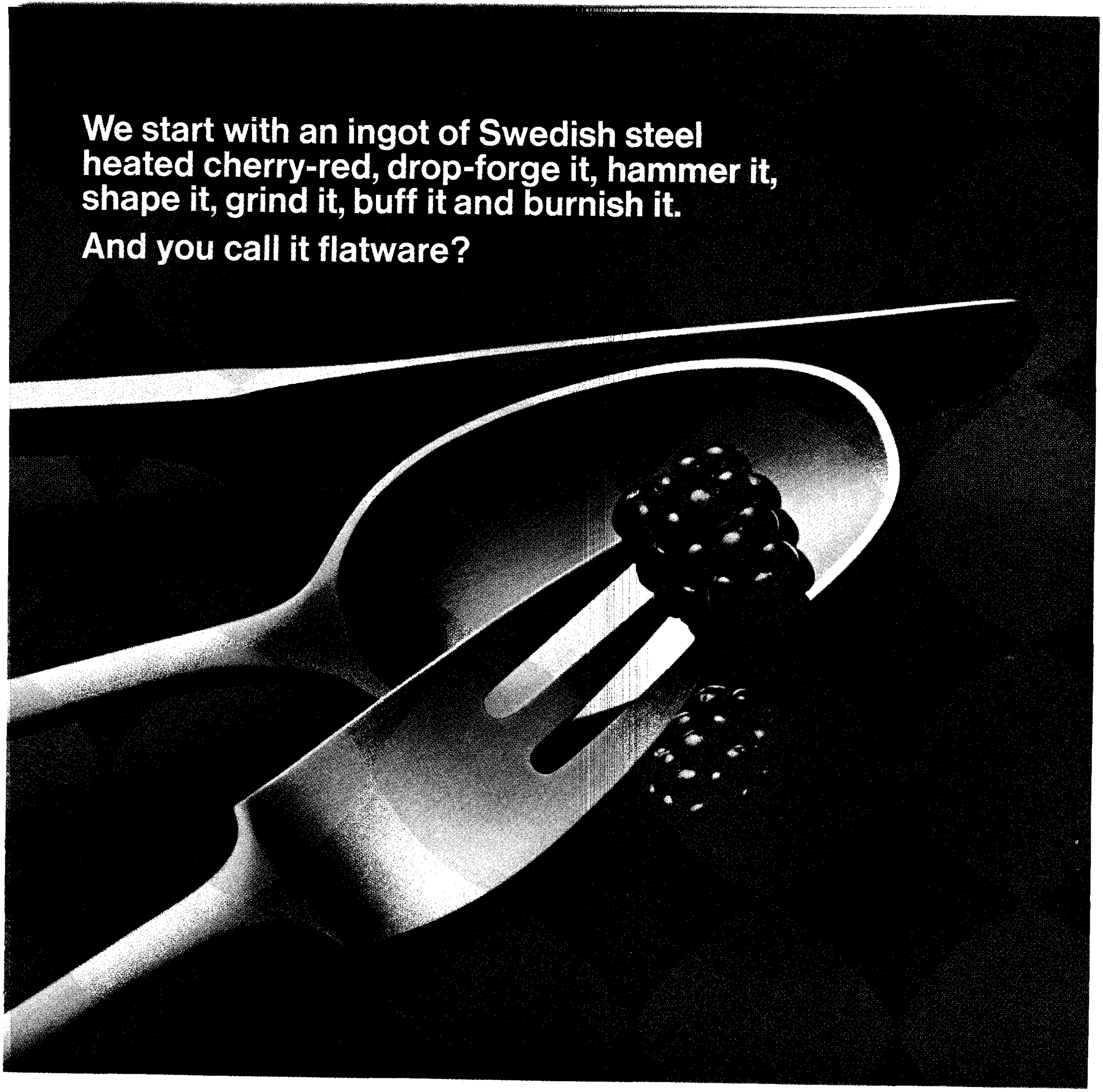
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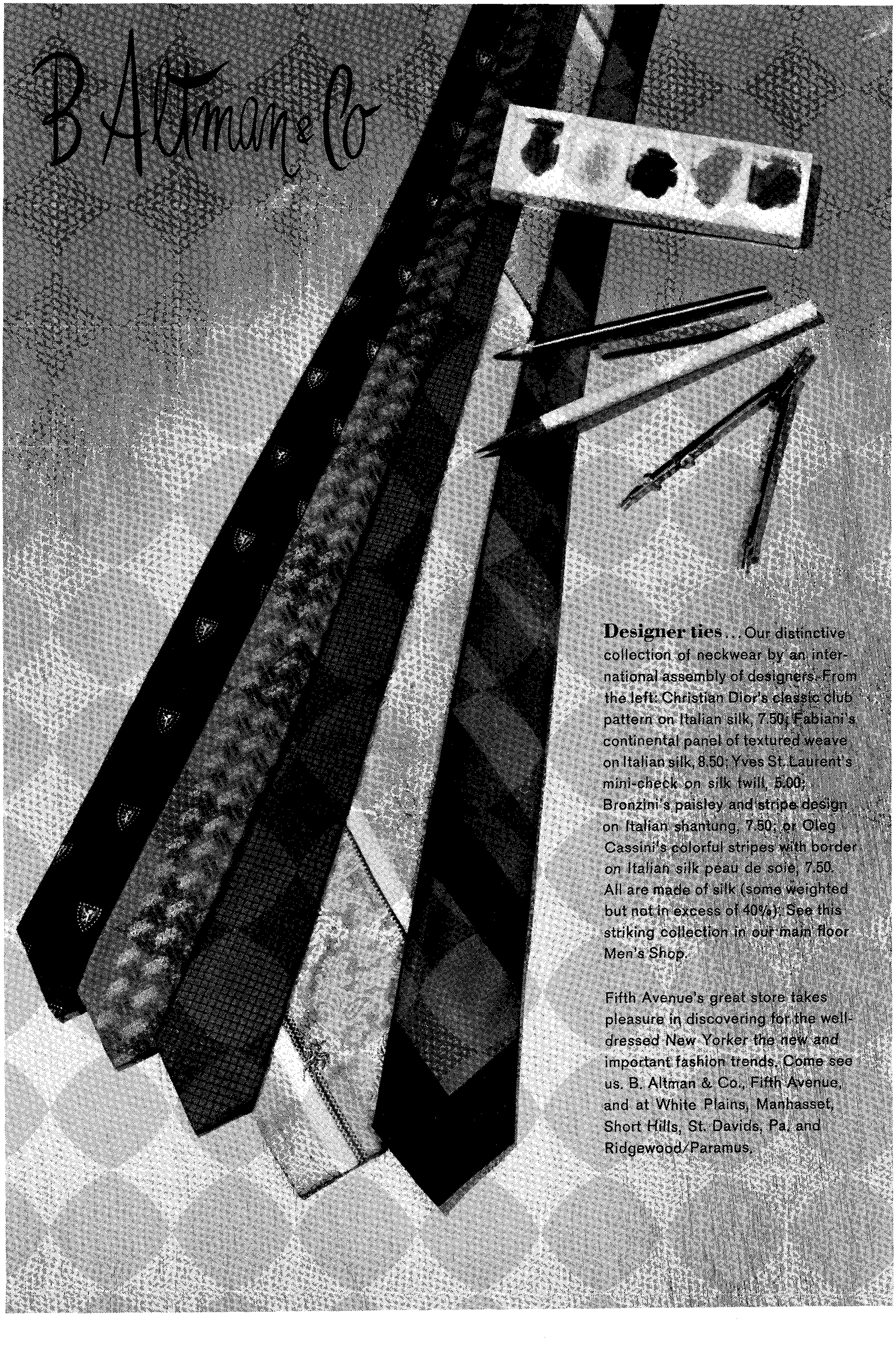

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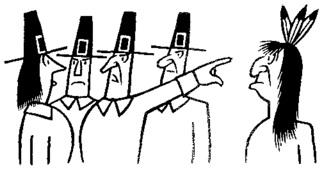
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE discover that the question of male hair length has long vexed the Puritan conscience. In 1649, Governor Dudley, of the Bay Colony, with his Deputy Governor and seven assistants, issued this alarmed proclamation: "Forasmuch as the wearing of long hair after the manner of ruffians and barbarous Indians has begun to invade New England, contrary to the rule of God's word, which says it is a shame for a man to wear long hair, etc., we, the magistrates, who had subscribed this paper (for the showing of our own innocency in this behalf), do declare and manifest our dislike and detestation against the wearing of such long hair, as against a thing uncivil and unmanly, whereby men doe deforme themselves, and offend sober and modest men, and doe corrupt good manners." This hirsute concern extended to women, whom Cotton Mather in 1683 castigated as "apes of Fancy, friziling and curlying of their hayr." He continued, "Will not the haughty daughters of Zion refrain their pride in apparel? Will they lay out their hair, and wear their false locks, their borders and towers like comets about their heads?" Colonial Camp, or Pewter Mod, included beauty patches cut fantastically ("a crescent under each eye, a star on one side of her mouth, a plain circular patch on her chin"), white boots with flaring tops nearly as large as the brim of a hat, and, in the words of a 1639 court order, "women's sleeves more than half an ell wide in the widest place." The Reverend Dr. Nathaniel Ward, of Ipswich, Massachusetts, wielding a fine baroque pen, wrote, "To speak moderately, I truly confess it is beyond the ken of my understanding to conceive, how those women should have any true grace of valuable vertue, that have so little wit as to disfigure themselves with such exotick garbs, as not only dismantles their native lovely lustre, but transclouts them into gant bar-geese, ill-shapen, shotten shellfish, Egyptian hieroglyphics, or at the best into French flurts of the pastry, which a proper English woman should scorn with her heels. It is no marvel they wear drailes on the hinder part of their heads, having nothing as it seems in the fore-part but a few Squirrel brains to help them frisk from one ill-favor'd fortune to another." But male hair styles are our topic, and under this heading the Reverend Dr. Ward wrote, "I am sure men use not to wear such manes." He also detected the antecedents of dovishness in the gesture of tonsorial avoidance: "If it be thought no wisdome in men to distinguish themselves in the field by the Scissers, let it be thought no injustice in God not to distinguish them by the sword." The most poignant formulation of this early vigilance remains in the diary of Boston's beloved Judge Samuel Sewall, where he simply noted:



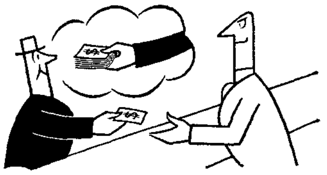
> 1708—Aug. 20. Mr. Cheever died. The welfare of the province was much upon his heart. He abominated periwigs.

Wriggling and Smarting

A FINE, rousing crisis of conscience seems to have been in progress over the past few weeks in the boardrooms of the local savings banks, all of which stand foursquare for the Early American virtue of thrift, and practically all of which, by decision of their boards of trustees, began last Thursday to sell lottery tickets issued by New York State to raise funds for the support of education. (Tickets are also sold at hotels, motels, and non-savings banks.) What may have been the first public indication that there *was* a crisis came on the morning the sale began, when the East New York Savings Bank took an ad in the *Times* to enable its president, John P. McGrath, to explain why his institution had decided to handle the tickets. Mr. McGrath wrote:

> Savings banks exist to give the wage earner a place to save with safety. Thrift is our life-blood. We avoid the anemia of gambling.
>
> Yet we have decided to apply to sell lottery tickets. Why? Because the State has decided on this means to raise money for education.
>
> We wish to help the State in this effort.
>
> Do we thereby encourage gambling? No! Why not? Because a dollar lottery ticket is not a gamble; it is a donation to education!

Mr. McGrath went on to say that anyone who spends a dollar on a lottery ticket with a serious expectation of getting it back is "crazy;" to expatiate a bit on the human urge to take a chance for a good cause; and to suggest cannily that one way to accumulate the spare cash with which to indulge that urge is to save at the East New York Savings Bank. Admiring Mr. McGrath for his public wrestle with his, or his bank's, soul, and musing on the relative merits, from the standpoint of salvation, of making a donation to education or making one to the improvement of the breed, we called up a man we know who is a savings-bank trustee and asked him whether he knew of any savings bankers who were bothered by the anomaly of going into the lottery-ticket business. "Me, for one, and a good many others," our man replied. "As a matter of fact, *nobody* in savings banking is really happy. We're all wriggling and smarting. Nobody who's opposed to handling the



tickets speaks up publicly, partly because of not wanting to hurt the Governor's education program, and partly because of not wanting to be prudes. Terrible fate for a banker! But in private it's a different matter. In one savings-bank board meeting that I know about, a respected economist, a man to whom everybody defers on interest rates and other important matters, put forth a motion not to handle lottery tickets. Somebody else seconded the motion—I did, as a matter of fact—but it was voted down. A little later, I ran into a well-known member of another savings-bank board, who congratulated me on my stand, which he'd heard about through the grapevine, and told me that at his bank there had been heated discussion of the subject but the decision to handle tickets had been made without the matter's coming to a vote. Then I called up a man on a third board to tell him my feelings, and he said, 'There's no question about it. You're absolutely right.' At his bank, ticket-handling had passed the board over opposition. So that's three savings banks where the matter was debated, and, of course, at the Franklin National Bank the decision was not to participate. The Franklin is not a savings bank, but it's always attacking the savings banks for wanting to come down like wolves on its suburban fold, and this gave it the perfect chance to be holier than the rest of us—or, to look at it another way, less absurd."

Our man told us that those savings bankers in favor of handling lottery tickets had based their argument not primarily on the commissions their institutions would receive but, rather, on the fact that the cause was a good one, the belief that somebody else might do a less efficient or honest job of dispensing tickets than they would, and the hope of getting new business, assuming that some who came to bet might remain to save. He also told us that he had been amusing himself lately by composing slogans that the savings banks might use to promote lottery-ticket sales. Among the results he had achieved were "Bet Regularly and Often," "It Pays to Plunge at the Bowery," and "You Have a Bookie at the Chase Manhattan" (which isn't a savings bank but does sell lottery tickets). The West Side Savings Bank's "Tuckabuckaway" became, to preserve rhyme and allow for inflation, "Winafinaway." "You can kill hours doing this," our man told us.

We took his word for it, and went out to see how first-day ticket sales were going at a few savings banks, and whether the banks themselves were showing any signs of inner turmoil. The West Side Savings Bank, in Greenwich Village, advertised its dealership in lottery tickets conspicuously, and apparently proudly, with a large sign in its window, and, as a depository for tickets after they had been bought and inscribed with the buyer's name and address, it had set up an elegant white box on an elegant golden pedestal, almost in the middle of the floor. We peeked in the slot in the box, and there weren't many filled-out tickets there. Uptown, though, at the Greenwich Savings Bank, at Broadway and Thirty-sixth Street, we found business booming; the man at the lottery-ticket window told us that seven lottery customers had been waiting at the door at opening time that morning, and three hundred and fifty tickets had been sold in the first hour. The bank itself, with its columned façade, we found inscrutable. At the Union Dime Savings Bank, four blocks north, there was a busy little crowd around the lottery window, and the ticket-dispenser said that earlier it had stretched all the way across the floor.

•

OVERHEARD on the Madison Avenue bus: "Not me, Sybil. I'm out of therapy. I wasn't crazy—just talented."

"Hoofer" (*A Musical in Two Acts*)

OVERTURE: A bouncy medley of Broadway show tunes.

ACT I

TIME: Ten minutes before ten, on a recent warm morning.

SCENE: The stage of the Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, on West Forty-sixth Street. The curtain is up, and the stage is churning with sixty or seventy girls in their early teens, most of them with ponytails.

CHARLES BLACKWELL (*a tall, kindly man with a small beard; he is production stage manager for "Henry, Sweet Henry," a musical based on "The World of Henry Orient" and scheduled to open in October. He faces upstage and calls*): Ladies, would you all sign in, please? (*The girls surge over to a table and start signing in. Blackwell speaks to bystander.*) This is the third and final audition for the girls. We're expecting about a hundred of them. (*Whispers*) And we can use only six. It's the last vestige of the slave block in America—poor kids standing there with their souls hanging out. Unfortunately, there's no alternative. (*He calls to a bunch of sombre-looking mothers in the wings.*) Friends, relatives, and well-wishers, would you mind waiting outside, please? You will have approximately one hour—enough time to walk around or make devotions.

(*Blackwell rounds up the stragglers and ushers them through the exit door. Michael Bennett, a slight, unpretentious young man, also wearing a small beard, enters. He is the choreographer. He stands next to a piano at stage right.*)

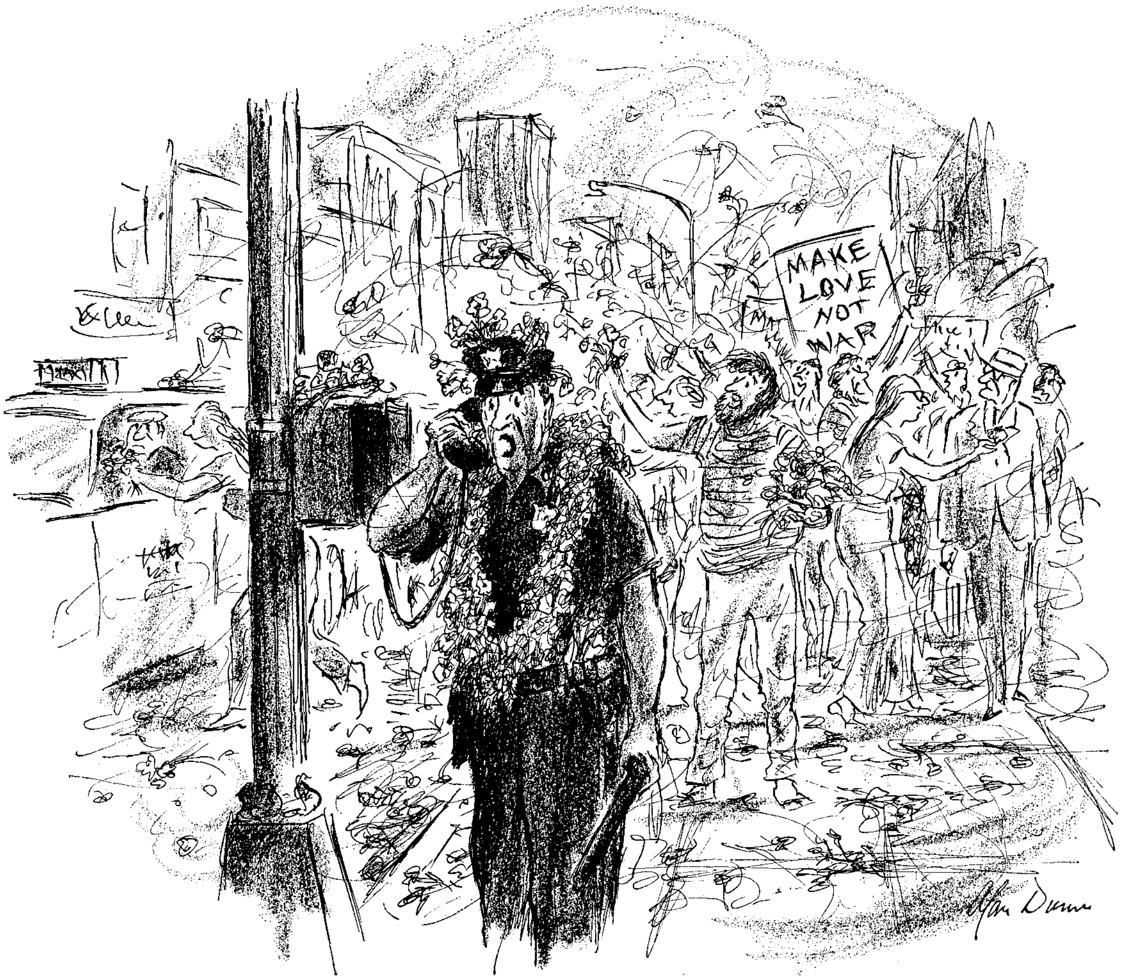
BENNETT: I'm looking for young, innocent-looking girls—before they've reached the point of being young seductresses. These are all singer-dancers, so we're going to be eliminating today on dancing and looks. You can spot good dancers by how fast they pick up, how fast their legs straighten when they jump, how much technique and natural feeling they have. (*He crosses to the apron of the stage and climbs down into the orchestra pit, where the director, George Roy Hill, and the composer, Bob Merrill, are already seated.*)

BLACKWELL (*calling*): Ladies, you may use the stage to warm up!

(*The girls strip down to leotards, mostly, and string out against the rear wall of the stage. They begin doing exercises—stretches, jumps, kicks, and turns. Some are facing old "Playboy" pinups that are stuck to the wall. Several girls cross to a drinking fountain and drink, holding their ponytails or pigtails overhead, out of the water. Jill Choder, a short, pretty, cute, green-eyed blonde of eighteen, enters from the right, wearing a pink-striped jersey, brown bell-bottoms, and brown dancing shoes, and carrying a tote bag.*)

JILL (*looking around*): I hate these things so much! I've been vocalizing at home by myself for a while, and doing splits, but it's hard to loosen up. (*She signs in, then moves into the crowd of girls. A young woman who is Bennett's assistant choreographer moves downstage center.*)

ASSISTANT CHOREOGRAPHER (*as the girls quiet down*): I think most of you know the waltz combination. Remember, the idea of this is wondering what it's like to dance with a boy. Let's try it to music. (*She demonstrates, as a man accompanies her on the piano.*) Five . . . two . . . three . . . Eight . . . two . . . three . . . Your shoulders straight. Just the bottom half



"Chief, they're armed with petunias, sweet William, marigolds, and garlands of roses!"

moves. (*The girls—a sea of arms and bodies—copy the dance. Jill moves into the front rank and dances with precision, gaiety, and ease.*)

BLACKWELL (*to bystander*): Not everybody here is twelve or fourteen. See that girl with the ponytail? I happen to know she's twenty-eight and the mother of two. That very young one there is an old veteran. I had her in "Carnival," when she was that high. (*Holds hand at knee level. Calls to girl.*) Where have *you* been?

GIRL: I've retired! (*Giggles and dances away.*)

BLACKWELL: Dancers are a more disciplined group than singers. Maybe because dancing is a "we" thing and singing is sort of an "I" thing. Dancers are always training, and they work themselves to the point of physical exhaustion.

BENNETT (*calling from a small desk at the railing of the orchestra pit*): I want to see them in groups of eight.

(*Blackwell clears the stage and assembles the girls in the wings at stage right, then sends the first group of eight out onto center stage. The piano player starts the waltz. The eight girls—Jill Choder not among them—dance, as all the other girls watch intently. Then the music stops. It is deathly quiet in the theatre. The girls stand still, facing the orchestra, while Bennett, below, whispers with the director and the composer. The girls try to stare straight ahead, but their eyes keep returning to where Bennett and the others are conferring. Bennett goes back to the desk, and Blackwell climbs down into the orchestra pit, goes over the list of names with Bennett, and then climbs back up onto the stage, list in hand.*)

BLACKWELL (*facing the eight girls*): Terry. Aileen. Wendy. (*He points to stage left, and Terry, Aileen, and Wendy, beaming, run into the wings. The five remaining girls hesitate for an instant to make certain that they have not been selected, and Blackwell murmurs that he's sorry, and thanks for coming, and the girls, faces set, go quickly off to stage right and the exit door, and, presumably, their mothers. The next eight girls come out and take their places, and the piano thumps the waltz again. Jill, in the wings, goes over to her tote bag, removes a comb, combs her hair, puts the comb back, and then stands watching the dancers onstage, her eyes solemn. She chews absently on one finger.*)

BLACKWELL (*softly*): If my daughter tries to go into this business, I'll kill her.

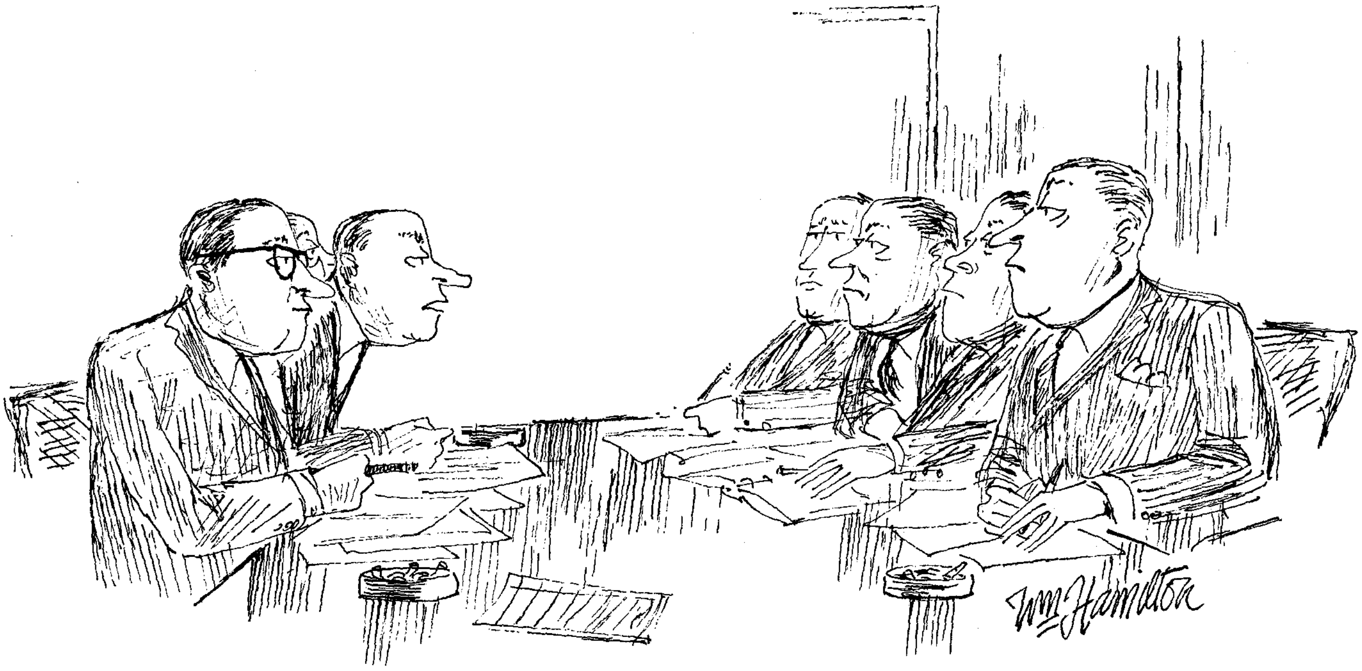
(*Three more batches of girls are quickly auditioned. A few are picked, and they sit with the small, select group in the wings at stage left, but most are turned down. Jill's group is called, and they move onstage. Jill walks lightly and confidently, her bell-bottoms swirling, and she smiles into the dark theatre. The piano pounds out the waltz, and Jill and the others start to dance, striding across the stage, as the curtain falls.*)

ACT II, SCENE 1

TIME: One week earlier. Midafternoon.

SCENE: The living room of Jill Choder's apartment, in the West Fifties. Jill is seated on a sofa. Her hair is long, with a black bow on top, and she is wearing a black jersey, a black-and-white striped miniskirt, white stockings, and shiny white boots. A friend sits in an armchair, listening, as Jill talks.

JILL: I started taking dancing when I was four—every day after school. I loved to perform, and I didn't care about missing a party on Saturday afternoon to be in the dance class. By the time I was eight, another girl and I had a night-club act—"Dolly and Jill Davis"—and we were hoofers. We sang, danced, and did impressions. We played club dates around Pittsburgh, where we lived, and then went to Canada with a Louis Armstrong troupe, and our mothers, and we played night clubs up there. All that I remember is we did three or four shows a night, including one at four in the morning sometimes. We learned to cope with drunks, and we got to be great ad-libbers. We did songs like "Three Little Words," but rewritten for us and called "Two Little Girls." We did impersonations of Jimmy Durante and Ted Lewis and Elvis Presley, and we finished with a "challenge"—you know, where one dancer claps in time while the other one tap-dances very



"A break every two hours, roast-beef sandwiches, and air-conditioning throughout the negotiations, or no contract."

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fast, and then they switch and the other one tries to outdo the first. We did the challenge to "Blue Skies," played very fast. (*Jill stands up and demonstrates some of the steps.*) Shuffle, time step, seconds. (*She does a fast spin with one foot extended.*) Forte turns. (*Similar to seconds but with the foot moved in and out.*) You have to spot front—look at a light behind the audience or something—and every time you spin around you look at the light again, or else you end up in a different place. Bucks—one foot tapping behind—and wings. Arms go out, foot out. There are all different kinds of wings. Then a half split. (*She lands in a half split, jumps up, crosses to the sofa, and sits down again.*) When I was ten, I was a Mouseketeer on television for a while, in California. We wore felt skullcaps with plastic ears, and it was fun. Then, at twelve, I auditioned for a replacement role in "Bye Bye Birdie" in New York. I'd seen it a year before, and I'd said to myself, "If it's the last thing I do, I want to be in it." My mother and I stayed at the Y, and at the audition there were about two hundred other little girls, all with long braids, and I was scared to death, but I got the part. When the show went on the road, I went with it, and ended up doing fourteen weeks at Vegas. They made us run through the casinos with our eyes shut, because we were so young, and there wasn't much to do except sit in the sun. My mother was going stir crazy. Then I went home to Pittsburgh, and high school. What a letdown! Because by then I knew what I wanted, and I was deep in it. A year later, I came back to New York and got hired as an understudy for Liza Minnelli in "Best Foot Forward" for six months and had a small part in the show. Then a pair of English twins who were in "Stop the World" went home to England, and the casting director was looking for new twins. A girl and I—we were the same shape and height—dressed up as twins, with the exact same outfit, same makeup, same hair, and went over. It was her mother's idea. They said, "If you can sing, the job is yours." We were in it for six months, and then I was in "The Roar of the Greasepaint," and at the same time I was a dancer in "Hullabaloo," on television, working three days a week, sometimes learning three routines in a day. You never can sit still for a minute. Right now I take dancing classes at Luigi's Jazz Centre, about three afternoons a week; I take singing lessons as often as I can; I go to Sanford Meisner's acting class twice a week; and I go to N.Y.U. two days a week—sociology, English, and history. I live on melba toast and cottage cheese and tomato juice and diet cola. I haven't had mashed potatoes since I can't remember when. I love to dance, so sometimes I go to discothèques, but I don't date boys in show business too much. I date boys who are mostly in graduate school or in business, but a lot of boys are either afraid of girls in show business, because they think we'd be aloof, or else they assume *you* must be a very wild girl. My father would like me to come home and get married, I guess, but my parents are very proud of me. I call them every day, and they give me great moral support. I'm up for a final audition for "Henry, Sweet Henry" next week. They want me to be fourteen for the part. I can look thirteen or fourteen—I did a cereal commercial for TV recently as a twelve-year-old—but I don't really have that awkward fourteen-year-old quality anymore. I've done too much. The majority of the girls at the first two auditions were authentically twelve; they had anklets and braids, and mothers saying, "Get up there, Susie." Auditions don't become much easier. The hardest part is waiting when you want something so badly. It's ups and downs in show business. You get up four steps and then fall down eight. I've gone to auditions where I feel I'm so right and I have the talent—and when I'm rejected it's real heartbreak. But you should never think it's because of you. You just have to be strong. But sometimes the rejection seeps in a little, and you begin to wonder.

(*Blackout*)

ACT II, SCENE 2

TIME: Six days later. Early afternoon.

SCENE: Luigi's Jazz Centre, above

the Embassy Auto Sales Corp., at 1721 Broadway. A large room with one wall covered with mirrors and a practice bar around the other walls. Piano and drums at the right. Jill Choder and eight other dancers, male and female, are watching Luigi—a dark-haired, affable man in a T-shirt, red tights, and black boots with gold tops—demonstrate a combination of steps.

LUIGI: *One*-two and *three*-four . . .

(*He completes a complex routine, and the dancers applaud spontaneously. He steps over to the piano, the music starts, and the dancers copy his steps as he counts. Jill, pink-faced, masters the combination almost immediately. The other dancers seem to concentrate on the steps alone, but Jill is almost ahead of the beat, and her moves are crisp, controlled, and exuberant. She adds her own personality to the dance, and when she misses a step she flashes a look of horror at Luigi and giggles, laughing at herself. The dancers work on the combination for several minutes, and then Luigi calls a break.*)

LUIGI (*sitting on the piano bench and lighting a cigarette*): Jill did that very beautifully. She has great feeling. She was always cute, always had that star quality. She has great technique and fantastic natural ability. To have both is very rare.

(*Most of the dancers are walking slowly around, or leaning against the walls, but Jill, in the middle of the room, is doing a little dance all by herself. Blackout.*)

ACT II, SCENE 3

TIME: The next morning. Two minutes after the end of Act I.

SCENE: The stage of the Lunt-Fontanne, as before. Jill and the seven other girls are stage center, finishing the waltz combination, as Bennett, Hill, and Merrill watch from the orchestra pit. The few girls who have been kept over watch from stage left; the large group of those who have not yet auditioned watch from stage right. Jill dances with humor and vitality, and then the music ends. It is absolutely quiet, except for the low murmuring of Bennett and the others in the orchestra. Several of the girls stand rigidly, but Jill grins once, in an embarrassed way, and then gazes straight ahead. Blackwell climbs down into the orchestra, takes the list of names from Bennett, climbs back onto the stage, and then speaks—his back to the orchestra—to Jill and the other girls. Suddenly, three of the girls break into smiles and run off to stage left. Jill and the four others remain standing for an instant as they realize that it is all over and they have been rejected. Then they walk quietly toward the exit. Jill smiles at Blackwell, shrugs, and goes offstage.

BENNETT (*to Hill and Merrill*): She's one of the better dancers, but she has the face and body of a young woman. She wouldn't really look fourteen.

(*Blackout*)

ACT II, SCENE 4

TIME: Thirty seconds later.

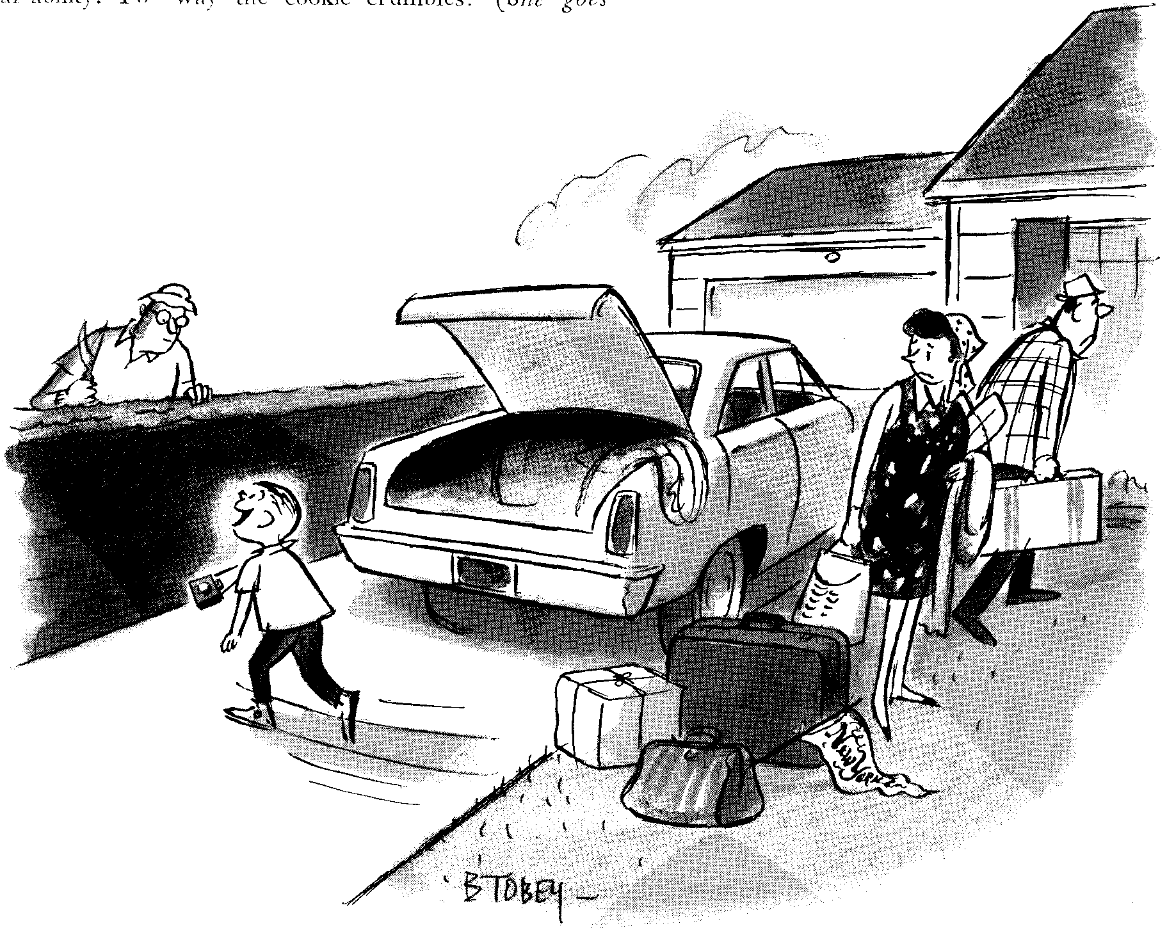
SCENE: The hall, just past the exit door. Five mothers are leaning against the wall, staring glumly ahead, waiting. Jill enters from the stage, carrying her bag and followed by a friend.

FRIEND: I'm sorry.

JILL (*turns and smiles*): That's the way the cookie crumbles! (*She goes past the mothers, out the stage door, and to the street as the curtain falls.*)

Visit

AN executive we know has been staring out of the same eighteenth-floor window for ten years now and has never seen anything more remarkable than some edgy patients in a dentist's office across the street. But the other day, he reports, a finely feathered orange-eyed pigeon alighted on his windowsill and returned his gaze for several unflinching minutes. Since the creature showed no signs of going away, our friend gently opened the window and invited the bird in. It took a few tentative steps from the sill onto a cold radiator and became fascinated by the desk telephone, cocking its head from side to side every time the host playfully spun the dial. Then, abruptly, the phone rang, and the pigeon bolted for the safety of the sill again. Our friend couldn't decide which would scare the bird away more quickly—answering the phone or letting it ring. At last, he answered it, and the pigeon immediately flew off. The caller was the man's wife, who wanted to know why it took him so long to pick up the phone. "Well, you won't believe this," he began, "but I had this pigeon in my office, and . . ."



"We were towed away in Fun City!"

REPORT

OUR group is against the war. But the war goes on. I was sent to Cleveland to talk to the engineers. The engineers were meeting in Cleveland. I was supposed to persuade them not to do what they are going to do. I took United's 4:45 from LaGuardia arriving in Cleveland at 6:13. Cleveland is dark blue at that hour. I went directly to the motel, where the engineers were meeting. Hundreds of engineers attended the Cleveland meeting. I noticed many fractures among the engineers, bandages, traction. I noticed what appeared to be fracture of the carpal scaphoid in six examples. I noticed numerous fractures of the humeral shaft, of the os calcis, of the pelvic girdle. I noticed a high incidence of clay-shoveler's fracture. I could not account for these fractures. The engineers were making calculations, taking measurements, sketching on the blackboard, drinking beer, throwing bread, buttonholing employers, hurling glasses into the fireplace. They were friendly.

They were friendly. They were full of love and information. The chief engineer wore shades. Patella in Monk's traction—clamshell fracture by the look of it. He was standing in a slum of beer bottles and microphone cable. "Have some of this chicken à la Isambard Kingdom Brunel the Great Engineer," he said. "And declare who you are and what we can do for you. What is your line, distinguished guest?"

"Software," I said. "In every sense. I am here representing a small group of interested parties. We are interested in your thing, which seems to be functioning. In the midst of so much dysfunction, function is interesting. Other people's things don't seem to be working. The State Department's thing doesn't seem to be working. The U.N.'s thing doesn't seem to be working. The democratic left's thing doesn't seem to be working. Buddha's thing—"

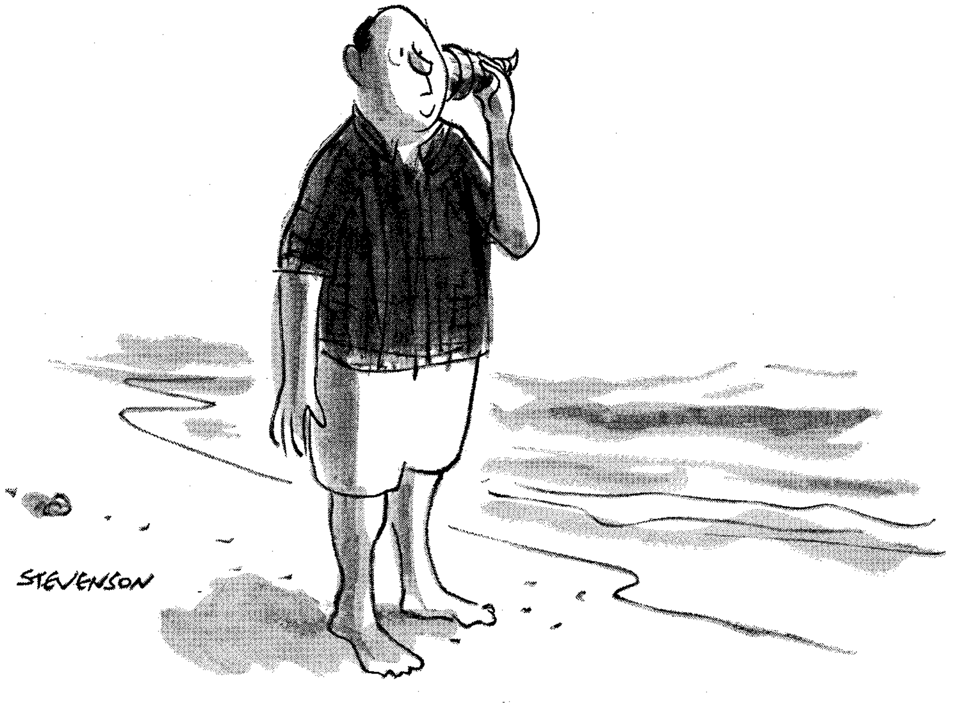
"Ask us anything about our thing, which seems to be working," the chief engineer said. "We will open our hearts and heads to you, Software Man, because we want to be understood and loved by the great lay public, and have our marvels appreciated by that public, for which we daily unsung produce tons of new marvels each more life-enhancing than the last. Ask us anything. Do you want to know about evaporated thin-film metallurgy? Monolithic and hybrid integrated-circuit processes? The algebra of inequalities? Optimization theory? Complex high-speed microminiature closed and open loop systems? Fixed variable mathematical cost searches? Epitaxial deposition of semiconductor materials? Gross interfaced space gropes? We also have specialists in the cuckooflower, the doctorfish, and the dumdum bullet as these relate to aspects of today's expanding technology, and they do in the damnedest ways."

I spoke to him then about the war. I said the same things people always say when they speak against the war. I said that the war was wrong. I said that large countries should not burn down small countries. I said that the government had made a series of errors. I said that these errors once small and forgivable were now immense and unforgivable. I said that the government was attempting to conceal its original errors under layers of new errors. I said that the government was sick with error, giddy with it. I said that ten thousand of our soldiers had already been killed in pursuit of the government's errors. I said that tens of thousands of the enemy's soldiers and civilians had been killed because of various errors, ours and theirs. I said that we are responsible for errors made in our name. I said that the government should not be allowed to make additional errors.

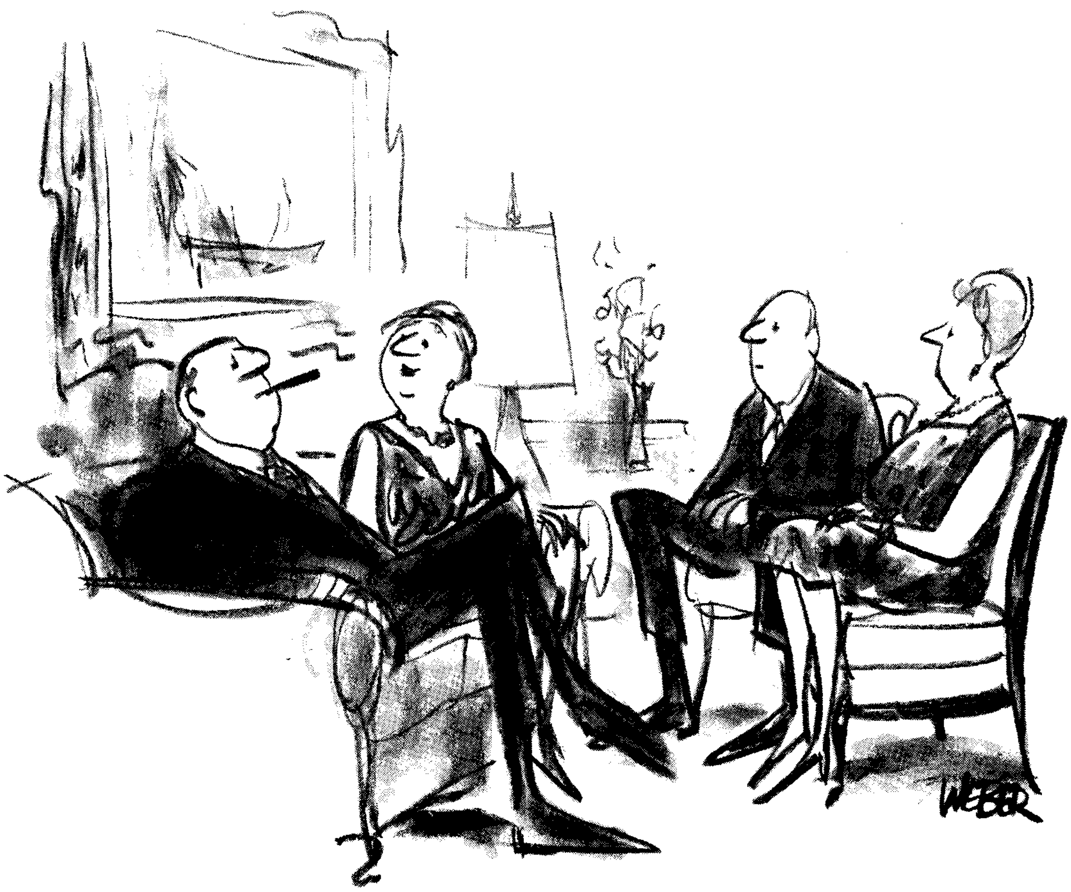
"Yes yes," the chief engineer said, "there is doubtless much truth in what you say, but we can't possibly *lose* the war, can we? And stopping is losing, isn't it? The war regarded as a process, stopping regarded as an abort? We don't know *how* to lose a war. That skill is not among our skills. Our array smashes their array, that is what we know. That is the process. That is what is.

"But let's not have any more of this dispiriting downbeat counter-productive talk. I have a few new marvels here I'd like to discuss with you just briefly. A few new marvels that are just about ready to be gaped at by the admiring layman. Consider for instance the area of realtime online computer-controlled wish evaporation. Wish evaporation is going to be crucial in meeting the rising expectations of the world's peoples, which are as you know rising entirely too fast."

I noticed then distributed about the room a great many transverse fractures of the ulna. "The development of the pseudo-ruminant stomach for underdeveloped peoples," he went on, "is one of our interesting things you should be interested in. With the pseudo-ruminant stomach they can chew cuds, that is to say, eat grass. Blue is the most popular color worldwide and for that reason we are working with certain strains of your native Kentucky *Poa pratensis*, or bluegrass, as the staple input for the p/r stomach cycle, which would also give a shot in the arm to our balance-of-payments thing don't you know. . . ." I noticed about me then a great number of metatarsal fractures in banjo splints. "The kangaroo initiative . . . eight hundred thousand harvested last year . . . highest percentage of edible protein of any herbivore yet studied . . ."



"I'm sorry. The shell you have picked up is not a working seashell. I'm sorry. The shell . . ."



"Dear, why don't you tell the Petersons about the G.N.P., or whatever it is?"

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"Have new kangaroos been planted?"

The engineer looked at me.

"I intuit your hatred and jealousy of our thing," he said. "The ineffectual always hate our thing and speak of it as anti-human, which is not at all a meaningful way to speak of our thing. Nothing mechanical is alien to me," he said (amber spots making bursts of light in his shades), "because I am human, in a sense, and if I think it up, then 'it' is human too, whatever 'it' may be. Let me tell you, Software Man, we have been damned forbearing in the matter of this little war you declare yourself to be interested in. Function is the cry, and our thing is functioning like crazy. There are things we could do that we have not done. Steps we could take that we have not taken. These steps are, regarded in a certain light, the light of our enlightened self-interest, quite justifiable steps. We could, of course, get irritated. We could, of course, *lose patience*.

"We could, of course, release thousands upon thousands of self-powered crawling-along-the-ground lengths of titanium wire eighteen inches long with a diameter of .0005 centimetres (that is to say, invisible) which, scenting an enemy, climb up his trouser leg and wrap themselves around his neck. We have developed those. They are within our capabilities. We could, of course, release in the arena of the upper air our new improved pufferfish toxin which precipitates an identity crisis. No special technical problems there. That is almost laughably easy. We could, of course, place up to two million maggots in their rice within twenty-four hours. The maggots are ready, massed in secret staging areas in Alabama. We have hypodermic darts capable of piebalding the enemy's pigmentation. We have rots, blights, and rusts capable of attacking his alphabet. Those are dandies. We have a hut-shrinking chemical which penetrates the fibres of the bamboo, causing it, the hut, to strangle its occupants. This operates only after 10 P.M., when people are sleeping. Their mathematics are at the mercy of a suppurating surd we have invented. We have a family of fishes trained to attack their fishes. We have the deadly testicle-destroying telegram. The cable companies are coöperating. We have a green substance that, well, I'd rather not talk about. We have a secret word that, if pronounced, produces multiple fractures in all living things in an area the size of four football fields."

"That's why—"

"Yes. Some damned fool couldn't keep his mouth shut. The point is that the whole structure of enemy life is within our power to *rend*, *vitiate*, *devour*, and *crush*. But that's not the interesting thing."

"You recount these possibilities with uncommon relish."

"Yes I realize that there is too much relish here. But *you* must realize that these capabilities represent in and of themselves highly technical and complex and interesting problems and hurdles on which our boys have expended many thousands of hours of hard work and brilliance. And that the effects are often grossly exaggerated by irresponsible victims. And that the whole thing represents a fantastic series of triumphs for the multi-disciplined problem-solving team concept."

"I appreciate that."

"We *could* unleash all this technology at once. You can imagine what would happen then. But that's not the interesting thing."

"What is the interesting thing?"

"The interesting thing is that we have *a moral sense*. It is on punched cards, perhaps the most advanced and sensitive moral sense the world has ever known."

"Because it is on punched cards?"

"It considers all considerations in endless and subtle detail," he said. "It even quibbles. With this great new moral tool, how can we go wrong? I confidently predict that, although we *could* employ all this splendid new weaponry I've been telling you about, *we're not going to do it*."

"We're not going to do it?"

I took United's 5:44 from Cleveland arriving at Newark at 7:19. New Jersey is bright pink at that hour. Living things move about the surface of New Jersey at that hour molesting each other only in traditional ways. I made my report to the group. I stressed the friendliness of the engineers. I said, It's all right. I said, We have a moral sense. I said, *We're not going to do it*. They didn't believe me.

—DONALD BARTHELME

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SOUTHEAST URBANA. 3 bedrooms with basement in the attic, 12′ x 27′ recreation room and a corner lot.—*Adv. in the Champaign-Urbana (Ill.) Courier.*

It's upsetting, that's what it is.

THE END OF THE WORLD

I NEVER like to leave Canada, because I'm disappointed every time. I've felt disappointed about places I haven't even seen. My wife went to Florida with her mother once. When they arrived there, they met some neighbors from home who told them about a sign saying "No Canadians." They never saw this sign anywhere, but they kept hearing about others who did, or whose friends had seen it, always in different places, and it spoiled their trip for them. Many people, like them, have never come across it but have heard about it, so it must be there somewhere. Another time I had to go and look after my brother Kenny in Buffalo. He had stolen a credit card and was being deported on that account. I went down to vouch for him and pay up for him and bring him home. Neither of us cared for Buffalo.

"What have they got here that's so marvellous?" I said.

"Proust," said Kenny.

"What?"

"Memorabilia," he said. He was reading it off a piece of paper.

"Why does a guy with your education do a dumb thing like swiping a credit card?" I said.

"Does Mother know?" said Kenny.

"Mum knows, and Lou knows, *and I know, and Beryl knows. It was* in the papers. 'Kenneth Apostolesco, of this city . . .' "

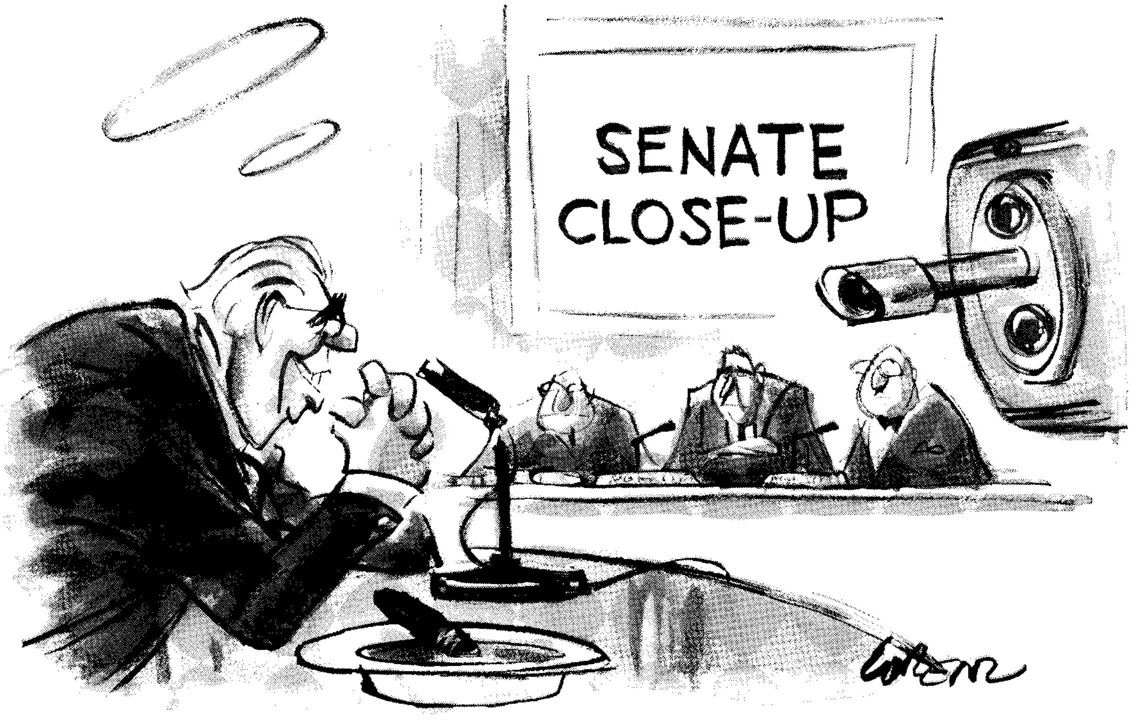
"I'd better stay away," my brother said.

"No, you'd better not, for Mum's *sake. We've only got one mother.*"

"Thank God," he said. "Only one of each. One mother and one father. If I had more than one of each, I think I'd still be running."

It was our father who ran, actually. He deserted us during the last war. He joined the Queen's Own Rifles, which wasn't a Montreal regiment—he couldn't do anything like other people, couldn't even join up like anyone else—and after the war he just chose to go his own way. I saw him downtown in Montreal one time after the war. I was around twelve, delivering prescriptions for a drugstore. I knew him before he knew me. He looked the way he had always managed to look, as if he had all the time in the world. His mouth was drawn in, like an old woman's, but he still had his coal black hair. I wish we had his looks. I leaned my bike with one foot on the curb and he came down and stood by me, rocking on his feet, like a dancer, and looking off over my head. He said he was night watchman at a bank and that he was waiting for the Army to fix him up *with* some teeth. He'd had all his teeth out, though there wasn't anything wrong with them. He was eligible for new ones provided he put in a claim that year, so he thought he might as well. He was a bartender by profession, but he wasn't applying for anything till he'd got his new teeth. "I've told them to hurry it up," he said. "I can't go round to good places all gummy." He didn't ask how anyone was at home.

I had to leave Canada to be with my father when he died. I was the person they sent for, though I was the youngest. My name was on the back page of his passport: "In case of accident or death notify WILLIAM APOSTOLESCO. Relationship: SON." I was the one he picked. He'd been barman on a ship for years by then, earning good money, but he had nothing put by. I guess he never expected his life would be finished. He collapsed with a lung hemorrhage, as far as I could make out, and they put him off at a port in France. I went there. That was where I saw him. This town had been shelled twenty years ago and a lot of it looked bare and new. I wouldn't say I hated it exactly, but I would never have come here of my own accord. It was worse than Buffalo in some ways. I didn't like the food or the coffee, and they never gave you anything you needed in the hotels—I had to go out and buy some decent towels. It didn't matter, because I had to buy everything for my father anyway—soap and towels and Kleenex. The hospital didn't provide a thing except the bedsheets, and when a pair of those was put on the bed it seemed to be put there once and for all. I was there twenty-three days and I think I saw the sheets changed once. Our grandfathers had been glad to get out of Europe. It took my father to go back. The hospital he was in was an old convent or monastery. The beds were so close together you could hardly get a chair between them. Women patients were always wandering around the men's wards, and although I wouldn't swear to it, I think some of them had their beds there, at the far end. The patients were given crocks of tepid water to wash in, not by their beds but on a long table in the middle of the ward. Anyone too sick to get up was just out of luck unless, like my father, he had someone to look after him. I saw beetles and cockroaches, and I said to myself, This is what a person gets for leaving home.



"Thanks for the opportunity to address myself to that point, Bob. As you know, I've long advocated a full and frank disclosure of all income. Many colleagues, for what I'm sure are honorable reasons, hold the opposite view, and in this government, God bless it, the majority rules. . . ."

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My father accepted my presence as if it were his right—as if he hadn't lost his claim to any consideration years ago. So as not to scare him, I pretended my wife's father had sent me here on business, but he hardly listened, so I didn't insist.

"Didn't you drive a cab one time or other?" he said. "What else have you done?"

I wanted to answer, "You know what I've been doing? I've been supporting your wife and educating your other children, practically singlehanded, since I was twelve."

I had expected to get here in time for his last words, which ought to have been "I'm sorry." I thought he would tell me where he wanted to be buried, how much money he owed, how many bastards he was leaving behind, and who was looking out for them. I imagined them in ports like this, with no-good mothers. *Somebody* should have been told—telling me didn't mean telling the whole world. One of the advantages of having an Old Country in the family is you can always say the relations that give you trouble have gone there. You just say, "He went back to the Old Country," and nobody asks any questions. So he could have told me the truth, and I'd have known and still not let the family down. But my father never confided anything. The trouble was he didn't know he was dying—he'd been told, in fact, he was getting better—so he didn't act like a dying man. He used what breath he had to say things like "I always liked old Lou," and you would have thought she was someone else's daughter, a girl he had hardly known. Another time he said, "Did Kenny do well for himself? I heard he went to college."

"Don't talk," I said.

"No, I mean it. I'd like to know how Kenny made out."

He couldn't speak above a whisper some days, and he was careful how he pronounced words. It wasn't a snobbish or an English accent—nothing that would make you grit your teeth. He just sounded like a stranger. When I was sent for, my mother said, "He's dying a pauper, after all his ideas. I hope he's satisfied." I didn't answer, but I said to myself, This isn't a question of satisfaction. I wanted to ask her, "Since you didn't get along with him and he didn't get along with you, what did you go and have three children for?" But those are the questions you keep to yourself.

"WHAT'S your wife like?" my father croaked. His eyes were interested. I hadn't been prepared for this, for how long the mind stayed alive and how frivolous it went on being. I thought he should be more serious. "*Wife*," my father insisted. "What about her?"

"Obedient" came into my head, I don't know why; it isn't important. "Older than me," I said, quite easily, at last. "Better educated. She was a kindergarten teacher. She knows a lot about art." Now, why that, of all the side issues? She doesn't like a bare wall, that's all. "She prefers the Old Masters," I said. I was thinking about the Scotch landscape we've got over the mantelpiece.

"Good, good. Name?"

"You know—*Beryl.* We sent you an announcement, to that place in Mexico where you were then."

"That's right. Beryl." "Burrull" was what he actually said.

I felt reassured, because my father until now had sounded like a strange person. To have "Beryl" pronounced as I was used to hearing it made up for being alone here and the smell of the ward and the coffee made of iodine. I remembered what the Old Master had cost—one hundred and eighty dollars in 1962. It must be worth more now. Beryl said it would be an investment. Her family paid for half. She said once, about my father, "One day he'll be sick; we'll have to look after him." "We can sell the painting," I said. "I guess I can take care of my own father."

It happened—I was here, taking care of him; but he spoiled it now by saying, "You look like you'd done pretty well. That's not a bad suit you've got on."

"Actually," I said, "I had to borrow from Beryl's father so as to get here."

I thought he would say, "Oh, I'm sorry," and I had my next answer ready, about not begrudging a cent of it. But my father closed his eyes, smiling, saving up more breath to talk about nothing.

"I liked old Lou," he said distinctly. I was afraid he would ask, "Why doesn't she write to me?" and I would have to say, "Because she never forgave you," and he was perfectly capable of saying then, "Never forgave me for what?" But instead of that he laughed, which was the worst of the choking and wheezing noises he made now, and when he had recovered he said, "Took her to Eaton's to choose a toy village. Had this shipment in, last one in before the war. Summer '39. The old man saw the ad, wanted to get one for the kid. Old man came—each of us had her by the hand. Lou looked round, but every village had something the matter, as far as Her Royal Highness was concerned. The old man said, 'Come on, Princess, hurry it up,' but no, she'd of seen a scratch, or a bad paint job, or a chimney too big for a cottage. The old man said, 'Can't this kid make up her mind about anything? She's going to do a lot more crying than laughing,' he said, 'and that goes for you, too.' He was wrong about me. Don't know about Lou. But she was smart that time—not to want something that wasn't perfect."

He shut his eyes again and breathed desperately through his mouth. The old man in the story was his father, my grandfather.

"Nothing is perfect," I said. I felt like standing up so everyone could hear. It wasn't sourness but just the way I felt like reacting to my father's optimism.

Some days he seemed to be getting better. After two weeks I was starting to wonder if they hadn't brought me all this way for nothing. I couldn't go home and come back later, it had to be now; but I couldn't stay on and on. I had already moved to a cheaper hotel room. I dreamed I asked him, "How much longer?" but luckily the dream was in a foreign language—so foreign I don't think it was French, even. It was a language no one on earth had ever heard of. I wouldn't have wanted him to understand it, even in a dream. The nurses couldn't say anything. Sometimes I wondered if they knew who he was—if they could tell one patient from another. It was a big place, and poor. These nurses didn't seem to have much equipment. When they needed sterile water for anything, they had to boil it in an old saucepan. I got to the doctor one day, but he didn't like it. He had told my father he was fine, and that I could go back to Canada any time—the old boy must have been starting to wonder why I was staying so long. The doctor just said to me, "Family business is of no interest to me. You look after your duty and I'll look after mine." I was afraid that my dream showed on my face and that was what made them all so indifferent. I didn't know how much time there was. I wanted to ask my father why he thought everything had to be perfect, and if he still stood by it as a way of living. Whenever he was reproached about something—by my mother, for instance—he just said, "Don't make my life dark for me." What could you do? He certainly made her life dark for her. One year when we had a summer cottage, he took a girl from the village, the village tramp, out to an island in the middle of the lake. They got caught in a storm coming back, and around fifty people stood on shore waiting to see the canoe capsize and the sinners drown. My mother had told us to stay in the house, but when Kenny said, to scare me, "I guess the way things are, Mum's gone down there to drown herself," I ran after her. She didn't say anything to me, but took her raincoat off and draped it over my head. It would have been fine if my father had died then—if lightning had struck him, or the canoe gone down like a stone. But no, he waded ashore—the slut, too—and someone even gave her a blanket. It was my mother that was blamed, in a funny way. "Can't you keep your husband home?" this girl's father said. I remember that same summer some other woman saying to her, "You'd better keep your husband away from my daughter. I'm telling you for your own good, because my husband's got a gun in the house." Someone did say, "Oh, poor Mrs. Apostolesco!" but my mother only answered, "If you think that, then I'm poor for life." That was only one of the things he did to her. I'm not sure if it was even the worst.

It was hard to say how long he had been looking at me. His lips were trying to form a word. I bent close and heard, "Sponge."

"Did you say 'sponge'? Is 'sponge' what you said?"

"Sponge," he agreed. He made an effort: "Bad night last night. Awful. Wiped everything with my sponge—blood, spit. Need new sponge."

There wasn't a bed table, just a plastic bag that hung on the bedrail with his personal things in it. I got out the sponge. It needed to be thrown away, all right. I said, "What color?"

"Eh?"

"This," I said, and held it up in front of him. "The new one. Any special color?"

"Blue." His voice broke out of a whisper all at once. His eyes were mocking me, like a kid seeing how far he can go. I thought he would thank

ANOTHER LIFE

There might be the quibble of birds and the swag
Of a river and a distantly belled
Altar of animals, softly spoken;
Certainly cattail, sumac, and fern
Would rise from the marshes nearby, revealed
In forms too perfect to envy trees—
Not trying for larger and larger keepsakes.

Cryptic and subtle green, hedgerows
Hiding mysterious deer, the start
Of a rabbit, as if towers and clouds
Had suddenly shadowed an open field—
These would be the events of the day,
Life having narrowed down to please
Natural hungers and thirsts, the grass
Thick at our feet, and, above our heads,
The stars, their firework anemones.

What shall I say of the house? Or you?
Only industrious ghosts would know
How lazily cropping up the view
Would make the impossible possible;
Nothing but weekdays would blankly graze
On time's oblivious pastures, free
At last of motive and thought, and we,
Becoming ourselves so naturally,
Would never say, looking up at the sky,
Another life is shining in the sky.

—Howard Moss

• •

"*My first dollar. I suppose that, too, is a fake!*"

• •

me now, but then I said to myself, You can't expect anything; he's a sick man, and he was always like this.

"Most people think it was pretty good of me to have come here," I wanted to explain—not to boast or anything, but just for the sake of conversation. I was lonely there, and I had so much trouble understanding what anybody was saying.

"Bad night," my father whispered. "Need sedation."

"I know. I tried to tell the doctor. I guess he doesn't understand my French."

He moved his head. "Tip the nurses."

"You don't mean it!"

"Don't make me talk." He seemed to be using a reserve of breath. "At least twenty dollars. The ward girls less."

I said, "Jesus God!" because this was new to me and I felt out of my depth. "They don't bother much with you," I said, talking myself into doing it. "Maybe you're right. If I gave them a present, they'd look after you more. Wash you. Maybe they'd put a screen around you—you'd be more private then."

"No, thanks," my father said. "No screen. Thanks all the same."

WE had one more conversation after that. I've already said there were always women slopping around in the ward, in felt slippers, and bathrobes stained with medicine and tea. I came in and found one—quite young, this one was—combing my father's hair. He could hardly lift his head from the pillow, and still she thought he was interesting. I thought, Kenny should see this.

"She's been telling me," my father gasped when the woman had left. "About herself. Three children by different men. Met a North African. He adopts the children, all three. Gives them his name. She has two more by him, boys. But he won't put up with a sick woman. One day he just doesn't come. She's been a month in another place; now they've brought her here. Man's gone. Left the children. They've been put in all different homes, she doesn't know where. Five kids. Imagine."

I thought, You left *us*. He had forgotten; he had just simply forgotten that he'd left his own.

"Well, we can't do anything about her, can we?" I said. "She'll collect them when she gets out of here."

"If she gets out."

"That's no way to talk," I said. "Look at the way she was talking and walking around . . ." I could not bring myself to say, "and combing your hair." "Look at how *you* are," I said. "You've just told me this long story."

"She'll seem better, but she'll get worse," my father said. "She's like me, getting worse. Do you think I don't know what kind of ward I'm in? Every time they put the screen around a patient, it's because he's dying. If I had t.b., like they tried to make me believe, I'd be in a t.b. hospital."

"That just isn't true," I said.

"Can you swear I've got t.b.? You can't."

I said without hesitating, "You've got a violent kind of t.b. They had no place else to put you except here. The ward might be crummy, but the medicine . . . the medical care . . ." He closed his eyes. "I'm looking you straight in the face," I said, "and I swear you have this unusual kind of t.b., and you're almost cured." I watched, without minding it now, a new kind of bug crawling along the base of the wall.

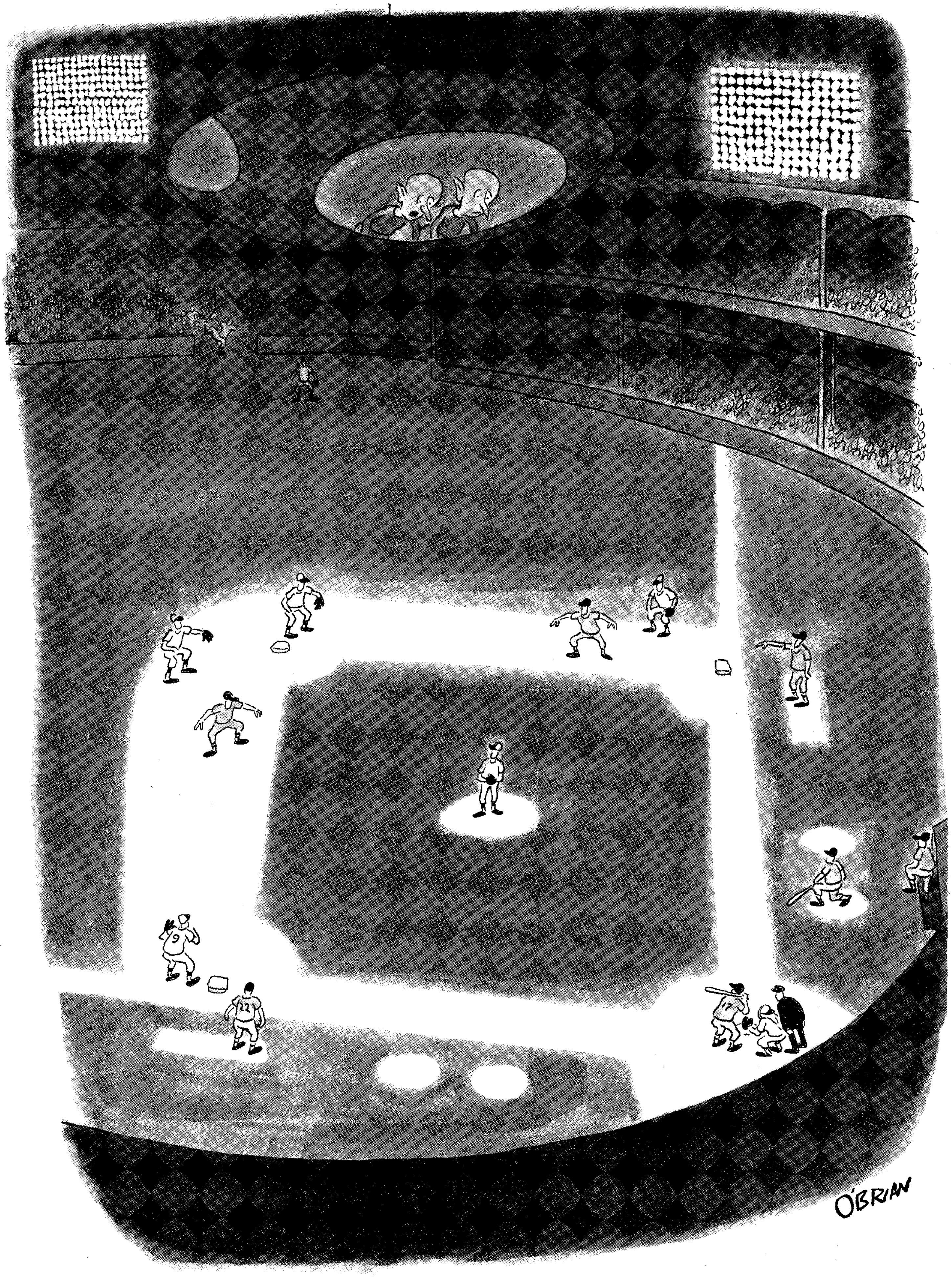
"Thanks, Billy," said my father.

I really was scared. I had been waiting for something without knowing what it would mean. I can tell you how it was: it was like the end of the world.

"I didn't realize you were worried," I said. "You should of asked me right away."

"I knew you wouldn't lie to me," my father said. "That's why I wanted you, not the others."

That was all. Not long after that, he couldn't talk. He had deserted the whole family once, but I was the one he abandoned twice. When he died, a nurse said to me, "I am sorry." It had no meaning, from her, yet only a few days before, it was all I thought I wanted to hear. —MAVIS GALLANT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O'BRIAN

“There seems to be a pattern of some kind, but what I can’t figure out is why*.”*

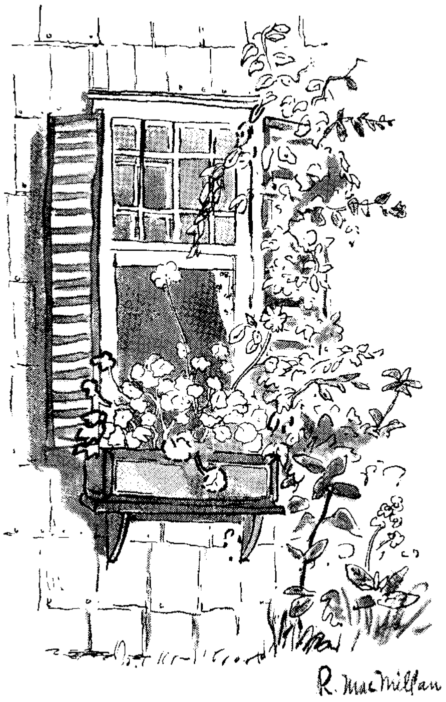
A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE BUFFS

JOSIAH THOMPSON is an assistant professor of philosophy at Haverford College, near Philadelphia. He graduated from Yale, Phi Beta Kappa, ten years ago; served two years as a naval officer (in 1958, when the Marines landed in Lebanon, he commanded the frogman detachment charged with beach reconnaissance); spent a year in Denmark, doing research in the works of the philosopher who has become his specialty, Sören Kierkegaard; and returned to Yale to complete his doctorate. At Haverford, he teaches courses in the Philosophy of Existence and the Phenomenology of Existence, plus an introductory philosophy course; his dissertation, a study of Kierkegaard called "The Lonely Labyrinth," is scheduled to be published by a university press this year. A boyish-looking young man whose friends call him Tink, he lives on the top floor of an old house on the Haverford campus with a wife, two small children, and perhaps the only complete set of Kierkegaard first editions in the United States. He is an authority on the assassination of John F. Kennedy.

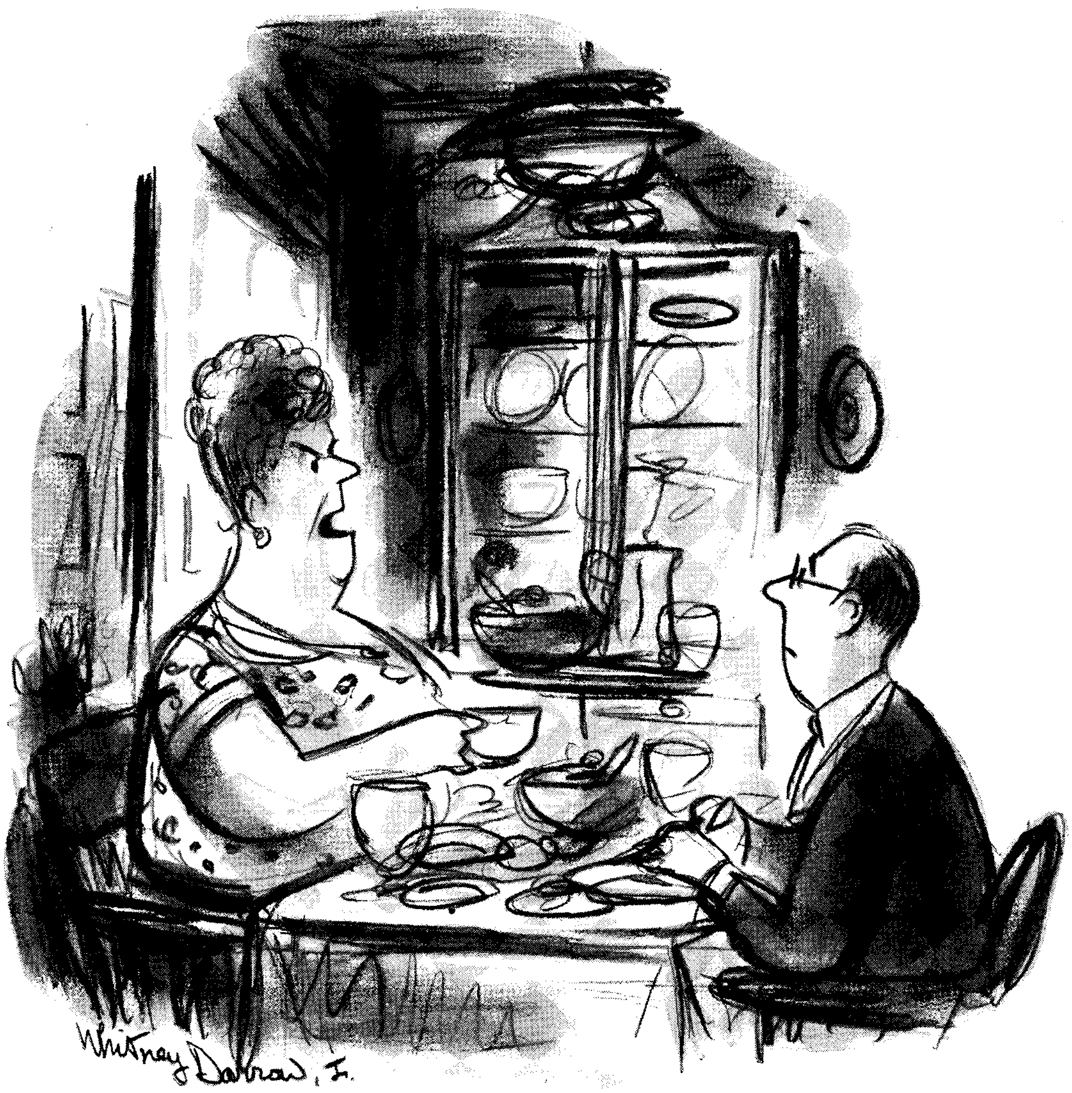
Thompson has learned to use an Abney level, a tool valuable in measuring angles, including the trajectories of bullets, and he has gone to Dallas, stood on Elm Street, early on Sunday morning when the traffic is light, and measured the angle from the sixth floor of the Texas School Book Depository. Like many other academics, he has published a letter in the *New York Review of Books* that both commented on a review and displayed a vast and esoteric knowledge; in his case, the comment was on a review of assassination books by Richard Popkin, another philosophy professor and lay authority on the assassination, and the knowledge displayed was of pathology and ballistics as they relate to the course and impact of a 6.5-millimetre bullet. Although his interest in firearms had never extended past what he was required to learn in the Navy, he now owns a display board of the various types of bullets that could have theoretically been used in the assassination, and a rifle of the type Oswald was said to have used, so that he can personally get some idea of how its bolt operates. He may refer casually to the frames of amateur motion pictures taken during the assassination as "Zapruder 313" or "Nix 24," and he sometimes calls the Texas School Book Depository the T.S.B.D. He is conversant with the technicalities of photographic development and refinement. "It's just like scholarship," he said recently. "There are good scholars and bad scholars. There are even analytical scholars and inductive scholars. But the marvellous thing about it is that there are no credentials. There's no Ph.D. in the assassination. It's pure scholarship. You have to make your own credentials."

Thompson is quick to point out that in the community of assassination scholars he is a newcomer; he has been working on the case steadily for only a little over a year, which means that he is far from what the others sometimes call "a first-generation critic." The first-generation critics began to devote most of their spare time to the assassination on November 22, 1963. Within a few weeks, Vincent Salandria, a lawyer in Philadelphia, had built a file of newspaper stories that contained references to any police agencies that had been involved. Raymond Marcus—who lives in Los Angeles and was, at the time of the assassination, running a small business for the distribution of "Keep off the Grass" and other household signs to retail stores—began a newspaper file to keep track of the changing theories about where the bullets came from. Anything that appeared about the assassination in the New York *Times*, among other papers, was being saved by Marjorie Field, the wife of a prosperous Beverly Hills stockbroker, and by Sylvia Meagher, a researcher at the World Health Organization in New York. By the first week in February, Shirley Martin, a housewife who then lived in Hominy, Oklahoma, had driven to Dallas with her four children to interview witnesses. Lillian Castellano, a Los Angeles bookkeeper who thought that reports on the wounds indicated that the President must have been hit from the front, had studied a picture of the Dealey Plaza area, discovered what seemed to be a strategically placed storm drain in front of the motorcade, and called that fact to the attention of a local news commentator, the Los Angeles *Times*, the Warren Commission, and anyone else she could think of who might be investigating what had happened.



Thompson, who was in Yale graduate school at the time, had his own doubts in the first days after the assassination—they were brought on by more or less the same aspects of the case that bothered the other critics—and, briefly, he was even moved to act on them. "The first flash over the radio was that Oswald was caught and seemed to be a left-winger—in Dallas! It sounded crazy. We went to a friend's house that Saturday night, and he said, 'Oswald will never live to stand trial.' And then we drove down to Washington on Sunday, to go through the Capitol Rotunda, and we heard the news about Ruby on the car radio. There was a mixture of frustration and anger and despair. So many people in this long, quiet line had the same feeling. We all thought, 'It's almost going to break. This is just too blatant and obvious. There are bright newsmen working on this thing.' Well, of course, it didn't break. Then, on Wednesday, the New York *Times* published an article based on an interview with one of the Dallas doctors that said quite clearly that there was an entry hole in the front of the President's throat. The same day, *Life* came out with some frames of the Zapruder film, and from those it was quite obvious that at the time of the shooting the President was facing *away* from the Book Depository building. So, with some trepidation, with *Life* in one hot little hand and the New York *Times* in the other hot little hand, I traipsed over to the F.B.I. office in New Haven, and, in an embarrassed way, said, 'Look, could I see an F.B.I. agent?' They were playing 'The F.B.I. in Peace and War,' of course—very polite. 'Let me take all of this down.' 'Thank you very much for coming in.' I'm sure they must have died laughing after I left."

Thompson—figuring he had done


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"Why couldn't I have married a take-charge guy!"

• •

what he could, however embarrassing it had been—turned his attention back to his dissertation and his teaching. His doubts were not assuaged by the Warren Commission's Report, and he did try to keep up with what was being written about the assassination. He even pursued the investigation himself for a while, doing research in the Yale Library after the Commission had released the twenty-six volumes of testimony and exhibits upon which it had based its conclusions. But in time he found that he was more interested in opposing the war in Vietnam than in opposing the Warren Report. Then, last spring, Thompson and some other Haverford faculty members were arrested during a demonstration against the war, and the lawyer asked by the American Civil Liberties Union to arrange their release was Vincent Salandria. Thompson had read and admired a rather technical article Salandria had published in *Liberation* challenging the Warren Commission's conclusion that all the bullets fired at the President had been fired by one gunman. Encouraged by his meeting with Salandria, Thompson decided he might have time during the summer to go to the National Archives for a more systematic investigation. That investigation led to a manuscript that will eventually be published as a book, and the book contract led to an arrangement to be a consultant to *Life* magazine in its assassination research. Since the day he met Salandria, Thompson says, "I have never fallen asleep at night without thinking, in those last moments before you fall asleep, about where the hell those bullets came from."

WHEN the Warren Report was published, some ten months after the assassination, most Americans seemed to accept its conclusions, most editorialists praised it for its thoroughness and clarity, one or two reviewers criticized it as taking the form of a brief for the prosecution, and perhaps a dozen obscure citizens, unaware of each other's existence, began to pore over it to prove that it was wrong. Eventually, of course, critical books were written on the Report by professional journalists such as Léo Sauvage, an American correspondent for *Le Figaro*, and Sylvan Fox, the former city editor of the *World-Telegram & Sun;* Mark Lane, the author of "Rush to Judgment," and Harold Weisberg, the author of "Whitewash" and "Whitewash II," became more or less full-time professional critics; Edward Jay Epstein, whose book on the alleged bungling of the Warren Commission investigation, "Inquest," is generally considered the single greatest contribution to making criticism of the Report respectable, entered the field through the orthodox routine of scholarship—in order to earn a Master's degree by analyzing the workings of a governmental commission; and James Garrison, operating on the premise that the Warren Commission failed to fulfill its duties, launched an investigation of his own as district attorney of New Orleans. But in the two and a half years between the assassination and the publication of Epstein's book, most of the hours spent examining the official version of the President's murder were spent by people who had no professional reason for their interest and no plans to make a full-time career out of criticizing the Warren Report. They tend to refer to themselves (and the professionals) as "investigators" or "researchers" or, most often, "critics." They are also known as "assassination buffs."

The buffs were never alone in their doubts. A Gallup Poll taken the week of the assassination indicated that only twenty-nine per cent of the American people believed that the President was killed by Oswald acting alone; even in the days just after the Warren Report was published, a Harris Survey showed that thirty-one per cent believed that Oswald had acted with accomplices. But of the millions of Americans who doubted the official version, only about a dozen felt strongly enough to try to prove that it was incorrect. Most people were willing to go along with the Warren Report, which, after all, had been produced by a distinguished commission with all of the resources of the government at its disposal. Even before the Report was published, an aura of unanimous acceptance had grown up around the official version of what had happened in Dallas, and most Americans did not even want to listen to any theories that contradicted it. Most of the assassination buffs, even those with a large circle of friends, suffered for at least a while from the special kind of loneliness that comes from being obsessed by something that nobody else seems to care about. "I thought I was the only one in the world who had these doubts," Mrs. Castellano recalled recently. "The first year, thinking I was alone, it was terrible." Mrs. Field eventually won over her husband and children, but not her friends; one of Salandria's friends began saying that Salandria had lost his mind. Then, gradually, the buffs began to discover each other. Mrs. Field found out about Mrs. Meagher through writing the instructor of a course on the Warren Report that Mrs. Meagher had taken at the New School; she had discovered Ray Marcus and Mrs. Castellano through an appearance by Lane in Los Angeles. Salandria came to light through the piece in *Liberation.* He immediately received excited letters from other critics; David Lifton, a Los Angeles buff who thought he had made a discovery that supported Salandria's theories, could not wait for the mails and phoned at two in the morning from California. At one point, when Mrs. Field stopped off in New York on the way to Europe, Mrs. Meagher was able to gather together half a dozen critics to meet her. In the days before what Mrs. Meagher has called "the dramatic transition from taboo to dialogue," the discovery that they were not alone struck most of the buffs as monumental. They finally had somebody to *talk* to.

The buffs soon established an informal but busy network for pooling information, decrying the indifference of the public, and cheering each other up. Their discussions are often rather technical. Assassination buffs sometimes speak of Lillian Castellano's most important contribution being her evidence that "the Willis picture lines up with Zapruder 202 and not Zapruder 210," and it is not uncommon to hear somebody say, "We had a friendly argument about Frame 237." There are a dozen ways of discussing the limitations that the Zapruder film places on the number of shots that could be fired from the rifle found in the Texas School Book Depository. David Lifton—an energetic young man who studied engineering physics at Cornell and has been in and out of the U.C.L.A. graduate school of engineering, as his investigation of the assassination allows—likes to speak in terms of "constraints." He once reacted to a piece of news along the network by saying, "Holy mackerel! They've broken the forty-two-frame constraint!" The buffs toss around the names of assassination witnesses and minor Dallas officials as casually as small boys discuss obscure baseball players. They can all furnish a minute description of "399"—the bullet that was said to have hit both Kennedy and Governor John Connally and is officially called Commission Exhibit No. 399. Marcus has written a seventy-seven-page monograph on the subject. In speaking of each other's work, they often use the same terms that are heard among research scientists—mentioning that some discovery is "in the literature" or that somebody has done "solid work in that area."

Although some of the buffs travelled to Dallas—and some, sooner or later, to Washington to examine the exhibits and documents turned over to the National Archives—most of them have found enough to do in their own homes. They can study many of the documents at the National Archives by sending for copies, and they can always use the phone to interview witnesses and each other. They have built their own research libraries, mostly out of newspaper clippings. Marcus constructed an ingenious research device using a copy of a large surveyor's layout map of the Dealey Plaza area that Mrs. Castellano managed to buy from the surveyor who prepared it for the Commission. Marcus's copy of the map, mounted on heavy cardboard, includes marks to indicate the precise location of each eyewitness whose presence can be

"There's old Begley—still marching to a different drummer."

PEASANT

A Prayer to the Powers of This World

All those years that you ate and changed
And grew under my picture
You saw nothing
It was only when I began to appear
That you said I must vanish

What could I do I thought things were real
Cruel and wise
And came and went in their names
I thought I would wait I was shrewder but you
Were dealing in something else

You were always embarrassed by what fed you
And made distances faster
Than you destroyed them
It bewitched my dreams
Like magazines I took out with the sheep
That helped to empty the hours
I tried to despise you for what you did not
Need to be able to do
If I could do it
Maybe I could have done without you

My contempt for you
You named ignorance and my admiration for you
Servility
When they were among the few things we had in common
Your trash and your poses were what I most appreciated
Just as you did

And the way you were free
Of me
But I fought in your wars
The way you could decide that things were not
And they died
The way you had reasons
Good enough for your time

When God was dying you bought him out
As you were in a position to do
Coming in the pale car through the mud and fresh dung
Unable to find the place though you had been there
Once at least before
Like the doctor
Without a moment to lose
I was somewhere
In the bargain

I was used to standing in the shade of the sky
A survivor
I had nothing you
Could use

I am taking my hands
Into the cleft wood assembled
In dry corners of abandoned barns
Beams being saved
For nothing broken doors pieces of carts
Other shadows have gone in there and
Wait
On hewn feet I follow the hopes of the owls
For a time I will
Drift down from the tool scars in a fine dust
Noticeably before rain in summer
And at the time of the first thaws
And at the sound of your frequent explosions
And when the roofs
Fall it will be a long while
Since anyone could still believe in me
Any more than if I were one of the
Immortals

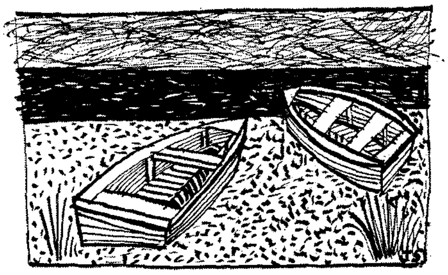
It was you
That made the future
It was yours to take away
I see
Oh thousand gods
Only you are real
It is my shame that you did not
Make me
I am bringing up my children to be you

—W. S. Merwin

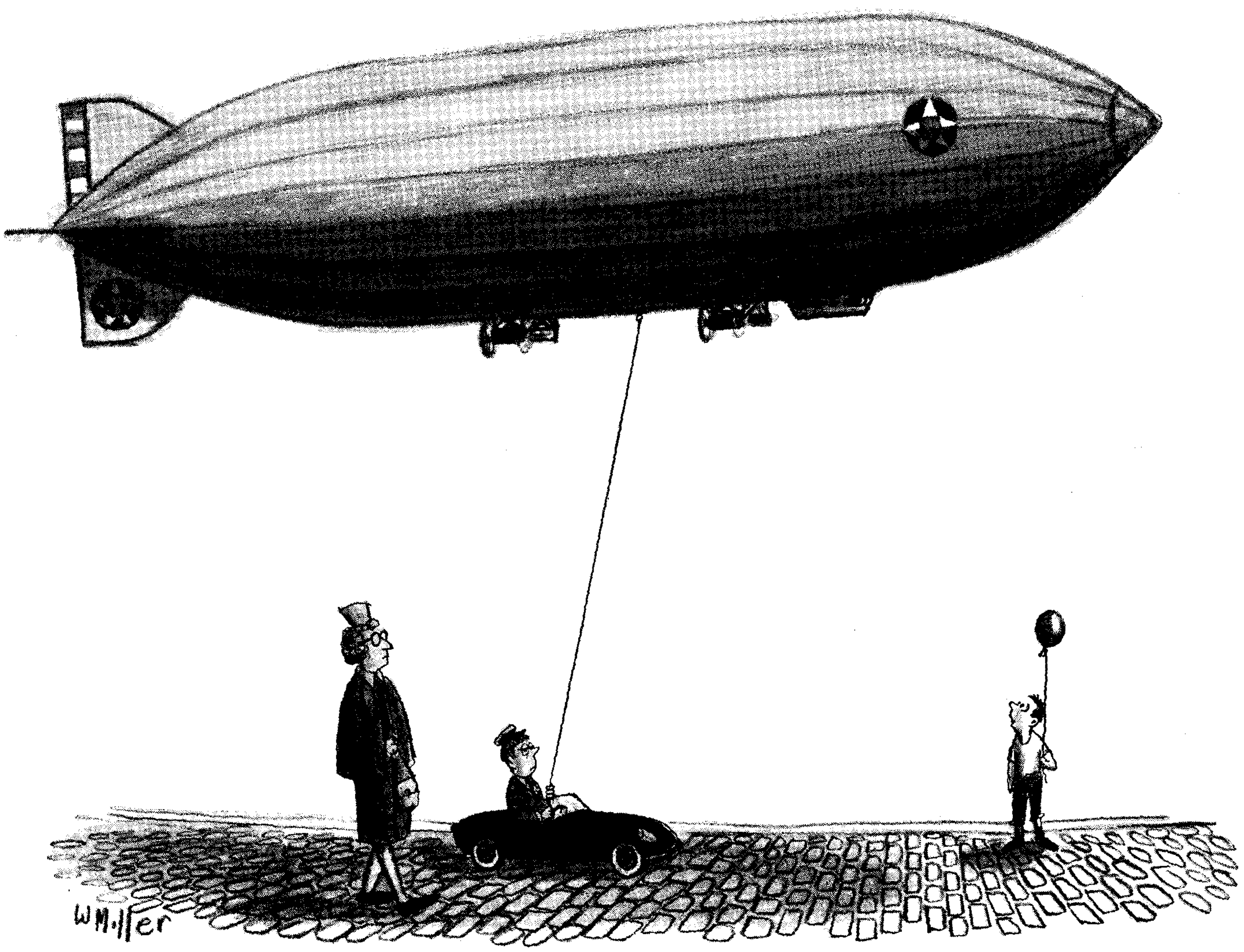
* * *

verified through photographs, shaded triangles to indicate the exact scope of each photograph taken, a movable isinglass triangle corresponding to the movements of Zapruder's film, and a model limousine that has a representation of Governor Connally mounted in a way that permits it to swivel to the side. Marcus, an intense man of forty who concentrated almost from the start on the Zapruder film, also built charts of enlargements of Zapruder frames, and spent so much time analyzing them that he was able to tell that two frames had been transposed in the Warren Report because there was an inconsistency in the shadow cast by a little girl's foot in the background. (Lifton had a friend write a disingenuous letter about the transposition to J. Edgar Hoover, who acknowledged the error.) Shadow measuring is not uncommon among the critics. They pass around huge blurred closeups and peer at them for hours trying to ascertain whether a mark on a curb is a stain or a chip, or whether a shape among the trees is a shadow or a gunman.

Of course, what most dramatically magnified the research opportunities of the buffs was the publication of the Commission's testimony and exhibits, usually referred to as the Twenty-six Volumes. The Twenty-six Volumes contain eighteen thousand pages—the largest body of source material any armchair student of a crime has ever had. Most of the buffs sent for a set immediately, at seventy-six dollars a set. Mrs. Field, whose home in Beverly Hills is rather spacious, has saved some steps by buying an upstairs set and a downstairs set. With the Twenty-six Volumes on hand, Mrs. Meagher—an extraordinarily serious-minded woman who is considered by Thompson (and others) "far and away the best scholar in the field"—has rarely felt the need to pursue her investigation outside the confines of her living room.



For a while, a significant amount of the buffs' research was turned over to



those who seemed to have a better chance to reach the public. Salandria gave Mark Lane the results of his early trips to Dallas; Lifton and Mrs. Field have sent quite a bit of material to Thomas Buchanan, an American who lives in Europe and has written about the assassination in a book and a number of European magazine pieces; and Mrs. Martin sent tapes of her interviews to both Lane and Buchanan. Mrs. Meagher did the index for Epstein's book, and Sauvage and other professionals have depended on her to check over their manuscripts. The buffs have been used as consultants to magazines—first small-circulation left-wing magazines and lately even large-circulation middle-of-the-road magazines. "You can compare this to a company that has a public-relations program and a research-and-development program," Lifton has said. "The two puncture points at the top—what gets public notice—are Lane's book and Epstein's book. The r.-and-d. program is being done by a bunch of amateurs."

Like Thompson, Mrs. Meagher will eventually publish a book of her own on the assassination. She has already published an index to the Twenty-six Volumes that most of the buffs consider the most awesome accomplishment of the investigation, and she often reacts to magazine articles about the assassination with long, detailed letters to the editor. Other buffs have worked on their own magazine articles or, more often, marshalled their evidence in charts or displays. In addition to constructing charts of the Zapruder frames and writing monographs on them, Marcus, for instance, has attempted to analyze two other key pictures. Because of his suspicion that the well-known photograph of Oswald holding a rifle is a composite, a suspicion based partly on the fact that the shadow of Oswald's nose and the shadow of his body do not fall in the same direction, Marcus has taken dozens of photographs at all hours of the day, in all combinations of shadows; he now has a scrapbook full of pictures of his son and various other subjects standing soberly in his back yard, holding a rifle and squinting into the sun. Marcus has also done what he calls a facial analysis of a blurred image that the Commission says is Billy Lovelady, a Texas School Book Depository employee, and that some of the buffs think is Oswald. Working on a clear-plastic overleaf, Marcus marked twenty-six points to outline the features on an enlargement of the blurred face; he then did the same on enlarged portraits of Lovelady and Oswald, and compared the results on graph paper. "Whatever I found may be due to the camera angles," Marcus said recently. "It may mean nothing. It's possible that this is completely unscientific. But my answer to people saying 'You're no expert' is 'Where are the experts?' "

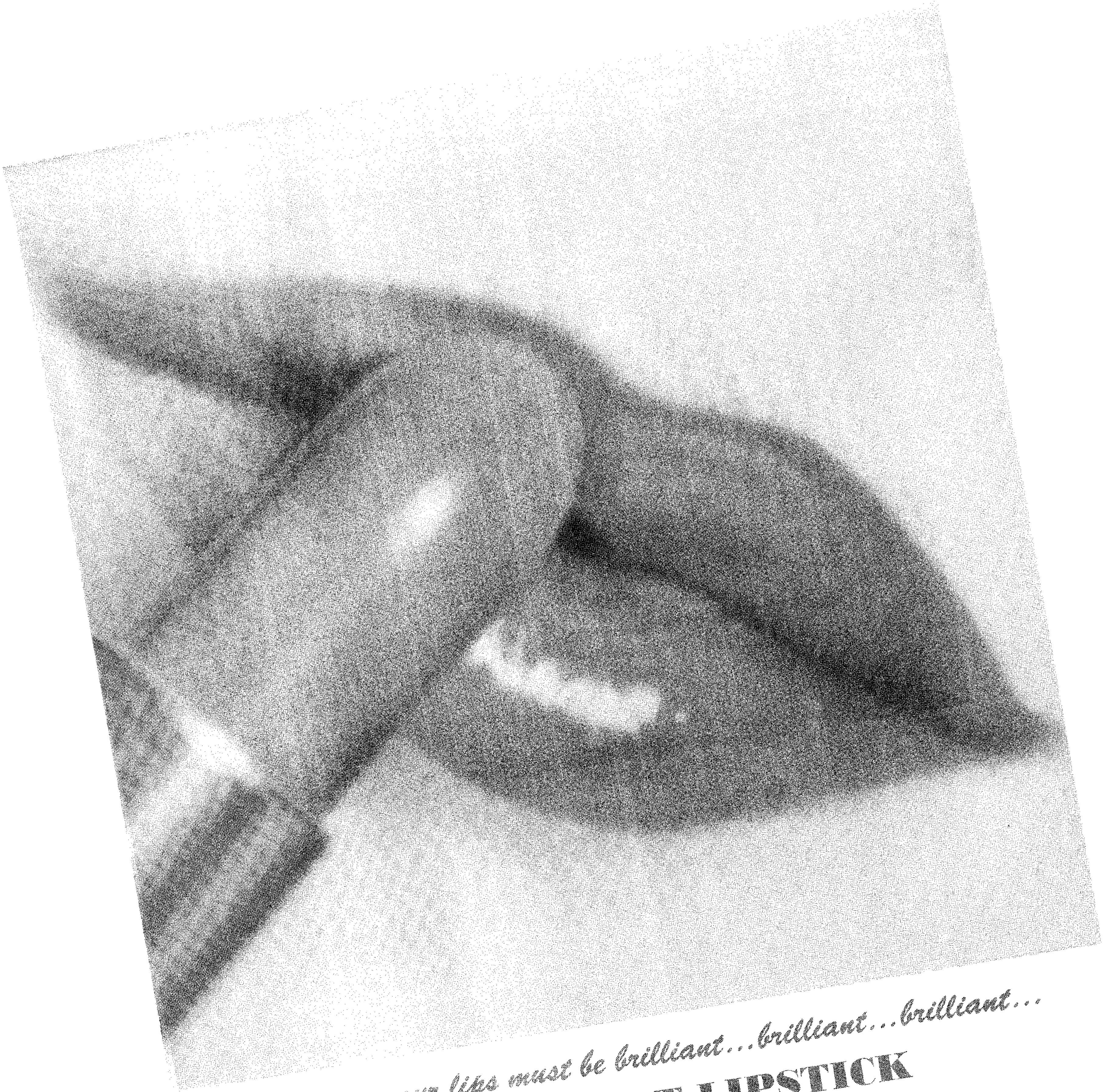
ALTHOUGH the assassination buffs are, by and large, people who are sensitive to the possibility of government harassment, none of them complains of being hounded by the F.B.I. or spied upon or persecuted. Even as they persisted in investigating a crime most people were trying to put out of their minds and in questioning the integrity of a panel chosen precisely because its members were so distinguished as to be above question, they received no hostile phone calls or insulting letters. Salandria lost no clients. Instead, the buffs experienced a lack of concern that most of them found more maddening than overt hostility—particularly because they seemed to find the least concern among those whom they might have expected to be sympathetic. "If one group was in favor of accepting the Report, or at least letting the matter lie, it was the liberals," Marcus says. Salandria agrees: "I had all the liberal credentials—SANE, A.C.L.U., and all that. But the idea that I should be undertaking to denigrate a report prepared and endorsed and presided over by Earl Warren scared my liberal friends. Some of them got very panicky and some of them departed under the strain." Salandria believes that the reluctance of liberals to listen to arguments against the Report—a reluctance he still finds today—is based on more than merely the desire to protect a man who has so often been attacked from the right for his liberalism. "I think that this assassination in many ways provides a mirror for this society and the roles of different groups in this society," Salandria says. "The liberal—with whom I felt closely identified—really wasn't what he purported to be. What he purported to be was someone who wanted to mollify the misery in this society, and alter the society so that it would become freer, more responsive to the needs of the underdog, more egalitarian, and perhaps more peaceful. But as a consequence of this assassination, I see the liberal as different. I see him as being more interested in protecting government, in even apologizing for government, surrendering the skepticism in favor of support for power—in, I think, an honest belief that the governmental power provided is good governmental power and that good governmental power can be translated to mean power exercised by good men, good men translated to mean liberal men. That these good men could do no wrong is a kind of religious feeling that the liberal has, and therefore, if he is to serve society, he is not to be skeptical of governmental power, not to question authority exercised by good men in a good direction, but rather to accommodate himself and his ideas to this power, and protect it against 'unwarranted attacks.' Any attack on this Commission was 'unwarranted.' "

"Baa, baa, black sheep, have you any wool?"

"Yes, sir, yes, sir, three bags full."

Salandria, a short, quick-moving man of thirty-nine, values his independence—he runs his own law practice in Philadelphia from an office in his own house—and he is not, by nature, an accommodator. "If the government says 'black,' Vince figures 'white,' " Thompson once said of him, fondly. "He's a marvellously skeptical man." In talking about the assassination, which is almost all he talks about, Salandria finds himself more at ease with conservatives than with those who share his political beliefs. "I have found many honest conservatives," he says. "You confront them with the possibility of governmental wrongdoing and they do not flare at you, in liberal fashion. They will ask you what you have to offer by way of evidence, and they will listen to you. They are not gullible, but they will not attack you for a suggestion that something could be wrong." Salandria, who does more public speaking than most of the buffs, rarely appears before a liberal audience, but he is accustomed to being received enthusiastically by such organizations as the North Penn Young Republican Club, the Philadelphia County Dental Society, and the Lansdale Junior Chamber of Commerce Women's Club.

One afternoon last win-



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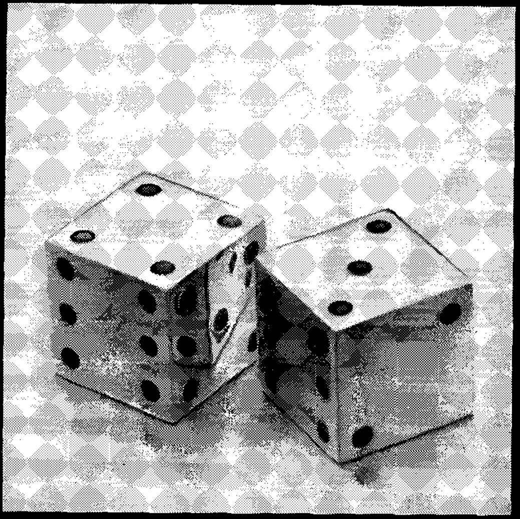

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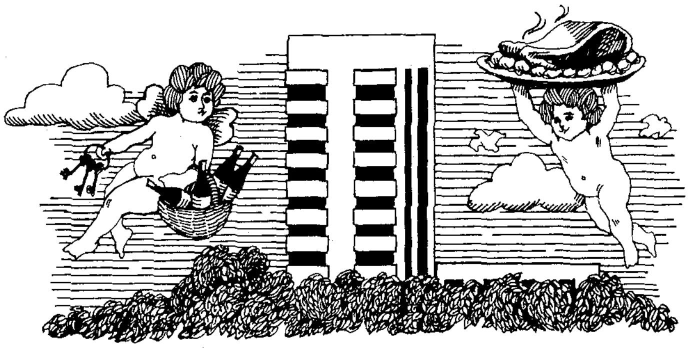

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ter, Salandria addressed the Omega Club, a small group of conservative lawyers that meets regularly at the Adelphia Hotel, in downtown Philadelphia, for lunch. The meeting was held in a private dining room off the hotel's coffee shop, and about fifteen members were present. They were having orange sherbet and coffee and discussing the problem of Communist infiltration in the Catholic colleges of the Philadelphia area when Salandria arrived. He was immediately introduced by the chairman, who said, "The main point I want to bring out is that he's highly respected for his ability and everyone regards him as a man of great integrity."

Salandria made a few opening comments about being happy to return to Omega—it had been the first organization to ask him to speak after he had first published his doubts in the Philadelphia *Legal Intelligencer,* the city's law journal—and about having published articles in magazines that the members had assured him were Communist fronts. "But I have developed a healthy respect for the conservative mind in the United States," he said. "My hope for breaking this case comes not from the left wing and not from the liberals and not from the government but from independent Americans who are steeped in a heritage that bespeaks of a concern about governmental power—excessive governmental power."

"Amen," somebody said.

Salandria explained that he had made a specialty of the "shots, trajectories, and wounds of the assassination," and he launched into a straightforward account of the evidence. He spoke precisely of angles of descent, the damage caused by each bullet, and the condition of the bullets. At one point he drew out a large chart that had an outline of the President's body as seen in Zapruder Frame 316 superimposed on an enlargement of Zapruder Frame 313—a demonstration of his contention that the President's body snapped back and to the left when hit by the fatal bullet—and at another point he took off his jacket so he could better demonstrate the spot at which the first bullet was said to have entered the President's back. The lawyers were attentive. Occasionally, they nodded their understanding of what Salandria was talking about. When Salandria had finished his speech and called for questions, a man asked why J. Edgar Hoover had stated his belief in the Commission's findings if any doubt existed, and Salandria quoted a number of documents to demonstrate that the F.B.I. itself had con-

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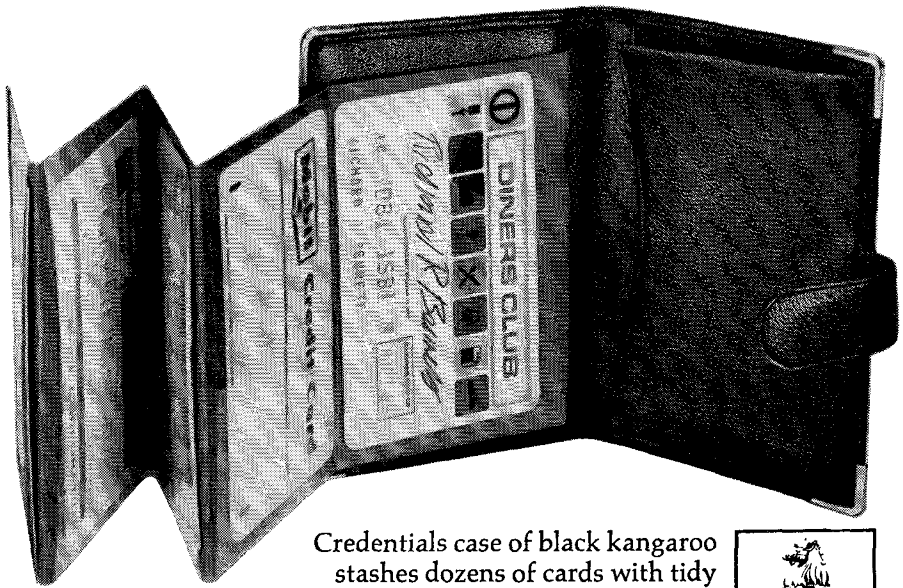

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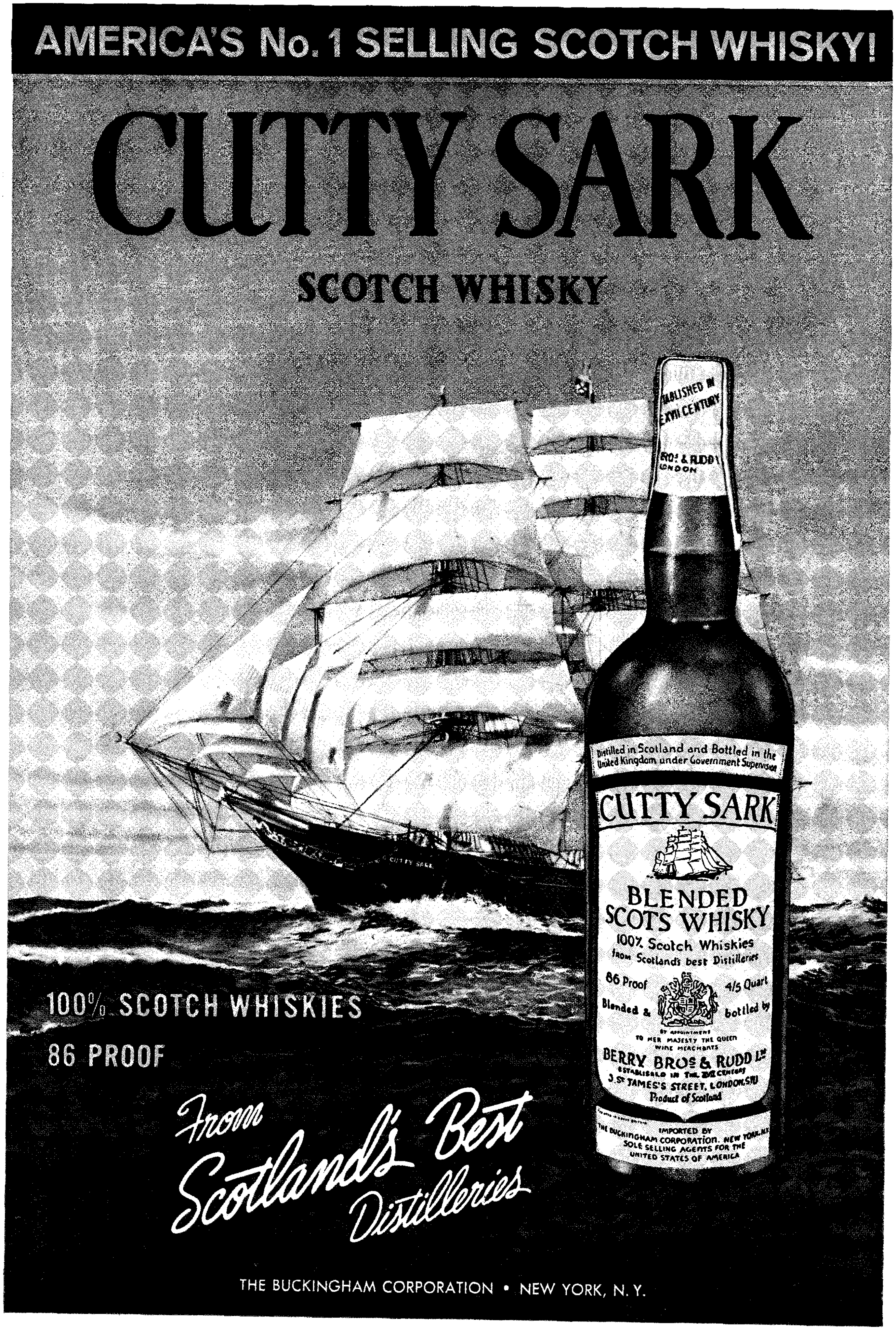
tradicted the Report. There were no other questions that reflected any doubt about Salandria's contention that the Commission's version of the assassination was "patently wrong." When Salandria said, "I urge upon you that our President was, in fact, killed by a team of skilled professional assassins," two or three men nodded and one man down the table whispered, "Communists." The presence of a conspiracy seemed to be taken for granted; the questions were about who was in the conspiracy. There was strong sentiment for suspecting the Communists—one man noted that the *Worker* had suggested a commission headed by Warren before one was actually announced, and another asked Salandria if there were any known Communists on the Commission—but, for a while, nobody seemed to object to Salandria's theory that the conspirators were "neither left nor right" but "elements whose purpose was to perpetuate the Cold War when Kennedy was trying to arrive at an accommodation." Reading some items from the *Times* of that morning about Vietnam, Salandria attempted to show that the deep American involvement in the war made no sense economically, politically, legally, or morally—"no sense, unless you trace it back to the assassination." The lawyers seemed to accept that theory rather calmly. Then, suddenly, one man, almost shouting, said, "This thing boils down to a supposed attempt to frame the right-wing military! This is the international socialist propaganda line that hasn't changed in over a hundred years!" Everybody seemed to shout at once, but after Salandria denied the charge, and answered one or two more questions about why he did not think the Communists were involved, the subject seemed forgotten. The Omega members listened respectfully as Salandria answered polite questions about how the Commission worked and why the conspirators chose the Dallas motorcade as a time to murder the President. When the chairman got up to close the meeting, Salandria received enthusiastic applause, and several members stayed around to compliment him further.

THE assassination buffs do not always find their criticism of the Warren Report received with compliments; they are used to being challenged by people they sometimes call the counter-critics. It is often said that the buffs fail to realize that dozens of inconsistencies can be found in the most open-and-shut case for the prosecution, that they tend to fit all events into a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conspiratorial pattern without allowing for coincidence, and that they are sometimes carried away by their enmity toward the Establishment. The buffs, of course, vary in acuteness, but it is true, for instance, that many of them, like most Americans, often credit the printed word as it appears in newspapers with more authority than it deserves and tend to interpret such institutions as magazines and television networks too much in terms of monolithic design and not enough in terms of human caprice. "Most of these people are not trained as lawyers, and that makes a big difference," Wesley J. Liebeler, a lawyer who worked for the Commission and has often debated with various critics, said not long ago. "For instance, they fail to distinguish between different types of evidence, and they'll put as much value in the recollection of a witness as in a scientific report." It is not unusual for a buff to move easily from an explanation of why some meticulous measurements are evidence that the President was shot from the front to an explanation of why some of the President's speeches in the months before he went to Dallas are evidence that the murder was carried out by those in the government who wanted to prevent a change in the American position on the Cold War.

Even counter-critics agree, however, that the buffs can be quite effective when picking apart the conclusions of the Warren Report. (There is general agreement among assassination buffs that the Report was, in Marcus's words, "the most massively fraudulent document ever foisted on a free society," although they have various opinions as to how aware the commissioners were of the fraud, and one or two of them have some doubts about whether this is a free society.) Epstein—who is considered a turncoat by the buffs because he has stated that Oswald was probably guilty—says, "The thing about these people is that they're honest. Although some of them are kind of strange. Somebody like Lane will distort things, but the buffs can be trusted on the facts, even though some of their conclusions are silly. Lying would ruin the game for them. Sylvia Meagher's index of the Twenty-six Volumes might be one of the rare examples of a polemical index, but that's more than the Commission provided, and I found it useful." Liebeler has said, "They fit facts into this kind of strange framework, but, on the fact-observation level, some of these people are very good; sometimes they have

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noticed facts that other people haven't noticed."

Some of the arguments that public figures and respectable magazines have put forward for holding a new investigation of the assassination are those that were published by the buffs a long time ago—such as the physical evidence Salandria presented in his *Liberation* piece for believing that more than one gunman could have been involved—but in the public mind the buffs are still associated more with demonology than with scholarship. Even articles that basically agree with their position on the Warren Report ordinarily dismiss the buffs in a sentence or two as crackpots or conspiracy-mongers, and then begin the next sentence "But even reasonable people . . ." If there is suspicion among reasonable people about the conclusions of the Warren Report, there seems to be equal suspicion about those who suggest alternate conclusions that involve complicated conspiracies, and, as it happens, most of the buffs believe that President Kennedy's murder was the result of a high-level plot. Almost all of them believe that the assassination and the American policy in Vietnam are connected. Almost all of them think that Oswald probably did not fire a rifle at the President, and that he was, in one way or another, an employee of the F.B.I. or the C.I.A. or some other governmental agency whose operatives could have arranged to set him up for the frame. In general, they look to Garrison's investigation for corroboration of their views.

The buffs say that their plot theories are speculation, not to be confused with the careful research they present of factual inconsistencies in the Warren Commission's version of the events. But some of them tend to blur the difference, finding listeners more interested in the idea of C.I.A. manipulations than in measurements of bullet angles. Several buffs eventually came to believe that they had to present some alternate "models" of the assassination that might account for the known facts more logically than the Warren Report did—and some see the models as including not only how the assassination was carried out but who might have had reason to order it. Some of the more thoughtful buffs, aware of the loss of credibility that comes with plot theories, have always favored keeping speculation to a minimum. Although Mrs. Meagher's recent article in the *Minority of One* presents examples from the Twenty-six Volumes of what she believes to be State Department fa-

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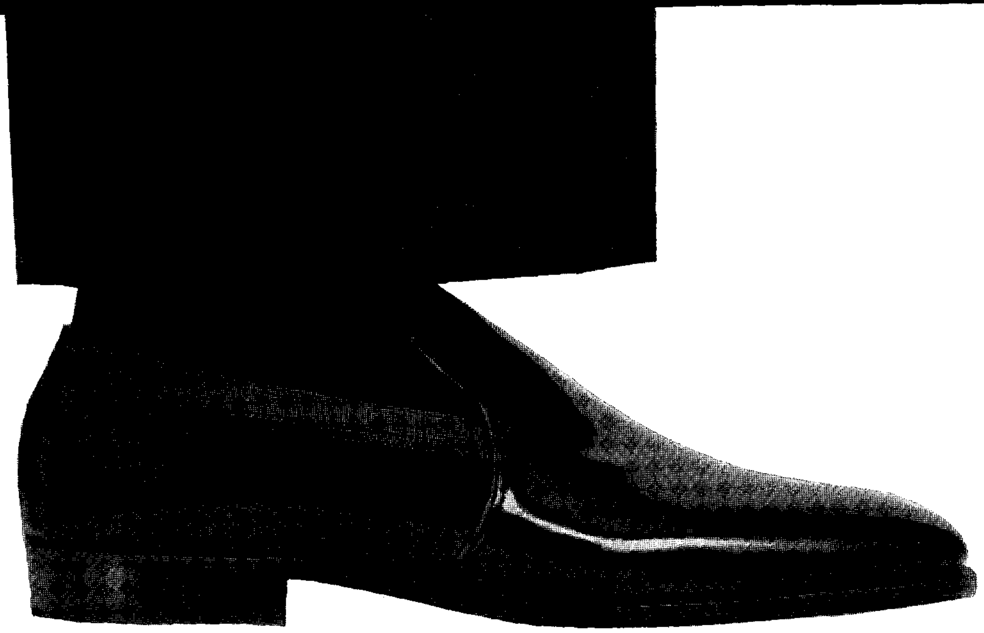

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voritism toward Oswald, she does not speculate on the reason for the favoritism. On the theory that even a model that limits itself to how the assassination was carried out can bring a loss of credibility to the buffs if it seems too extreme, a few buffs prevailed upon David Lifton a year or so ago not to publicize his theory that the grassy knoll in Dealey Plaza was hollowed out for the assassination in a paramilitary operation that included the use of artificial trees.

WHEN expertise on the assassination changed from a bond among lonely zealots to a commodity somewhat in demand, the fellowship among the buffs did not survive completely intact. Although some critics continued to exchange information as freely as they ever did, others became more cautious. There have been one or two complaints about a critic's publishing information he acquired from someone else and neglecting to mention the source. Gradually, as the members of the faithful emerged as individuals, each buff decided which people he could work with and whose research he found reliable. There are conflicting opinions among them about the case and about those involved. Mrs. Martin, for instance, is the most fervent admirer of John Kennedy among the buffs; she is probably the only one whose house contains more books about Kennedy's life than about his death, and she frankly idolizes the Kennedy family. Although she has worked with and respected critics she refers to as "my leftist friends," she is often at odds with them because of their criticism of the role of the Kennedy family in the investigation or because of her recollection that the far left subjected Kennedy to as much abuse as the far right. All of the critics of the Warren Report are still kept together to some extent by having common enemies—the Commission's lawyers, Epstein, most members of what they tend to call "the Establishment press"—and by being attacked as a group concerning their motives.

The buffs react rather strongly to the accusation that, whatever the standards of their research, they are being morbid or unpatriotic or exploitative in engaging in it. A couple of the buffs have used pseudonyms in magazine articles, but most of them see nothing wrong with taking credit for the work they have done—noting occasionally that respectable journalists would not be hesitating to take credit for it if they had done their jobs. Some buffs will ac-

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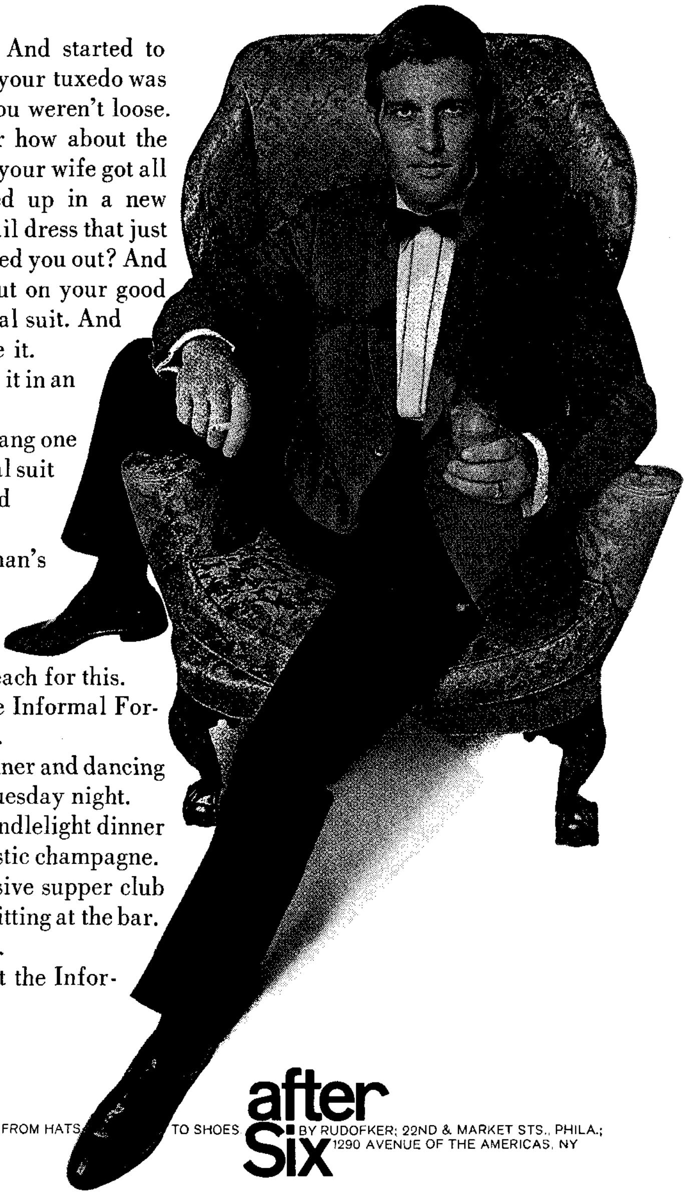

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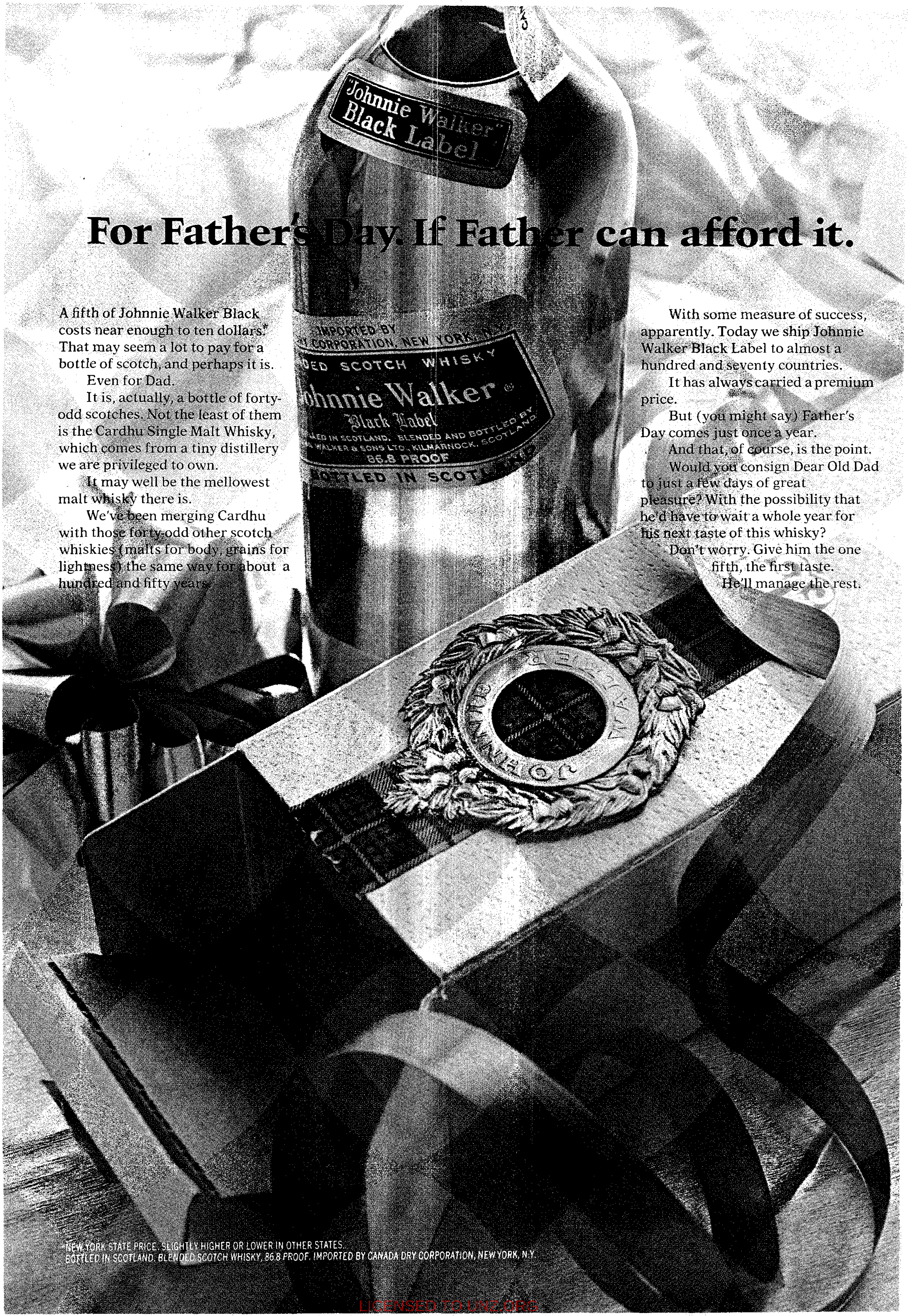
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cept no money for anything they do, but most of them see nothing wrong with making back through articles or books some of the money they have invested in photostats, telephone bills, time taken out from other work, and travel. Most of the amateur critics look upon their work as a financial sacrifice in one way or another, and at least one—Salandria—qualifies as an angel of the investigation as well as a participant. But they are quick to defend anyone who has found criticism of the assassination to be profitable. "It's only when you show some skepticism that you're a profiteer," Mrs. Meagher says. "Gerald Ford put out a book, after serving on the Commission, and I haven't heard one voice lifted in criticism of him. I had to buy it, on top of all the other things I had to buy from my government, which conducted this whole investigation, this fraud, this insult to ordinary intelligence, with our tax money. I think if the government is engaged in something evil, it is the duty of any person with concern for his country to work against it, and I don't think there is anything remotely illegal or immoral about it. I have no apologies whatsoever to make for my work on this case. It's been motivated by a very simple thing—a concern for justice. And I hope we are not at the point of having to surrender any regard for justice so that we won't be called unpatriotic, or profiteers, or any other ugly words."

The critics still try to maintain a relatively united front in public. In her review of Lane's book in *Studies on the Left*, Mrs. Meagher wrote, "Perhaps there is some slanting—some shading—but those who are first to make the charge were strangely undisturbed by the blatant slanting that deforms the Warren Report." Most buffs accompany any criticism they have of Lane's method with the explanation that he is an admitted advocate rather than an objective researcher, and a few of them were upset with Sauvage for writing of Lane that "his unsupported statements, like the 'scientific' arguments of Thomas Buchanan . . . offered exactly the kind of samples needed by Dallas to discredit the critics of its police and its District Attorney." One or two buffs will say that the early books by Buchanan and Joachim Joestyn were more or less worthless, but it is more usual for a buff to explain that Buchanan had to deal in speculation, because at the time of his writing it happened that few facts were available.

The grapevine still exists, even if

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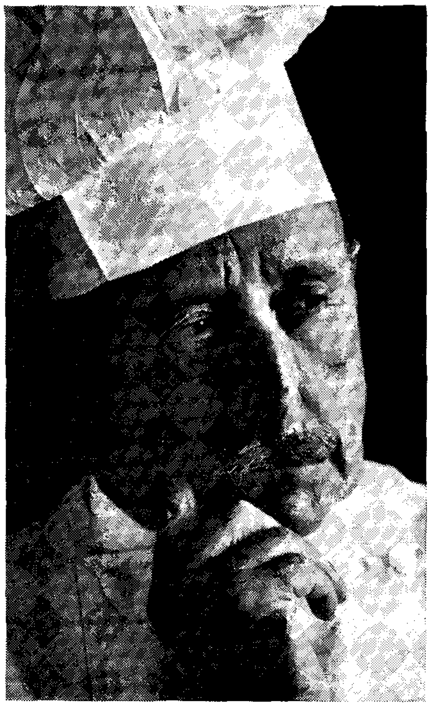

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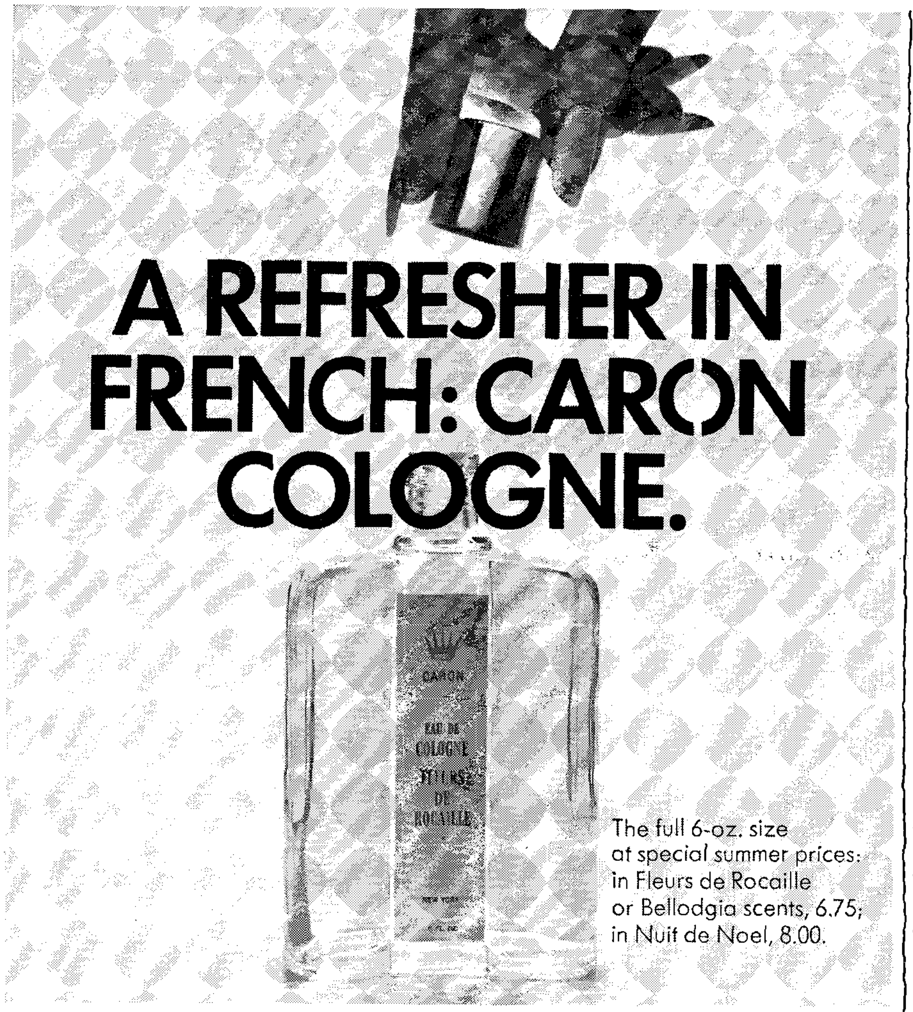

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it is not maintained as passionately as it once was. (Work in research is also less passionate, partly because many of the buffs are waiting to see just what Garrison has.) Mrs. Field and Ray Marcus often talk on the phone two or three times a day. Mrs. Field and Mrs. Meagher are still in constant communication. Until recently, Salandria and Thompson talked things over several times a week, although they had decided at one point that they could not collaborate formally because they disagree on the origin of the President's throat wound. Not long ago, a high-school teacher from Berkeley wrote Richard Popkin, who was in Israel, about a lead that might be investigated. Popkin included the information in a letter to a classics professor at Haverford who had been sending him newspaper clippings during his stay abroad. The classics professor, a friend of Thompson's, reported the information to Thompson, who discussed it with Salandria, and together they decided it might best be checked by a journalist who happened to be working on that aspect of the case. "That's typical of how it works," Thompson said. "Of course, the frustration of the thing is that you don't really have the resources to do it right. With the same kind of resources the government had on this, maybe you could wrap it up. You wouldn't have to rely on such fortuitous circumstances that this lead would only come because of a lucky break."

THE buffs' difficulty in separating their suspicions about a plot from their careful analysis of the hard evidence may stem partly from the fact that, by and large, the suspicions came first. Most of the buffs suspected the announced version of what had happened before any mention at all was made of precisely how the President and the Governor were wounded and where the shots came from; the details that followed only provided some contradictions that confirmed their initial doubts. (A few of them later discovered that whatever contradiction it was they had first seized on had an innocent explanation after all, but by that time they had discovered other contradictions.) Mrs. Castellano, who says she was first struck by the inconsistency between the wounds and the position of the accused assassin, felt the matter was significant partly because of her belief that thorough photographs of the area were being withheld from the public. The doubts of most critics began with the announcement that the President

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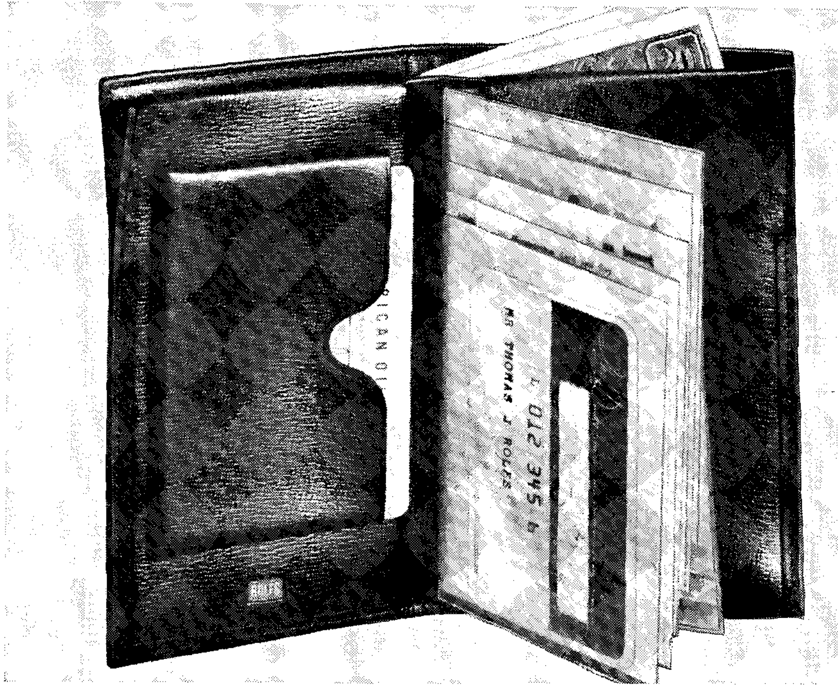

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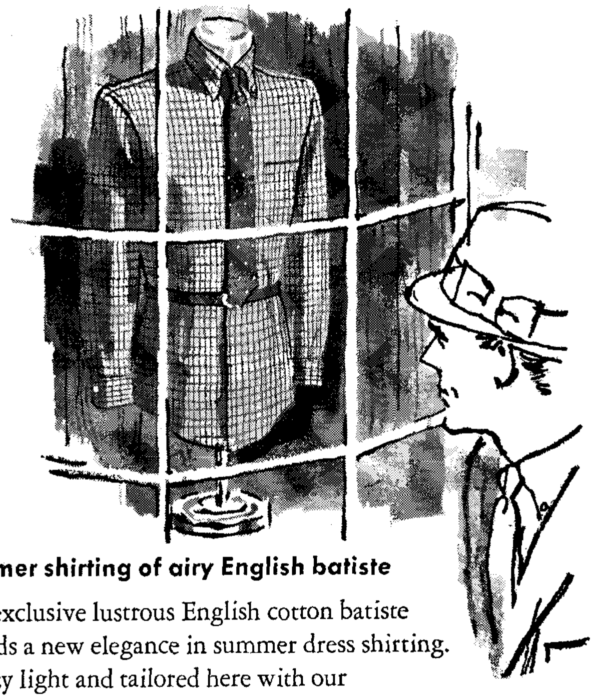

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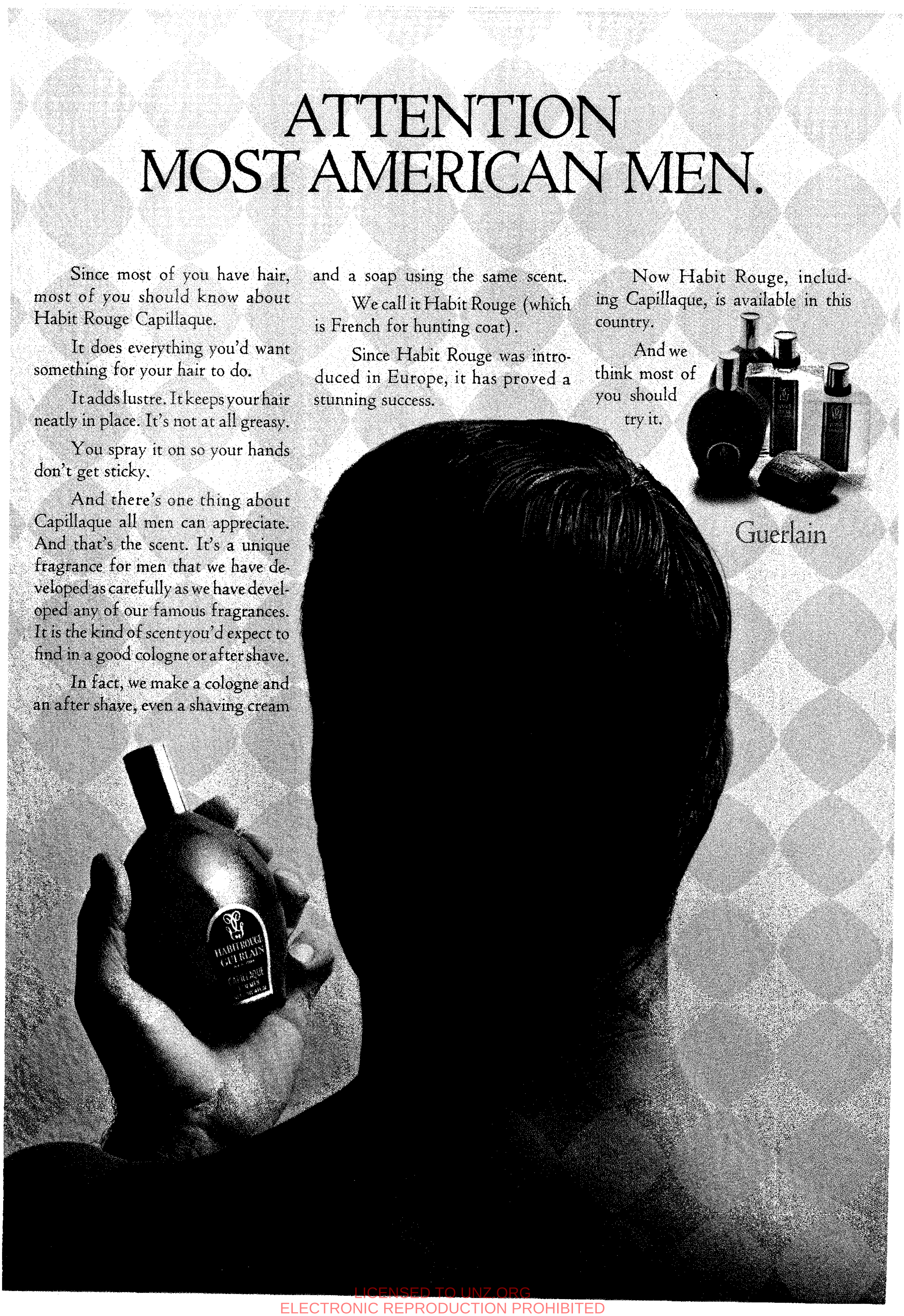
had been killed by a lone leftist. They thought the combination of a left-wing assassin in a right-wing city was, in Mrs. Field's words, "just too pat," and they never believed that Oswald was simply a crackpot. The same facts about Oswald's past that convinced many Americans that he was a sick man who happened to fasten onto the left made Salandria suspect that he was an *agent provocateur*. Any suspicions about Oswald's role were of course multiplied by his violent death, but even before Ruby entered the Dallas police station, some of the buffs were outraged at what seemed a presumption of guilt without the formalities of a trial. Mrs. Field says, "I saw Oswald on TV, being paraded through the station back and forth like an animal, and they asked him why he killed the President and he said, 'I didn't kill anyone.' I believed him. I really didn't have anything to go on then, but I was convinced that it was a political conspiracy and I was convinced that Oswald was not the assassin. I'll tell you another thing: If one man can be picked off the street and arrested and jailed for two murders he didn't commit, then not one of us is safe. I saw one lawyer after another turn his back on the deprivation of every basic human right. One or two attorneys spoke out, but where were all the other lawyers in this country? Where was the press in this country—swallowing this whole thing and not raising its voice?"

The suspicions of two or three of the women who were drawn to the investigation were mixed with deep feelings for those involved. Mrs. Castellano—a quiet woman with gray hair who still speaks with the accent of Dallas, where she was born—had never worked on a political campaign before 1960, when she worked for John Kennedy in her neighborhood in Los Angeles. "I was proud of him," she said not long ago. "He had an air about him. I was so proud that he was the President." Mrs. Martin, who was made suspicious by the juxtaposition of Dallas and a Marxist assassin, was pulled toward the case not only by her feelings for Kennedy but also by her sympathy for the family of the man who was said to have killed him; her first real involvement came when she found herself phoning Marguerite Oswald to assure her that someone else believed in her son's innocence. Mrs. Martin, who now lives in Owasso, a small town outside of Tulsa, said recently, "I'm deeply disturbed when I see something done an injustice to—Lee Harvey Oswald, a little dog, chil-



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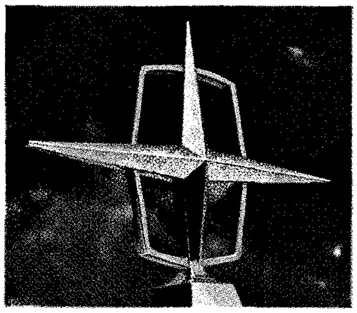

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dren in Vietnam, it doesn't make any difference." (She manages to find room for twelve dogs that were once strays or residents of the Tulsa pound, she and her husband have adopted an American Indian boy, and she is currently less interested in the assassination than in trying to assist a program to bring Vietnamese children who have been burned by napalm to America for treatment.)

"I think that once people start one of the things that keep them going is the puzzle," Thompson says. "You never start with the intention of going all the way—at least I never did—but you keep finding pieces and putting them together. You make progress all the time." The investigation of the assassination has provided the buffs with the same kind of absorption they would find in any other puzzle-solving; Mrs. Meagher, who lives by herself in Manhattan and used to spend much of her spare time at the ballet, doubts if she would have become so involved with the Twenty-six Volumes if she had not felt the loneliness brought on by some deaths in her immediate family. "With somebody like Sylvia Meagher, reason is the equalizer," Thompson says. "It's like the six-gun in the old West. The only weapon is your own mind, and you can actually break the case."

Most buffs remain excited by the possibility of breaking the case—finding a piece of evidence that the public and press could not ignore. They are constantly coming across something like a new process for clarifying photographs or a new connection between some of the people involved; for a while Salandria and Thompson spent most of their time investigating a man they believed to be the killer of Officer Tippit. Lifton gave up the case completely at one point and then returned because he thought he was on the verge of a breakthrough. Although Thompson has occasionally stepped back and pondered on how bizarre it is that he is investigating the murder of the President of the United States, more or less as an avocation, the level at which the case has to be discussed—its effect on powerful men and powerful nations, for instance—seems to generate an excitement of its own for many buffs. Most of them are proud of knowing more about such a case than anyone else—they sometimes speak of each other as recognized critics—and they seem constantly aware of the place in history reserved for whoever solves the puzzle. The buffs speak of history a good deal, and the

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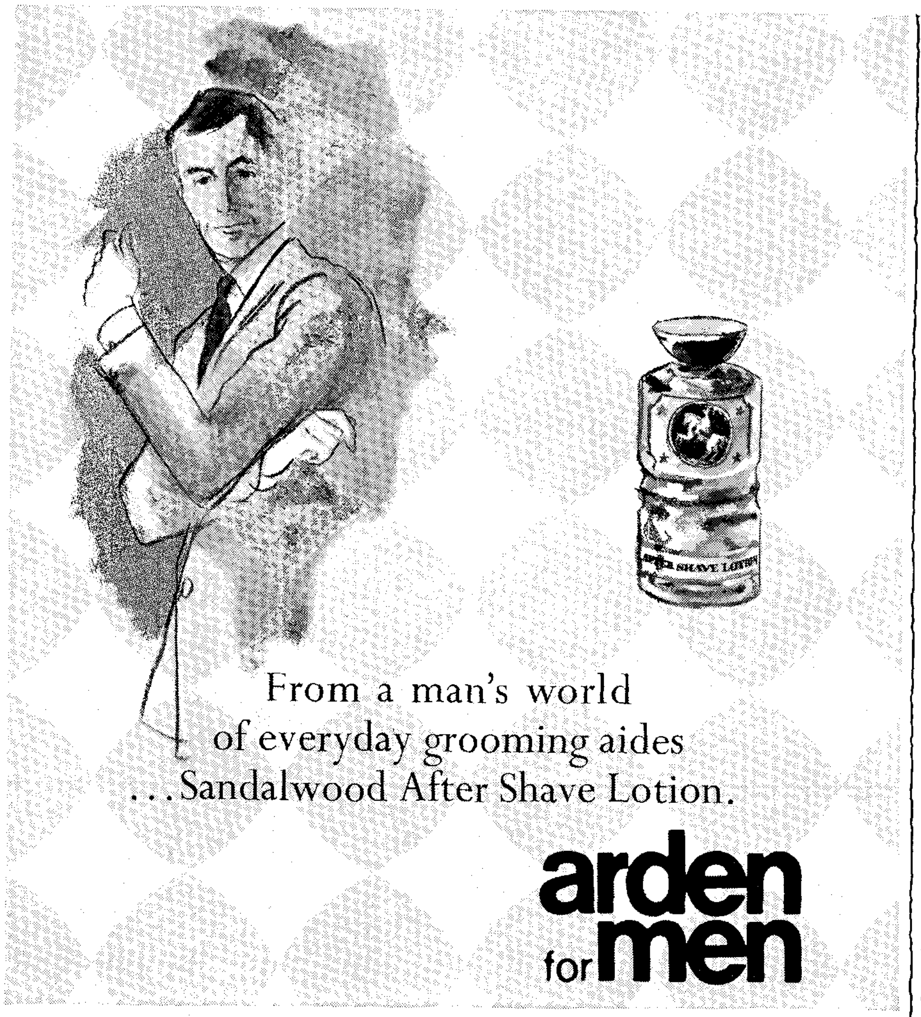
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case most often mentioned when comparisons come up is not any of the previous assassinations but the case of Alfred Dreyfus.

ALTHOUGH few of the buffs would deny harboring a desire to be the hero who solves the crime of the century, most of them would probably not still be interested in the case if the government had not claimed to have solved it already. Many of the buffs are, like Salandria, people who suspect not only what the government says about Oswald but what it says about almost anything. The force keeping most of them at their research has been a desire to demonstrate that the official version of the assassination is a lie—not only in order to make it possible for the truth to emerge but also in order to expose the fact that the government has been engaged in what Mrs. Meagher calls "a deliberate, outright, demonstrable fraud." (The fact that the government itself—through the Twenty-six Volumes and the Archives—has been their most useful ally in this quest can strike the buffs as either cheering or ironic. The publication of the Twenty-six Volumes convinced Salandria that those who conspired to kill Kennedy do not have complete control of the government; it led Marcus to remark that "this is still a free country;" and it convinced Mrs. Meagher, who had not made up her mind about the Warren Report until she read the Twenty-six Volumes, that the commissioners did not realize what was in them.) Most of the buffs are people who have been concerned with the veracity of the government for years. They reserve their final scorn for anyone who is not willing to admit the possibility of doctored evidence or a high-level coverup. Like most Americans, they see the assassination to some extent as a symbolic event, and for them the final acceptance of a lie about the assassination—especially a lie they consider so transparent—would be intolerable. "It would mean that the society was closing up completely," Salandria says. "It would mean that 1984 was with us and our experiment with democracy was ended. I really think this involves the very nature of our society, and that I couldn't live in a society that could pull a swindle of this kind."

For some critics, the Warren Report represents not only the last straw in what they see as a practice of lying but also the best opportunity to change that practice. "I saw in it a sort of climax of believing lying in the past

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twenty years," Marcus said not long ago. "I have felt for a number of years that we've been more wrong than right, that we're headed for disaster—not just a war but a nuclear exchange—and something had to blast us off the track. If I was basically in favor of our foreign policy, I wouldn't be doing this work. But people have believed lies and those lies are going to kill us all. If people become aware of this, maybe they'll start to demand other answers. Maybe they'll ask about the Rosenbergs, Hiss, the whole Cold War. Maybe we can get clean and whole. But if this stays down, there's no hope."

Most—although not all—of the critics of the Warren Report think of themselves as being somewhere on the left politically, and it is often charged that their criticism stems from a refusal to accept the idea that Kennedy was murdered by a leftist rather than by the right-wing extremists of Dallas. This feeling is obviously not totally missing among the buffs, but a desire to prove that the government lied about Oswald, no matter what his politics, is much more relevant to their political outlook. The buffs are in the rare position of being able to exercise a political passion through careful, factual, objective research. "These people are generally hostile to the government and they don't believe a damn thing the government says," Liebeler has said. "If the government says that the plane lost was a weather plane, there's nothing they can do to check up on it. But here—with the Twenty-six Volumes—in a finite, specific way, they can actually do something." Lifton—who began his research about a year after the assassination, after attending one of Lane's lectures out of curiosity—says, "I wasn't really interested in politics, although once I was very interested in the philosophy of Ayn Rand, and I'm still a free-enterpriser economically. I really just got interested the same way I was interested in Scouting once, or once ham radio. But I have been affected politically. I was talking to Ray Marcus about Vietnam—it's hard to talk to Ray without talking about Vietnam—and he was saying the newspapers aren't telling the truth about Vietnam. I said, 'I find that hard to believe.' And he said, 'Why do you find it so hard to believe about Vietnam and so easy to believe about the assassination?' I told him that was a pretty good question."

The polls now show that a majority of Americans do not fully believe the conclusions of the Warren Report. A

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number of influential people and influential publications have joined what the buffs sometimes permit themselves to call the bandwagon asking for a new investigation. This could mean that most Americans acknowledge that the buffs were at least right to question the Report—giving them a place within the old American tradition of the private citizen pitting his brain against the authorities, thinking that one man can make some difference. But the buffs are not, by and large, people who fit the mold of the American Hero. Most Americans would undoubtedly prefer that the questioning had been done by a square-jawed, young, non-political attorney who happened to notice an inconsistency in the evidence and could not rest until the record was set right. In a society accustomed to putting its trust in organizations and experts, of course, not many square-jawed, young, non-political attorneys are willing to believe that a distinguished governmental commission investigated the murder of the President for eight months and then did not tell the truth about it. Asked not long ago whether he expected many other people to begin investigating the assassination, Marcus said, "Most of them won't be able to get over the hurdle that the autopsy report was falsified."

"This is an obsession," Thompson says. "And happy, typical Americans aren't obsessed. Jack Armstrong isn't obsessed. There's a fantastic way in which the assassination becomes a religious event. There are relics, and scriptures, and even a holy scene—the killing ground. People make pilgrimages to it. And, as in any religious event, what happened there isn't clear; it's ambiguous, surrounded by mystery, uncertain, dubious. I think there is a feeling with some of us that it has to be clarified. It's the symbolic status of it that's important. Somehow, one hopes to clarify one's own situation and one's own society by clarifying this. I think some of us feel that Fortinbras hasn't arrived and that everything is somehow incomplete. And that's what we want: we want Fortinbras to arrive."

—Calvin Trillin

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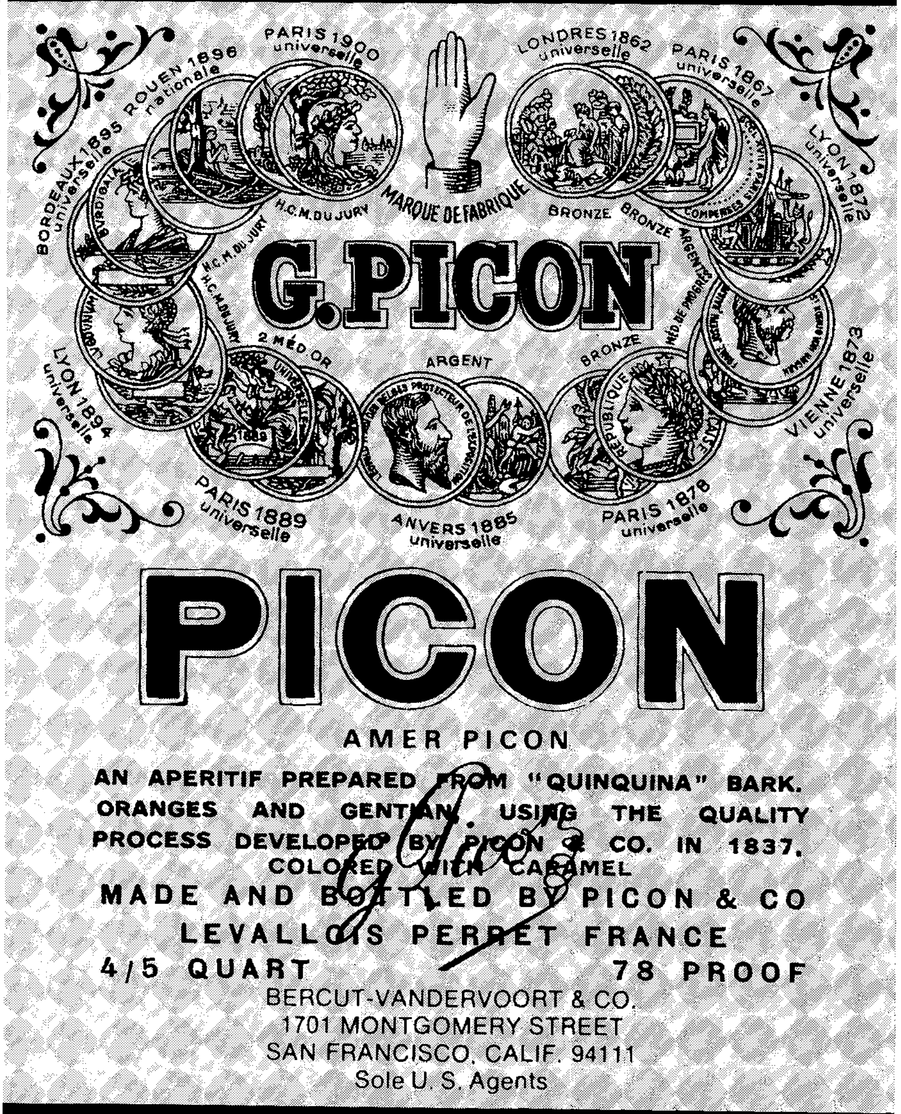
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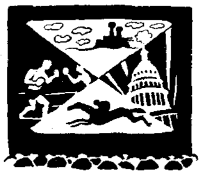
Love in a Warm Climate



"A Guide for the Married Man" is a pleasant little farce written by Frank Tarloff, directed by Gene Kelly, and made a hundred times more appealing than it would otherwise be by the presence, at once sunny and saturnine, of the incomparable, crinkle-faced Walter Matthau. Mr. Matthau plays the part of a successful West Coast investment counsellor, happily married to a good-looking, sexy wife and blessed with a child, a house, a car, and a host of backslapping friends. Unbeknownst to himself, he is just coming down with that dread disease of the early middle years diagnosed long ago by Herr Doktor Axelrod as *die siebenjähriger Krätze*.* Up to the moment when the disease struck, Mr. Matthau had been a model of marital fidelity, and even now, when his eye begins to wander toward a hip-rolling minx next door, his heart remains unassailably uxorious. At this critical juncture, he is taken in hand by a Mephistophelean lawyer friend, played with his usual overemphatic roguishness by Robert Morse. It appears that Mr. Morse has devoted much of his life to a study of how to succeed in committing adultery by trying very hard indeed. He volunteers to teach Matthau the art and craft of seducing women without getting caught, the latter refinement being insisted upon solely out of respect for one's wife, who deserves to be spared the harrowing knowledge of one's wicked ways. The entire picture amounts to but a single skillfully spun-out episode—the coaching of Matthau by Morse to the point where, after a dozen cautionary sub-episodes have been introduced to give him the hang of the thing, the poor creature finds himself at last in a sordid motel bedroom in the undressed company of a voluptuous and by no means merely acquiescent amazon. I am glad to say that by a merciful twist of the plot he is spared a fate worse than death. The literary origins of "A Guide for the Married Man" could no doubt be traced back into the dimmest reaches of Neolithic burlesque, and that the picture manages to be so fresh and attractive in spite of its ancient and unfastidious ancestry is thanks not only to Matthau and Morse but to their numerous colleagues (many of whom are drolly billed as "technical advisers"); prominent among them are Art Carney, Jack Benny, Louis Nye, Lucille Ball, Wally Cox, Phil Silvers, Joey Bishop, Carl Reiner, Terry-Thomas, Polly Bergen, Inger Stevens, and Jayne Mansfield.

"Barefoot in the Park" is a funny adaptation by Neil Simon of his funny play, which has been running on Broadway for several years now and, as far as I can see, has no reason not to go on running forever. The truth is that Mr. Simon has a knack for inventing perpetual-motion machines, the secret of whose success lies in the fact that the motion is illusory and the machinery practically nonexistent. He makes his comedies out of materials so slight—and so winning in their slightness—that they cannot produce surfeit. His wry little gags and infinitesimal tergiversations of plot have the force and memorableness of a cobweb, which mildly tickles us as we pass through—an oddly agreeable sensation. What happens in "Barefoot"? Why, only that a handsome young couple, after a strenuous honeymoon at the Plaza, settle down to ordinary married life in a fifth-floor walkup in the Village, find a gauzy difference of opinion between them that they persist in mistaking for a difference in their natures, bicker, let bicker become battle, let battle threaten to become Armageddon, and then let time and alcohol transmute their anger back into ardor. It is not much, but it is enough. Robert Redford and Jane Fonda play the newlyweds, and Mildred Natwick, Charles Boyer, and Herbert Edelman, respectively, play the bride's mother, an exotic neighbor, and a continuously breathless telephone repairman. Gene Saks was the director (he has left several strands of gossamer mysteriously unattached), and the director of photography was Joseph La Shelle.

"A King's Story" is a documentary account of the life of the Duke of Windsor, from his birth, in 1894, to the time of his marriage to Mrs. Simpson, in 1937. The account was compiled by Jack Le Vien, who has been clever about filling out what might have been a rather emaciated biography

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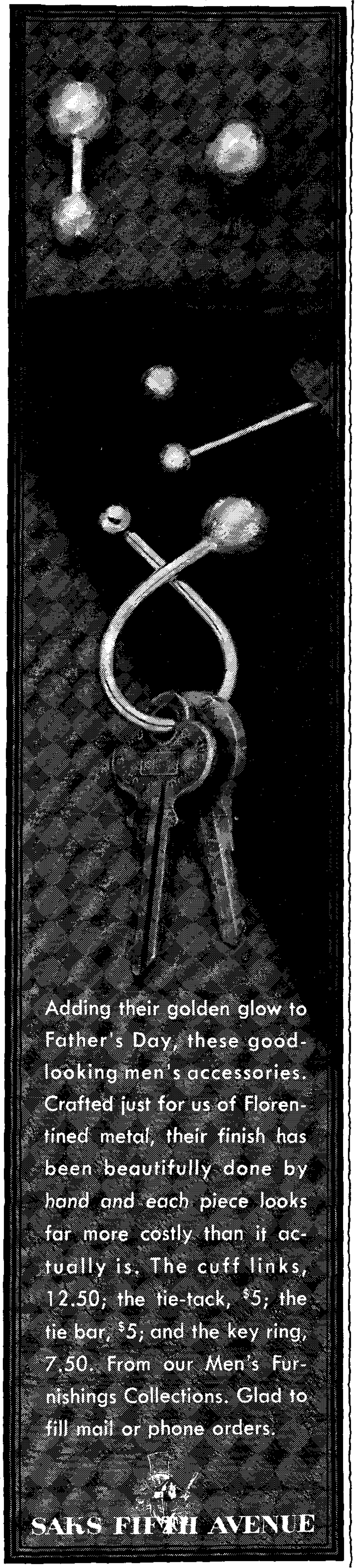
* Dr. Axelrod is said to have become so depressed by his conviction that the seven-year itch was an incurable malady that he gave up the practice of medicine and set out for California. He was last seen crossing the Sierra Nevada as a member of the Donner party.



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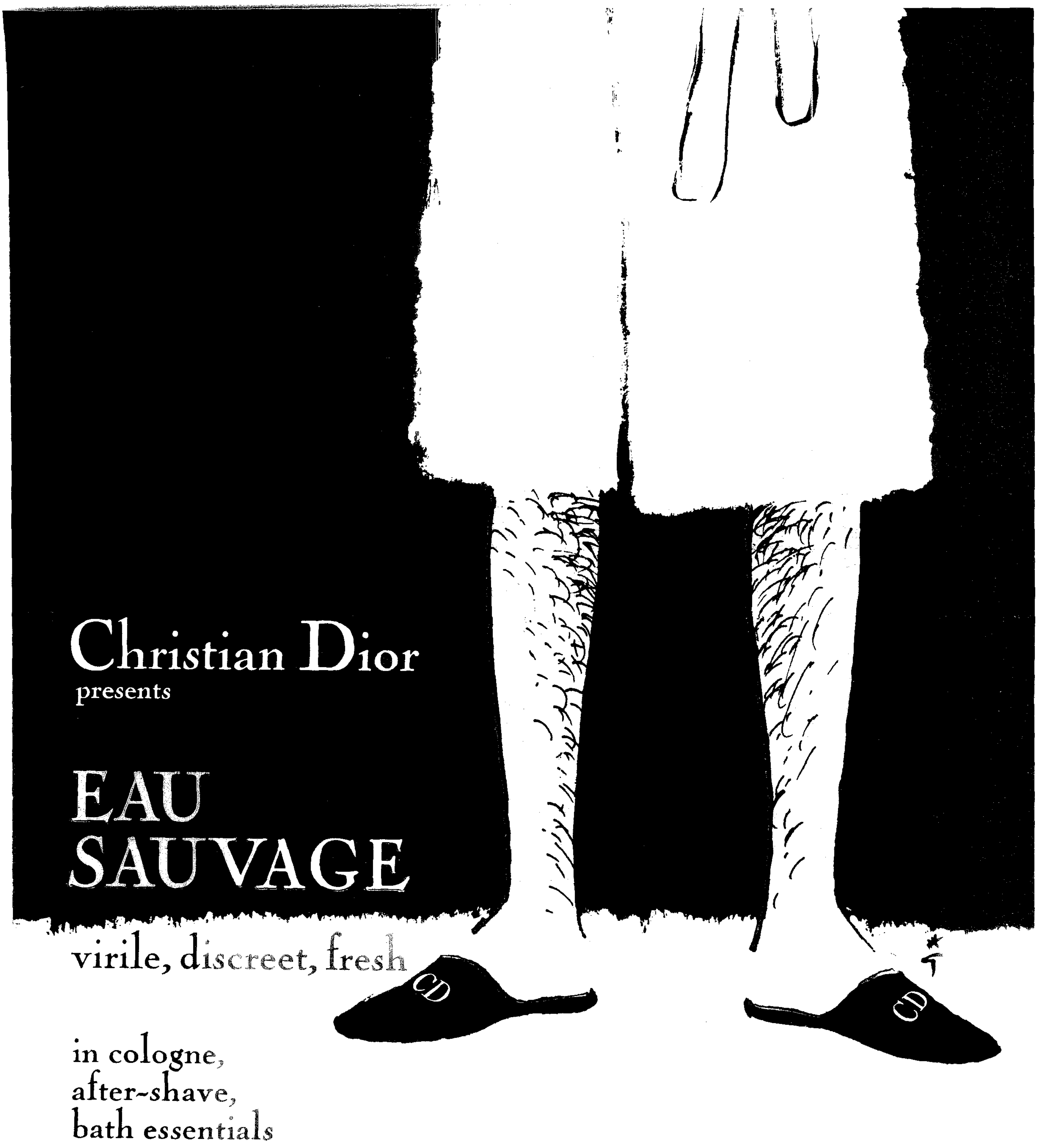

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with other people's flesh and blood; we catch notable glimpses of Queen Victoria, Edward VII, George V, Queen Mary, the last of the Kaisers, the last of the Czars, Churchill, Lloyd George, General Pershing, Cosmo Lang, Baldwin, Bernard Shaw, and innumerable assorted noblemen, nabobs, soldiers, sailors, and costumed servitors. The newsreels of those forty-odd years have provided a rich harvest for Mr. Le Vien; through them, very touchingly, he weaves the thread of the life of a small, earnest, gallant sportsman-prince, who performed every duty that his parents and country required of him and finally, as king, in a gesture that many considered quixotic and that proved the very opposite of quixotic, took a stand from which even his formidable mother could not make him budge. (*It is a timely irony that the* Duke and Duchess of Windsor are entering the bosom of the Royal Family together for the first time this week, on the occasion of the unveiling of a plaque to the obstinate old woman who, observing her son's anguish, chose to respond as a queen rather than as a mother.) "A King's Story" has been made with the coöperation of the Windsors, and the Duke himself speaks much of the narration, in a delightful quavering and yet strong voice.

—BRENDAN GILL

•

"Perhaps . . . we have not been able to find the manner or means to communicate with the younger generation that is today giving us these problems," Clark said. "Perhaps we have not been able to relate those beliefs that we have adhered to and which we have fought for.

"We are going to have to do something about that.

"We must try to relate to them in their language—the contemporary language. If we can relate to them the beliefs that we have .$.$. I think that we can not only save them, but that they will not be a loss at all to our type of society."—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

Better try another approach. These kids are dreamers.

•

At the risk of oversimplification the following are a few points to keep in mind when buying fertilizers: the three important ingredients in a fertilizer bag are listed as a formula; for example, 10-6-4 alas in the order of nitrogen the first figure, gure, hosphorups the second and tassium the third.—*Ossining (N.Y.) Citizen Register.*

Stop worrying about oversimplification!

talk of the table

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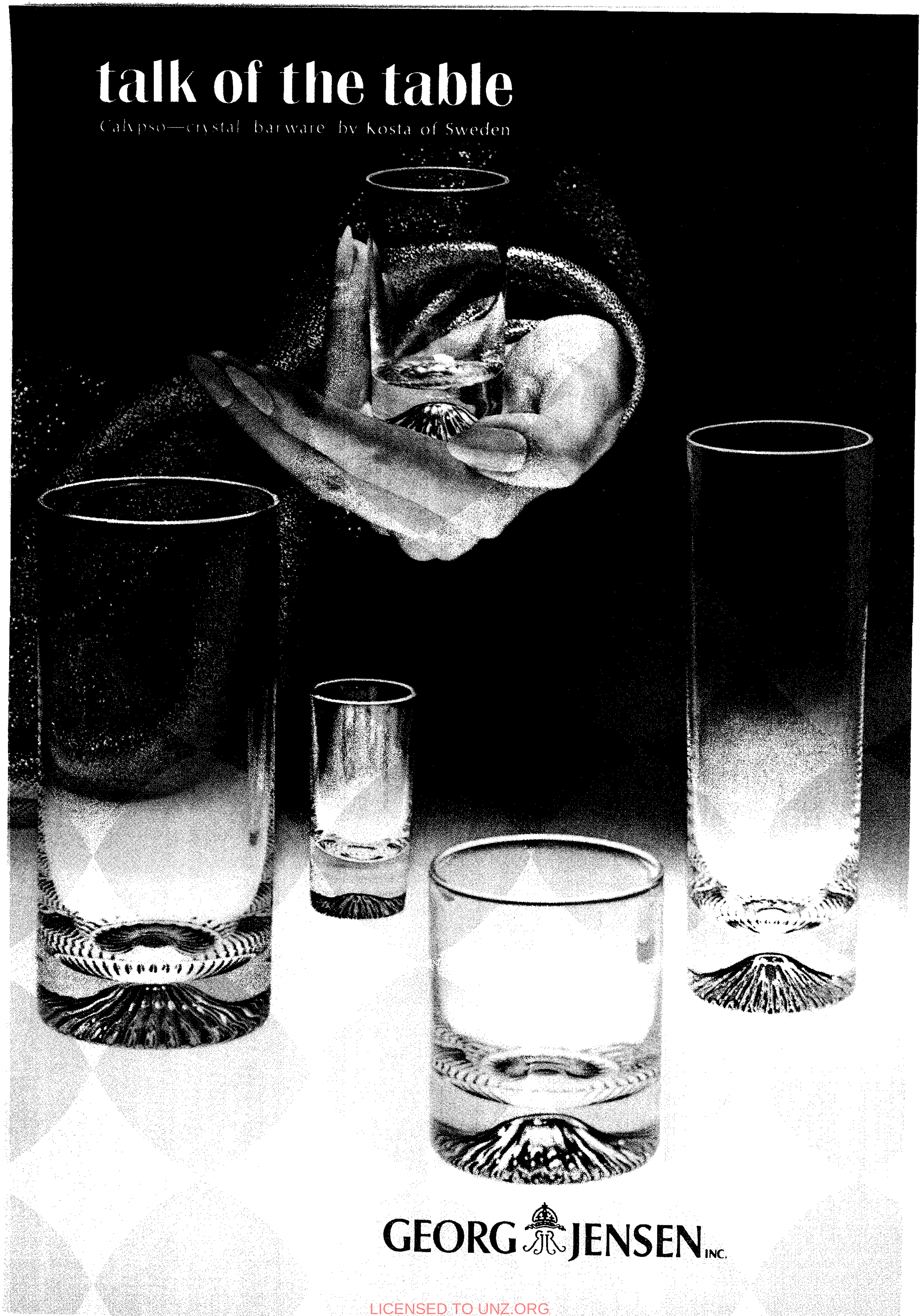
talk of the table
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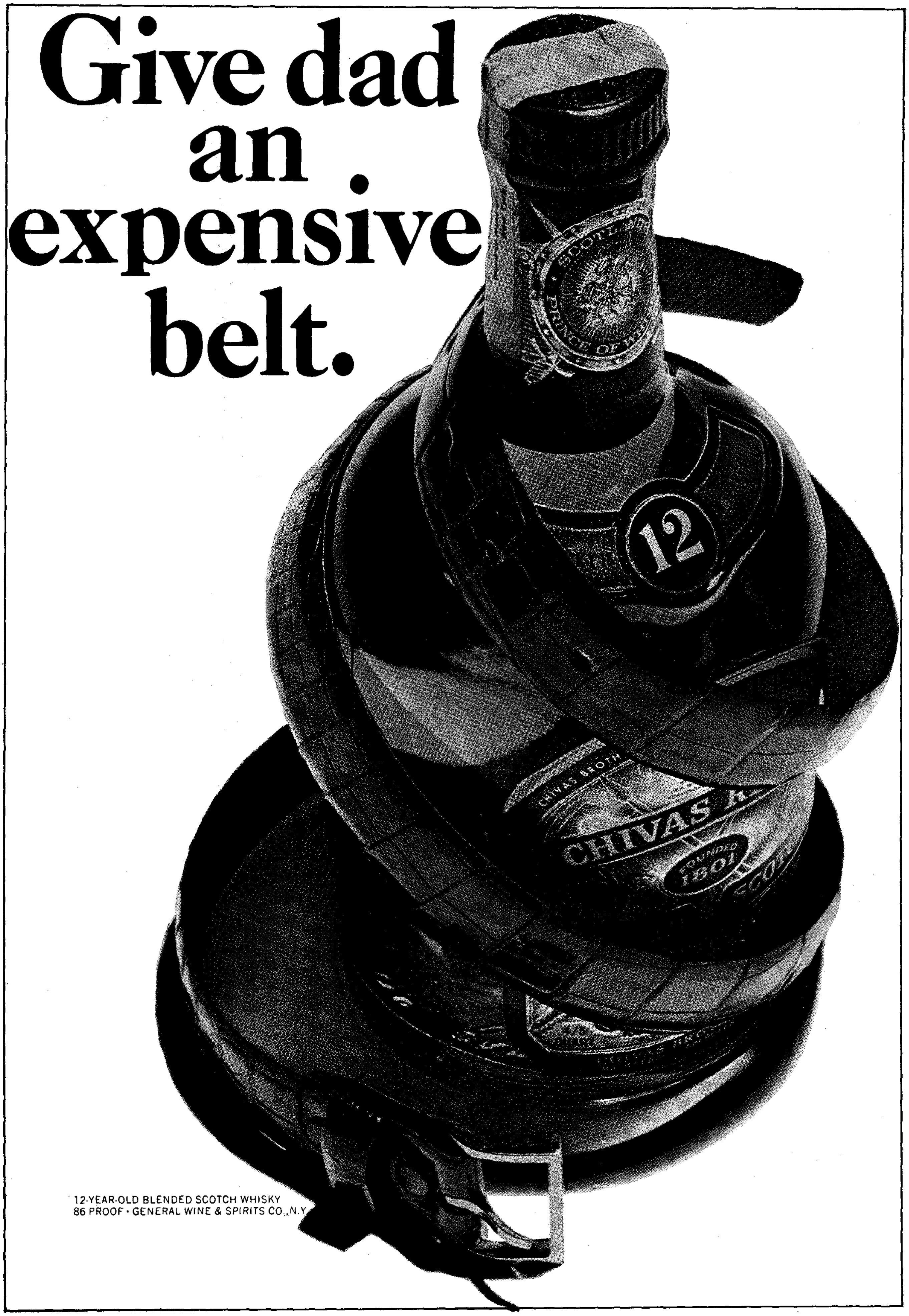
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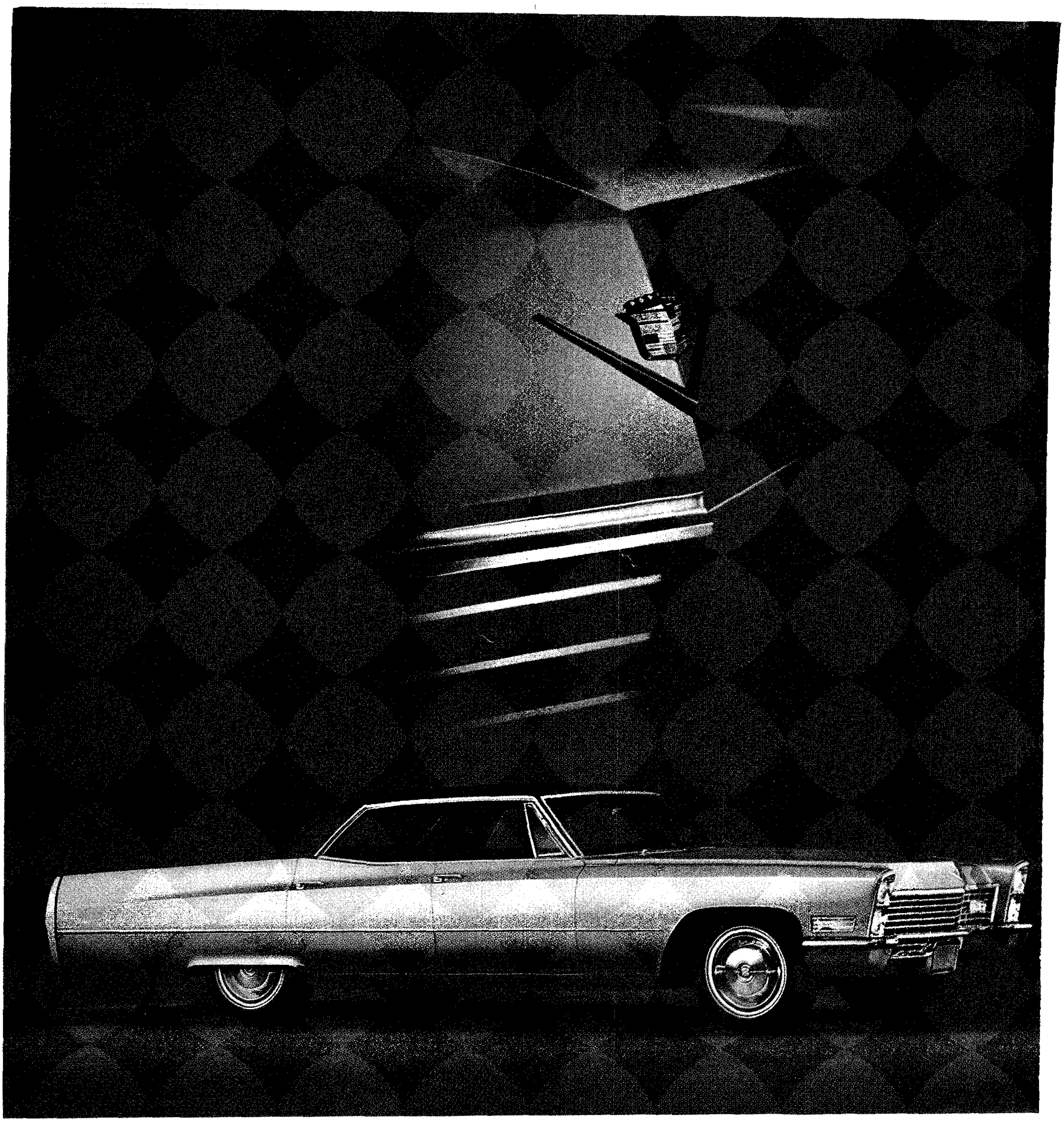

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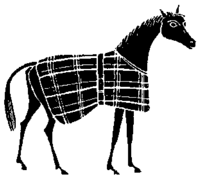
THE RACE TRACK

Proof Positive

BY his victory in the Belmont Stakes at Aqueduct last Saturday, Damascus proved what a good colt he really is. Beginning his run half a mile from home, he passed the winning post two and a half lengths ahead of Cool Reception, the best of his age in Canada last season and the favorite for the Queen's Plate at Woodbine later this month. Half a length behind them, Gentleman James took third place from Proud Clarion, the Kentucky Derby winner. Down the course, Favorable Turn led in the five other three-year-olds. A distressing mishap marred this year's running of the classic—the ninety-ninth. In the last few yards, Cool Reception made a misstep, as tiring horses sometimes do, and snapped the cannon bone of his right foreleg. It is too early for the veterinarians to say whether he will have to be destroyed or can be saved for the stud.



It is generally agreed that a race at a mile and a half, the distance of the Belmont Stakes, is the test of a race horse; to win it he must have both speed and stamina, and the perfect combination of those qualities is loosely called class. Damascus has class, and he looked it in the paddock. Though the crowd around the paddock was the largest I've seen all season, nobody got near Damascus. While Frank Whiteley, his trainer, saddled him, a huge Pinkerton guard kept even the photographers far enough away from the stall so that the big bay colt's nerves wouldn't get the better of him, as they did before the Derby. As a matter of fact, not even the Big A band playing interminably "The Sidewalks of New York" and the jet planes that roared deafeningly as they went over the track appeared to upset him. The only other object of interest in the paddock, except to the owners and trainers of the other runners, was Proud Clarion, who looked bright and fit. There had been ten entries for the Belmont, but it seems that Nehoc's Bullet developed an infection from biting on a burr in his hay and was withdrawn. It beats all, the things that can happen to a race horse.

Prinkipo, a big burly gelding, bounced out of the starting gate at the break and passing the stand the first time was three in front, followed by Cool Reception, who took the lead going into the backstretch and held it so long that I wondered if he might not last the distance. Proud Clarion, I thought, was going well, too. A glance back showed Damascus galloping so smoothly that I felt reassured. (I've always been a Damascus man, myself.) Presently, Shoemaker eased him out from the rail and began to move up. On the turn for home, he joined Proud Clarion, and they ran together for about a furlong. As they did, Shoemaker seemed hard pressed to keep the two from touching. Then Damascus began to draw away, and as he bore down on Cool Reception he looked the winner all over. He rode Cool Reception close, too, but they didn't touch, either. Behind them, Proud Clarion tired badly, and Gentleman James, overrunning other tired horses in the last quarter, nipped him for third place. The time—2:28⅘—was average.

Damascus joins a small, select group of colts who were beaten in the Kentucky Derby and then won the Preakness and the Belmont Stakes. And it was the seventh time the colors Shoemaker wore were carried to victory in the Belmont: they were carried by Gallant Fox, Faireno, Omaha, Granville, and Johnstown, who were all owned by William Woodward; by Nashua, who was owned by William Woodward, Jr.; and by Damascus, owned by Mrs. Edith Woodward Bancroft, who inherited the colors from her brother. First money in the Belmont was $104,950, which brought the earnings of Damascus to $365,410 so far this season. A fair start.

IF there were any doubts whether Buckpasser was as good as ever, he settled them in the Metropolitan Handicap at the Big A on Memorial Day—his first start since that hoof injury at Santa Anita last January. After his extraordinary workout a week before—a mile in 1:34⅕—it was thought in some quarters that the fast gallop might have done him more harm than good. It hadn't, obviously, even though the workout was two-fifths of a second faster than the Metropolitan. In the paddock, Buckpasser looked a picture (with me, he's the handsomest horse in training), and there was applause for him as he went to the post. But no matter how many races he wins—the Metropolitan

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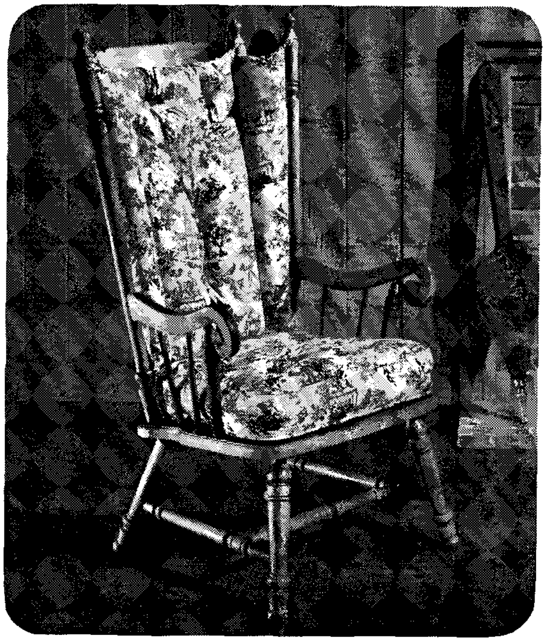

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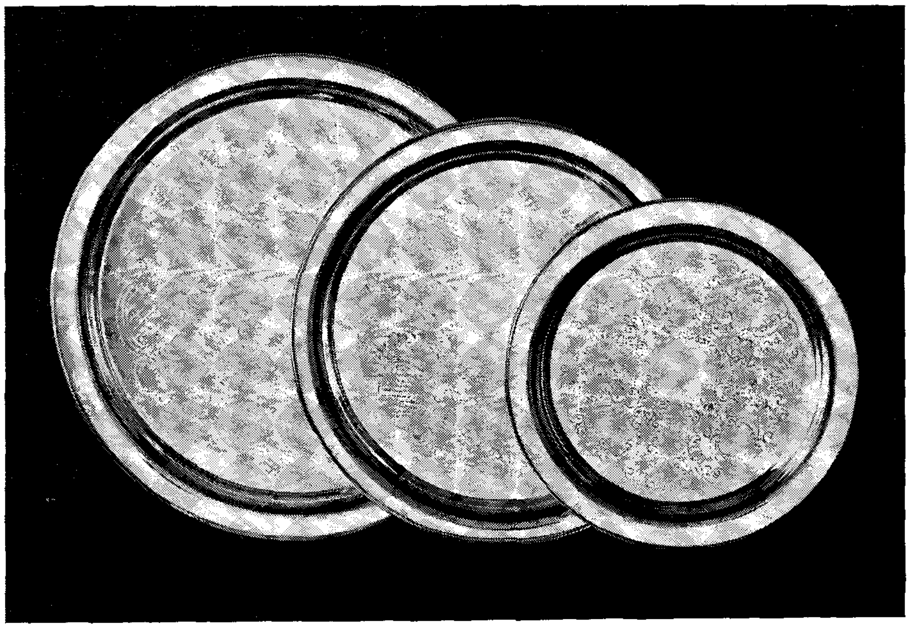

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was his fifteenth consecutive—he'll never be as popular as Kelso, although I am far from being alone in the opinion that Buckpasser could give Kelso at his best five pounds and a beating at any distance from two jumps to the Rocky Mountains. One of the pleasures of watching Buckpasser run is the power he shows when he goes into high gear. He switched it on for no more than a furlong in the Metropolitan, and that was that. Right at the end, Yonder, to whom he gave twenty-three pounds, took second place from Impressive, who had led for six furlongs. There's not much else to say except that the $70,980 in prize money he picked up brought his total earnings to $1,342,204. His next start will be in the Bowling Green Handicap over the turf course a week from Saturday. If he runs well, he will be sent to Paris for the Grand Prix de Saint-Cloud on July 2nd. So he'll miss the Suburban on the Fourth of July, for which he was a natural, and which his pappy and his mammy won. The attendance on Memorial Day was 67,775 and the *mutuel handle* was $5,690,342—over half a million more than was bet at Garden State and Delaware Park together that afternoon.

THE Jersey Derby was one for the books, what with claims of foul against two different horses in a four-horse race. It was expected that Dr. Fager would dominate the scene, and he did, strolling home half a dozen lengths in front of In Reality, with Air Rights third, eight lengths away, and Gallant Moment a dozen lengths down the course. As soon as Broussard, who rode Gallant Moment, could unsaddle, he lodged an objection against Ycaza, who rode Dr. Fager, charging him with crowding. Then Frank Martin, the trainer of Air Rights, made a similar complaint against Fires, who rode In Reality. It was plain to this TV watcher—and plainer, of course, to the stewards—that Ycaza cut the corner at the first turn sharply, herding the other riders to the rail. There was, however, a long wait before Dr. Fager's number was taken down, In Reality's moved up to first place, Air Rights' to second, and Gallant Moment's to third. I suppose the stewards were deliberating on the claim for Air Rights, which they disallowed, because In Reality was forced against Air Rights by Dr. Fager. Too bad Ycaza rides the way he does. I suppose it's the Latin in him.

—AUDAX MINOR

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THE STORY OF MISS SADIE GRAINE

THE moment his new secretary was introduced to him, Pylos knew it would not do. He looked at Miss Sadie Graine and, even as he smiled and shook her hand, he knew that it would not do. It was his first day at the Organization and, although his appointment was a lofty one, he did not wish to begin with a complaint. But the next day, or the following one at latest, he would ask for a different secretary.

Miss Sadie Graine was a tiny woman. She was barely five feet tall. Her features and bones were bird-like, her head tightly feathered in grey. She was an angular little creature, sharp of nose, eye, and tongue; but her lips were her most remarkable characteristic, being in repose (though that is not the word) no more than a small straight line. People meeting Miss Graine for the first time were apt to exclaim afterwards, "But the mouth. My God, the *mouth*."

It had not always been so. There existed, in fact, a childhood photograph from which a tiny Sadie gazed forth with eyes large and luminous. These eyes—from taking in less and less, from peering ever harder into ever-narrowing interstices—had contracted to their present dimensions. It is not the purpose here to study the causes for shrinkage. (Causes there were, for Sadie Graine's story was, like everybody's, a tale of truth and consequences.) Miss Graine's tale will rather be told in the form—the outmoded and discredited form—of her effect on others.

Achilles Pylos was a Greek, and it gave him a pang to see what had become of this woman of the Western world. Had the faces of certain male colleagues been pointed out to him as correspondingly ravaged, he would have replied that, in the case of a woman, a more aesthetically pleasing article had been despoiled. For Mr. Pylos was well-disposed towards women. His own wife was beautiful. He was prepared to discover beauty in almost any woman, and it depressed him when, as in the case of Sadie Graine, he was utterly thwarted. It must not be thought, however, that Mr. Pylos recoiled from Miss Graine merely for her lack of looks; he was not a profound man, but, equally, he was not superficial, and his glance penetrated at least as far as the upper substrata of Miss Graine's configuration. His own nature, beneath its meridional pretensions, was an easy-going one, and he knew that he could not keep Miss Sadie Graine.

Miss Graine returned his smile with one of her own so pointedly summoned just for him that it seemed to seal her off from the others in the room—his new administrative chief, a flannel-suited man called Choudhury, and his fiscal officer, a Mr. Chai. Miss Graine was wearing a coat and skirt, and a blouse so unfrivolous that it at once suggested the absence of a tie. Mr. Pylos fleetingly took in these details as he walked across his new office to the windows (of which, since the room was a rather grand one by Organization standards, there were three). His token gesture towards pulling up the blinds brought the others quickly to his side, and in a moment he was looking down some thirty stories to the Organization gardens below. He was unused to great heights, and steeled himself to a vertiginous future.

"This will be the west, I suppose?"

"The east," corrected Chai. "Or so I believe."

"Ah—the east. Of course." Pylos bravely kept his eyes on the scene below. "And these are the gardens," he went on, taking no further risks.

"The gardens," Choudhury agreed. "Yes."

"Is that something being built down there? Or demolished, perhaps?"

"Where, sir?" They all leaned forward to see.

"There. Near that clump of trees."

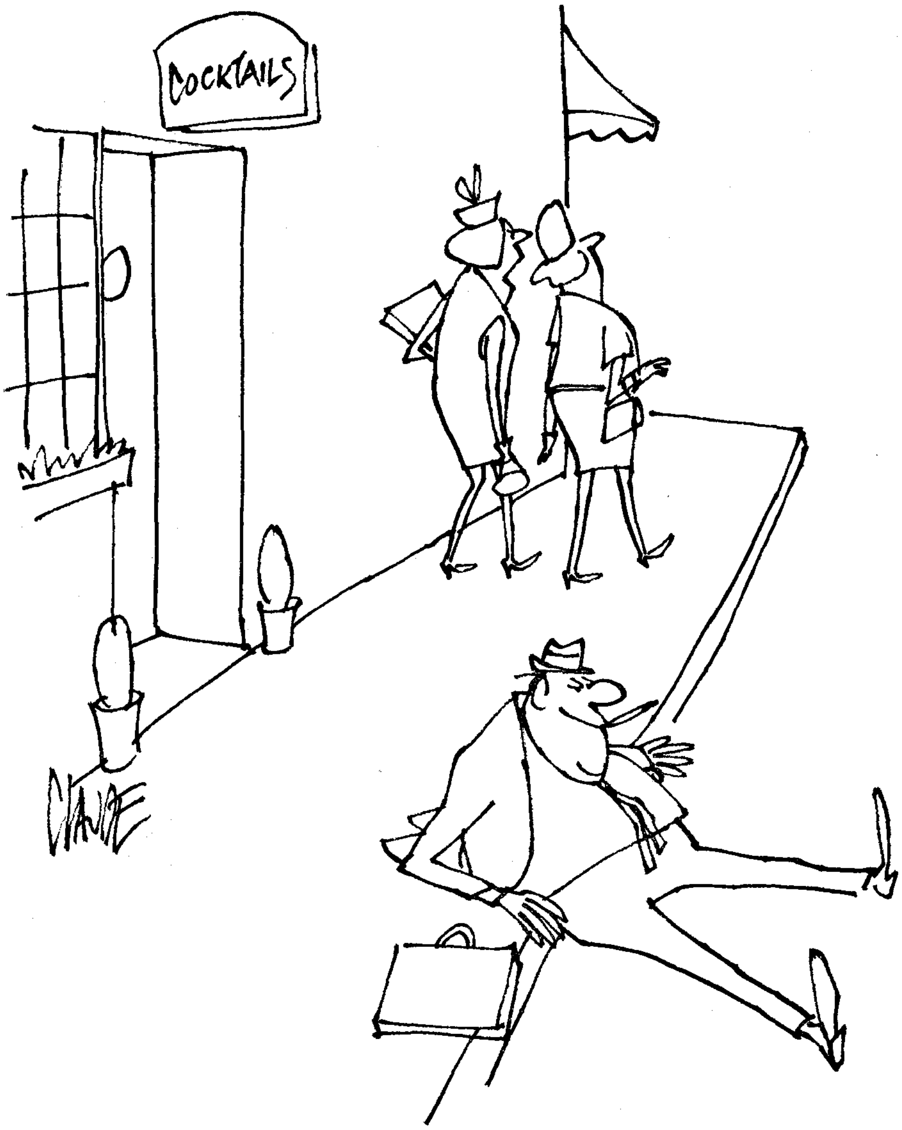
"I don't quite— Ah yes. Yes, of course. No, that's a sculpture, sir. The gift of Denmark, I think. Or is it the Netherlands? I can easily find out if—"

"No, no, just curiosity. Yes, I see now. Very modern, of course. Very—er—" Pylos waved a well-kept hand.

"Very *free*," Choudhury supplied.

"Free, yes," Pylos echoed, taking the opportunity to liberate himself from the window. "Now where does this lead?" He strode across the bright-blue carpet and got a shock when he laid his hand on the metal knob of a door.

"The carpet, you see, sir. That's what does it," Miss Graine pointed



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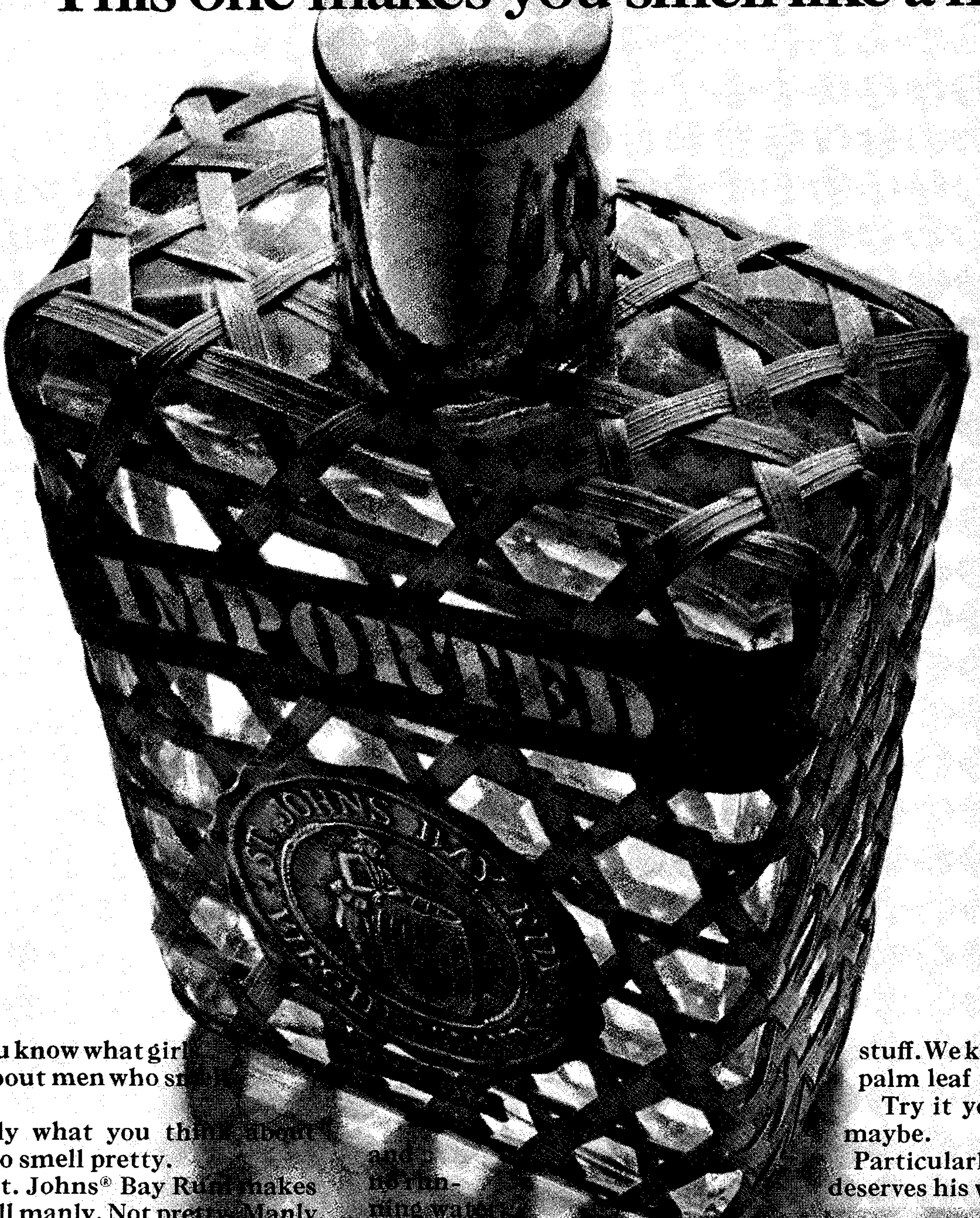

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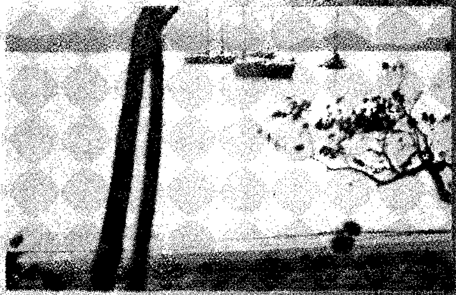

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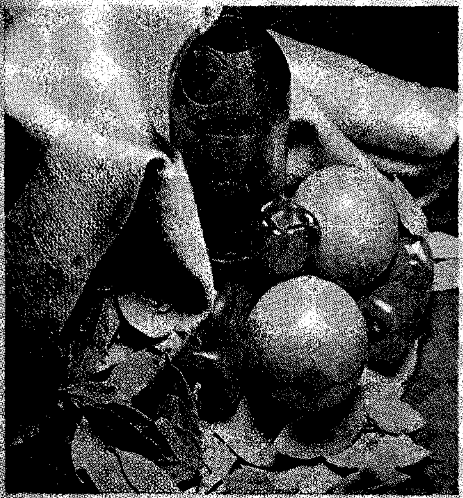

St. Johns Bay Rum

West Indies Bay Co., Div. St. Thomas, Virgin Islands. For name of nearest store, write to us at 680 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10019

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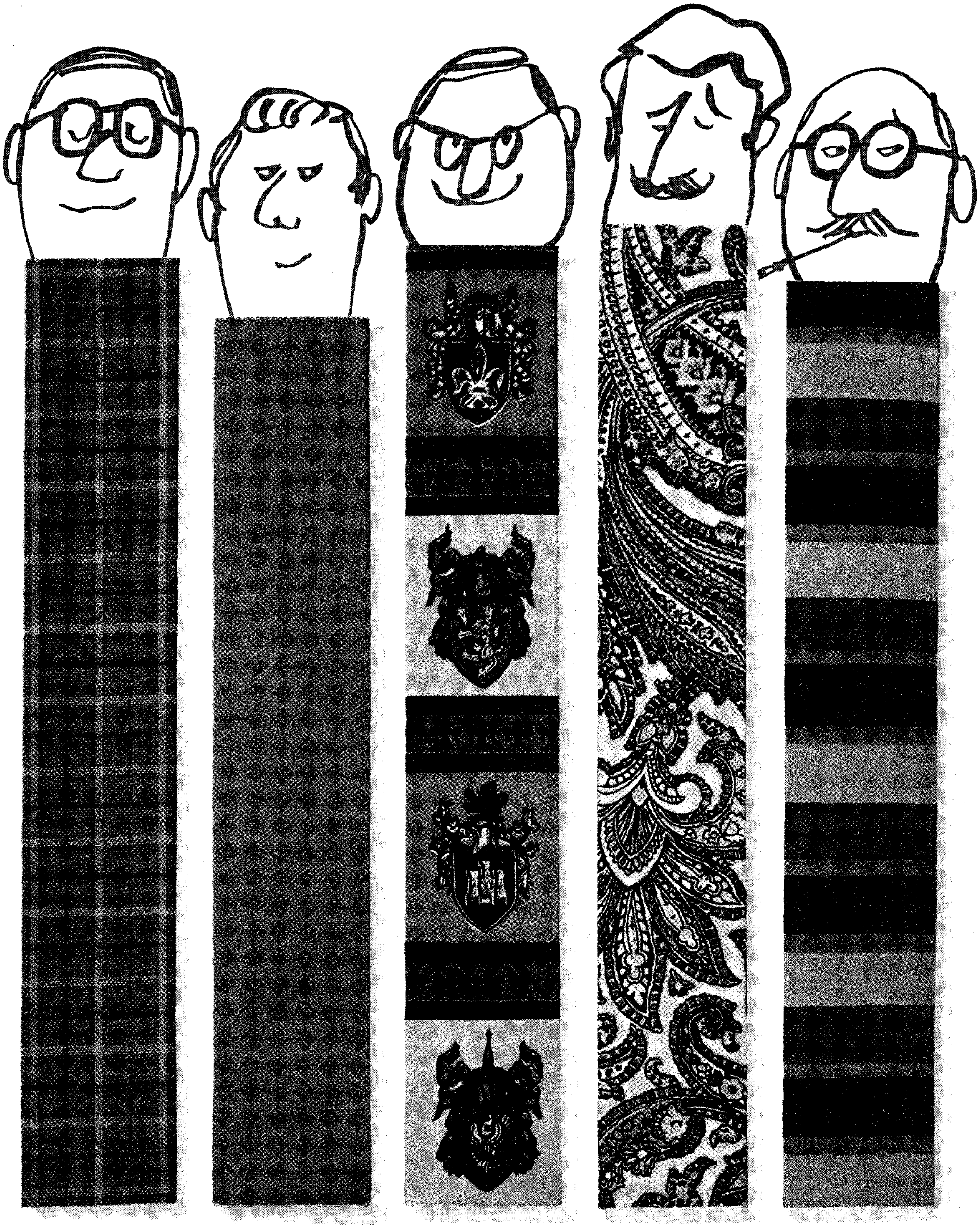

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rooster

ROOSTER, INC., 17 EAST 37 STREET, NEW YORK out. "It's the electricity in the carpet."

Chai hurriedly explained about the door. "That's your conference-room, sir. There are three doors, as you see—the one to your outer office, this to the conference-room, and the other leads to—er—Miss Graine."

But not for long, Pylos added reassuringly to himself. "Well, gentlemen," he said, going behind his desk and standing there with his fingertips resting on the blotter, "this all seems very satisfactory. It will take me a while, naturally, to . . ."

"Naturally" and "Of course" came readily from the lips of his two subordinates. "If, in any way," they said, and "Anything at all." Miss Graine all the while stood by, and Pylos had the impression that she was waiting for the others to leave. He therefore said, "And now, since I understand I have a busy afternoon of meetings, I'd like to get on with these"—he laid his hand on a pile of documents with which he had been provided (the Founding Constitution of the Organization, the Basic Legislation Governing Extension of Aid, the Standard Conditions of Application)—"interesting papers." He smiled as if his thoughts were already elsewhere, and kept smiling like that until he had the room to himself.

Pylos sat down at his desk and really looked at everything for the first time. There were more gadgets than in his previous office in a ministry in Athens—two telephones, each with a battery of numbered buttons, a small transmitter for the relaying of debates from Organization auditoriums (an arrow on the dial of this device could be turned to the respective languages into which discussions were interpreted), and an intercom freshly marked "Miss Graine." Otherwise, however, the room did bear a certain bureaucratic resemblance to his former premises, and he had really to remind himself that beyond these walls was no prospect of the Acropolis or Mount Lycabettus but a dizzy panorama of the peaks and ledges of immense office-buildings.

As he sat with his hands folded on the immaculate blue blotter, he could not help wondering again how he came to be there. The new department that Pylos had been asked to head—a body to aid impoverished areas of the world—had been formed as a result of recent deliberations. Barely two months had passed since Pylos had received in Athens the cable offering him the post of Chief Coördinator in this new department. The conditions seemed not unfavorable, the salary, when translated into drachmas, not ungenerous. His

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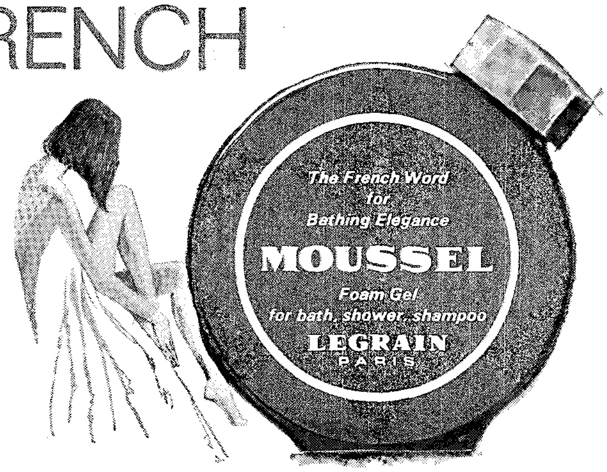

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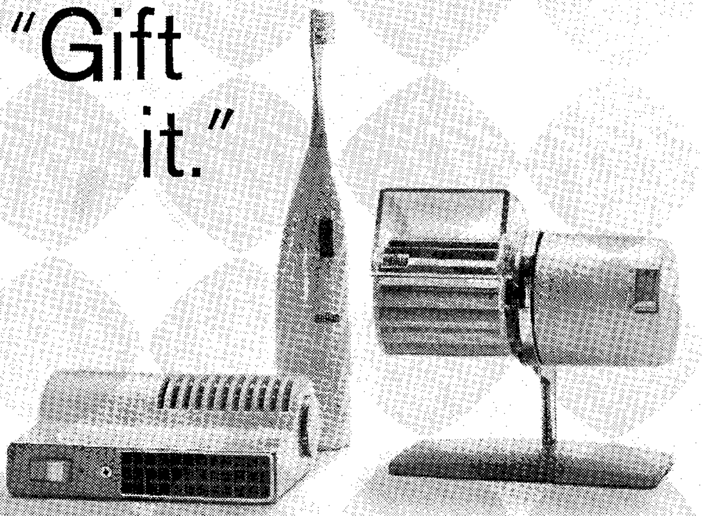

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BRAUN

Athenian post was in foreign affairs, and carried some prestige but was precarious. It was readily relinquished (with satisfactory arrangements made to perpetuate his pension rights); his furniture was soon crated, his bags soon packed, his colleagues envious, his wife overjoyed. On the ship he carefully studied the Organization papers that had been sent to him, and he and his wife read aloud to one another from the *Reader's Digest* to improve their English. To no one, however, did Pylos express the surprise he felt: he was too much a Greek for that. He assumed it would eventually become clear to him how he, Achilles Pylos, a civil servant with no Organizational connections, with the merest smattering of knowledge in economics, should have been chosen for this post. He did not worry unduly about his suitability; he had been a bureaucrat too long for that. But he determined to go quietly until he got the lay of the Organizational terrain.

The matter was in fact a simple one. When the Organization's Governing Body created a bureau to aid retarded nations, the question of a chief for that department instantly arose. He must be a national of a certain kind of country—a country not too contrastingly prosperous, yet not conspicuously delinquent; a country with an acceptable past, a decently uncomfortable present, and a reasonably predictable future. The man, likewise, must walk the middle path—a man of middle years and middle brow was wanted, a man not burdened with significant characteristics. Certain governments were asked to suggest candidates. Some sent the names of those they wished to be rid of, some proposed the ancient or the controversial. There were candidates who spoke no English, candidates who were chronically ill. One or two were over-qualified and would have made trouble by taking up positions. A committee deliberated. The field was narrowed. At last the word went round, "They're trying to dig up a Greek."

Some weeks of archeological jokes and official indecision were followed by the announcement of Pylos' appointment. The staff of the new department, who had all been drawn from other areas of the Organization, at first rejoiced—without having anything to rejoice at. In Organization circles, the devil you don't know is always preferable, and it was readily believed that Pylos was a man of outstanding talents. Rumors circulated that he had been a hero of the Greek Resistance, that he possessed a famous collection of

The Hasselblad System...
and why a certain kind of person might fall in love with it.

There are many people who buy and use a car just to get from point A to point B, and who buy any piece of mechanical equipment strictly on the basis of it performing a particular function with the minimum of involvement on their part.

For this kind of person there is a certain kind of camera, the kind that does all the thinking for him. Film is loaded in the form of a cartridge, a button is pressed...and that's all; total non-involvement.

Now don't misunderstand us, we are not criticizing either the person or the camera. They both will probably be very happy with each other...But, there is another kind of person. The kind who buys a fine automobile, not just to get from point A to point B, but also for the great pleasure he gets from actually driving it. For this kind of person there is also a certain kind of camera...the Hasselblad... A camera that doesn't do all the thinking for you.

The Hasselblad is a camera for the kind of person who buys a piece of mechanical equipment, not just to perform a particular function, but also for other, almost intangible, reasons. For the feel, the look, the touch, sometimes even the smell of it. Certainly he could give you very sound, logical reasons for buying it and probably spending much more money than he would pay for the simpler, non-involving "push-button" model, but none of these would be the real reasons.

The real reason is very simple—he fell in love with it. Many men (and a very few lucky women) fall in love with a beautiful machine. To these men, there is something about a piece of equipment that not only looks, but feels good and performs its function better, because it's designed and built better than anything else in the world And that's what the Hasselblad is. The best designed and built camera in the world.

Many people have bought a Hasselblad after just holding one in their hands for a couple of minutes. They seem to know instinctively that it will take great photographs. And, if even further proof is needed, not only has a Hasselblad been carried on every NASA space flight, but more top professional photographers use Hasselblad than any other camera in the world.

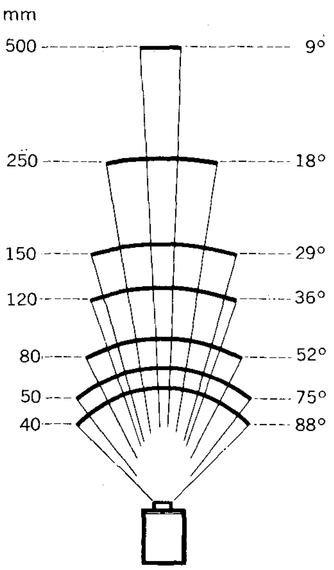
The basic Hasselblad camera is really just part of a completely integrated and interchangeable system of camera bodies, film magazines, lenses and accessories.

The film format used in the Hasselblad System is 2¼" square. This has been described as the "ideal" format, and with good reason. It's big enough to give you pictures of superb quality and definition, and yet small enough to allow the design and physical shape of the camera to be as compact as it is.

The Hasselblad uses the single lens reflex viewing system. The beauty of this method is that you see the object you are going to photograph on a large 2¼" square ground glass viewing screen, as you look through the actual lens that will take the picture, so you always know exactly how your finished picture will turn out.

There are three bodies in the Hasselblad System, each one designed and constructed to perform its own particular function better than any other camera of its type.

Firstly, the 500C. This could almost be called the "workhorse" of the Hasselblad System. It is the standard body in the System and takes all the lenses and magazines that are available for the Hasselblad. No single camera has been used and praised more by the top professional and amateur photographers than the 500C. The other two bodies are more "special purpose" cameras. The 500EL, which is an electrically driven camera allowing for rapid exposures and remote control, and the Superwide C wide angle camera. No other camera using the 2¼" square format has as wide an angle of view as the Superwide C. On its introduction, this camera was hailed as a breakthrough in camera design. There are seven lenses in the Hasselblad System, all by Carl Zeiss, makers of superb quality optical glass for generations. The lenses range from a 40mm wide angle, to a 500mm telephoto. Every lens has a built in Synchro Compur shutter with provision for flash and strobe synchronization at all 10 shutter speeds, from 1/500 of a second to 1 second.



Interchangeable Lenses. This diagram illustrates the focal length (l.) and the angle of view (r.) of the seven lenses available in the Hasselblad System.

One of the most striking features of the Hasselblad System is the interchangeable film magazines, each one of superb design and construction. The beauty of these magazines is that with just one camera body, a photographer can shoot pictures in black and white. Then, before finishing the roll, change to a magazine loaded with color, shoot a few color shots, then go back to black and white film. One magazine even allows you to make 70 exposures on one roll of film. Hasselblad was the first camera system to offer the advantage of interchangeable magazines.

There are many many accessories in the Hasselblad System, each one designed and built to the same extreme standards of quality and craftsmanship that Hasselblad has become famous for.

Shown below are just a few items in the System.

Like all good things in life, the Hasselblad is expensive, but if you're the kind of person we have been talking about (and you wouldn't have read this far if you weren't) then, who knows, with this kind of camera, perhaps you could live on love alone.

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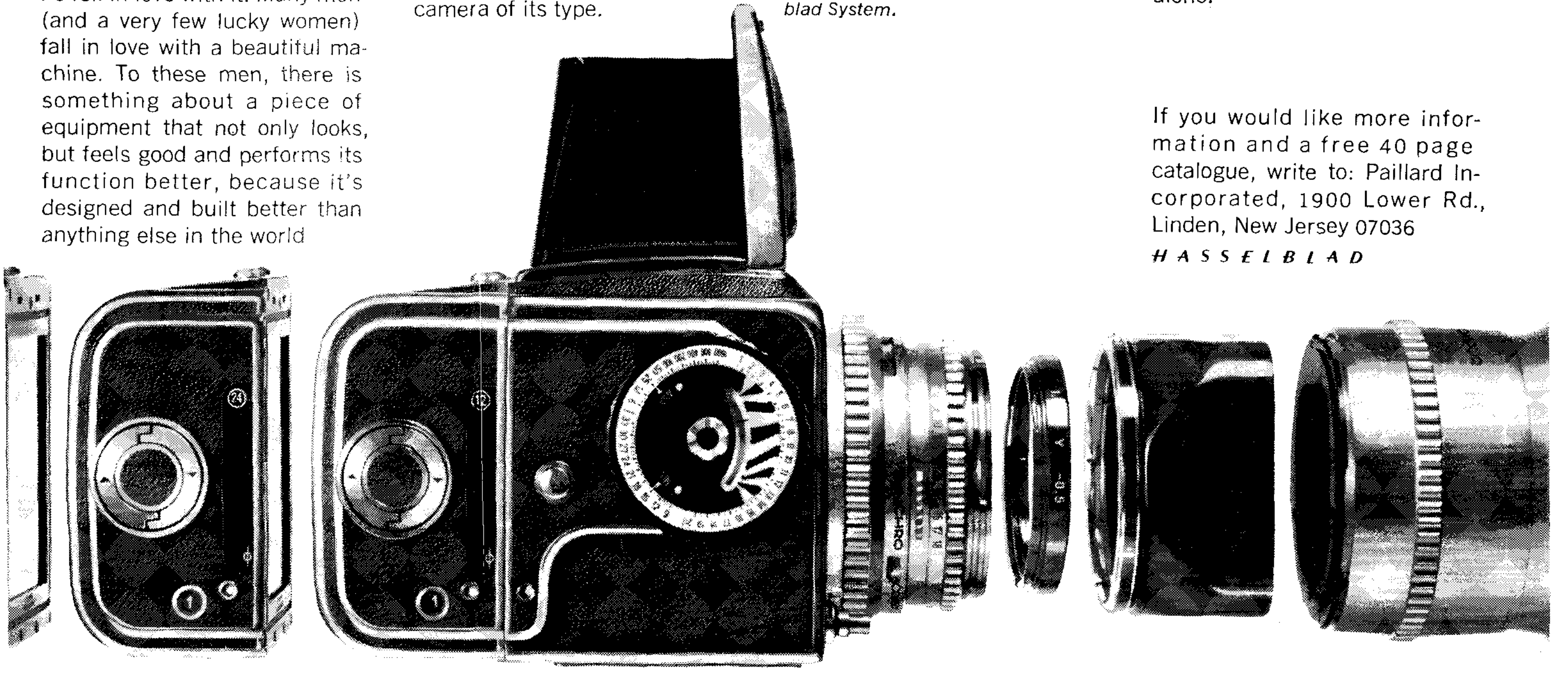
HASSELBLAD



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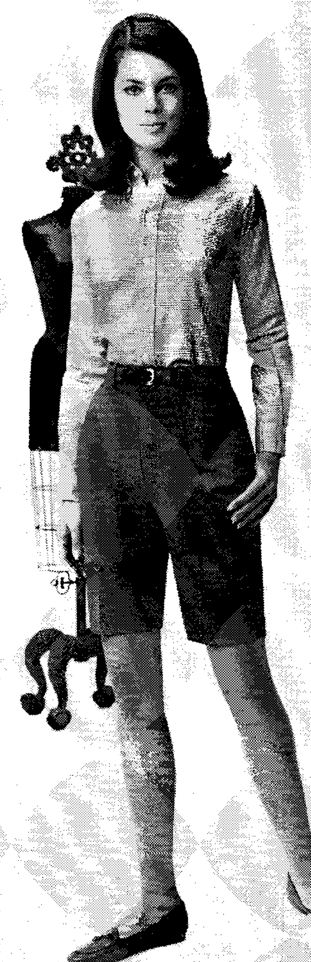

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antiquities, that he had come to prominence from poverty-stricken origins, that his family was a princely and immensely rich one. At last, as his arrival drew near, illusion gave way and the staff reconciled themselves to reality. Their reception of the real Pylos had nothing to do with the legends that preceded him, for in their hearts they had known all along how closely he would resemble his peers. So close, indeed, was this resemblance that the official sent by the Organization to meet Pylos at the dock had picked him out at once from a throng of fellow-passengers.

And now, alone in his new room, still wondering what particular quality of his had struck the Organizational hierarchy, Pylos could not know that it was precisely his lack of striking qualities that had brought him there.

He got up and went over a second time to the closed door that led to his conference-room. Taking out his handkerchief, he turned the metal handle gingerly. At this moment, a single knock was instantly followed by the opening of another door, and Miss Sadie Graine came into the room.

Pylos smiled again at Sadie Graine. The sooner she goes the better, he thought, putting away his handkerchief. But he came—as it were, obediently—back to his desk where she stood, and sat down.

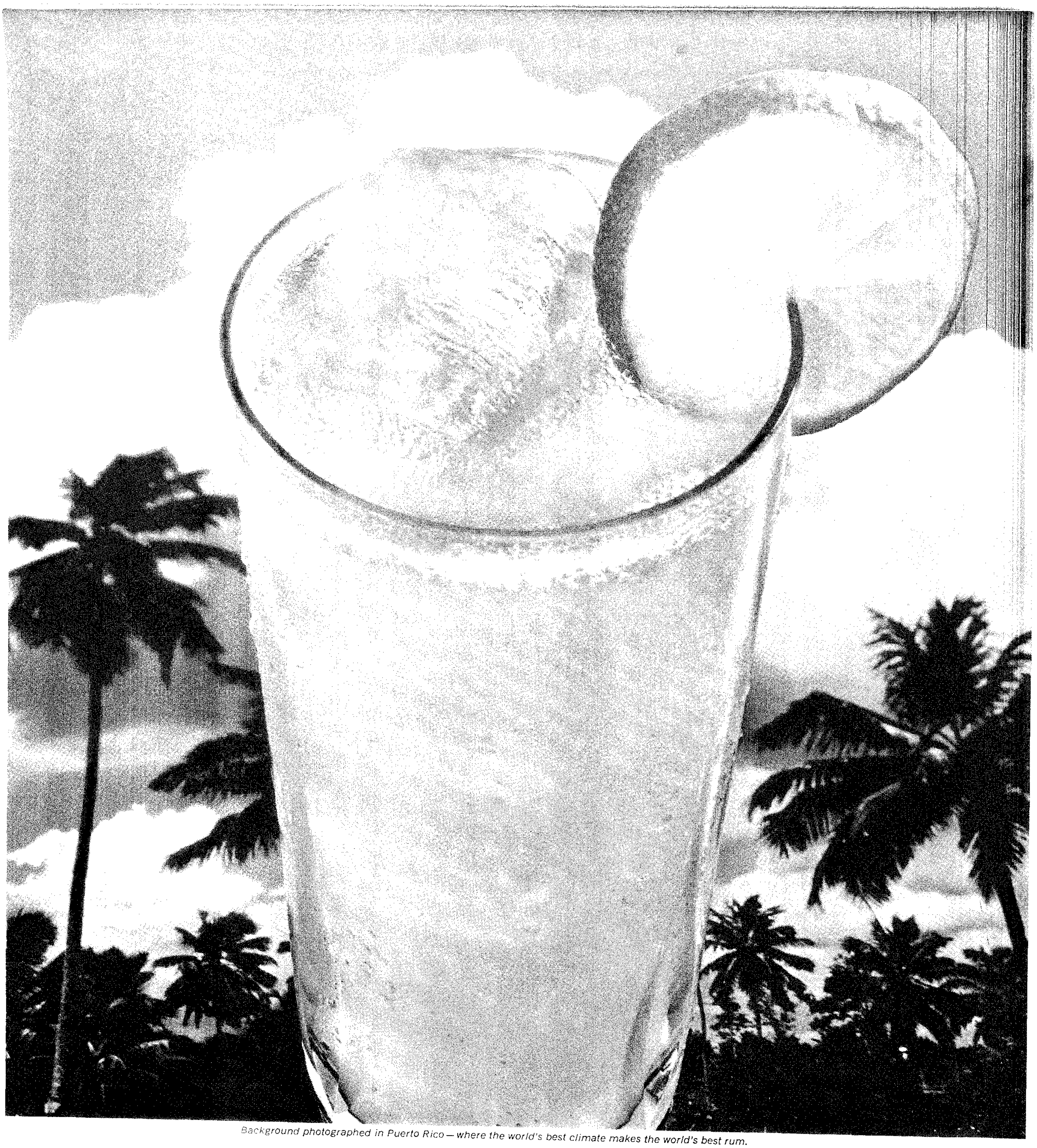
"I've prepared a list of your meetings this afternoon," said Miss Graine, placing this on the corner of the desk.

Pylos drew the paper towards him and saw that it was, in fact, a useful description not only of the meetings he was to attend and the officials who were to be at them but even of the issues that might be raised and what the background of those issues was. He said, "Thank you, most helpful," in a minimizing way, but it was clear to him that the paper was invaluable, and he felt that this was also clear to Miss Graine. He laid it casually to one side.

She now indicated the pile of documents that had been left for study, and that he had not touched. "Shall I go through these for you?" she suggested.

Pylos looked up. "But shouldn't I—" he began, and then began again, "It was felt by Mr. Choudhury and Mr. Chai . . ."

Miss Graine dismissed Choudhury and Chai with a slight grimace which, while improper, contrasted flatteringly with her deferential attitude to Pylos. "They mustn't bother you with trivialities." She took away the Organization's Founding Constitution. "I can mark passages for your attention, if you



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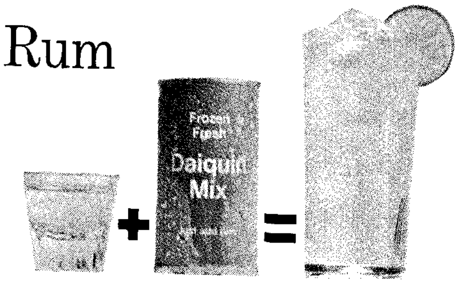

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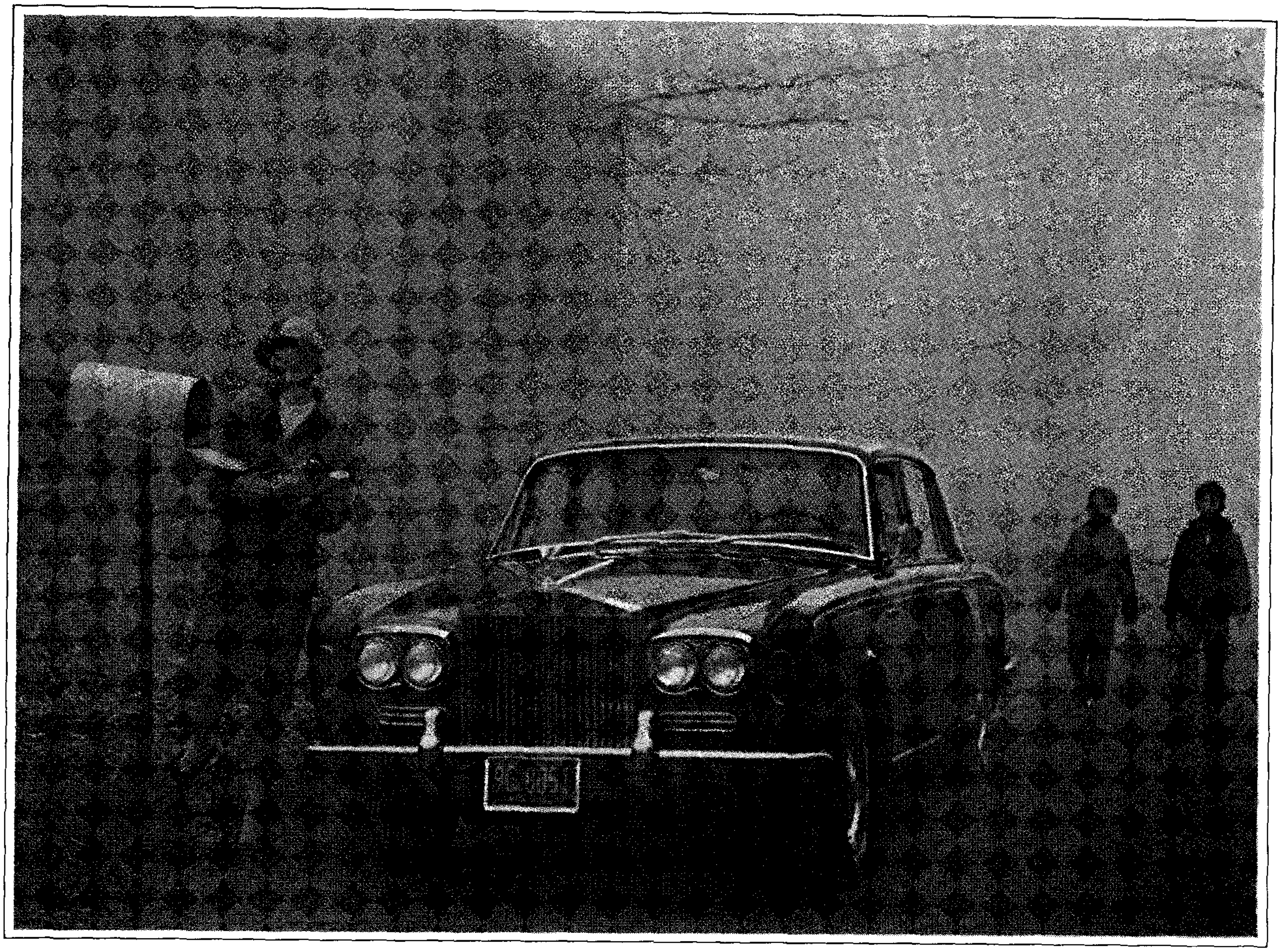

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wish." She paused. "Of course, if you prefer . . ."

"No, that will be quite all right." Pylos could not help being pleased to find his time was precious. "Most helpful," he said again, this time with irrepressible sincerity.

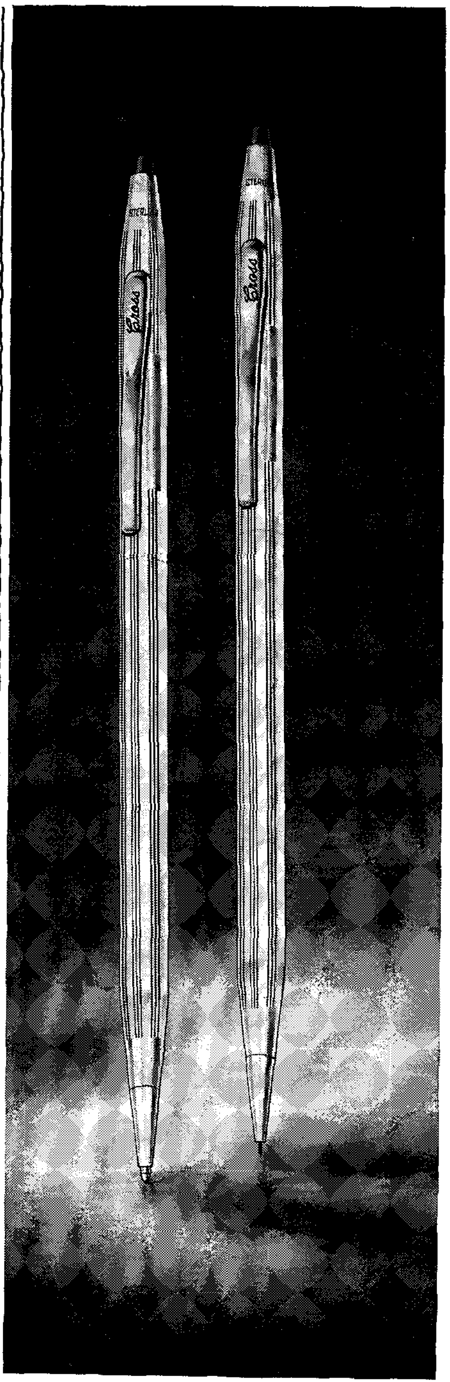
Miss Graine gave him one of her brief pin-pointing smiles. "I'll do it immediately." She took the pile of documents and left the room.

When the weighted door had given its ultimate sealing click, Pylos placed the list of meetings before him. The fact that Sadie Graine had proved efficient in no way lightened his spirits—on the contrary, it oppressed him with disproportionate foreboding. He felt that her derogatory reference to Choudhury and Chai should not have been allowed to pass. But then, she really had not made any remark about them—and were they not, in truth, a rather Rosencrantz-and-Guildenstern pair? In any case, Pylos thought, pulling himself together, it's all absurd. She won't be here more than a few days. Appeased by this thought, he took up Miss Graine's useful list, leaned back in his Organization chair, and began to study it.

Recounting the day to his wife that evening, he mentioned Sadie Graine. "What a secretary they've given me," he said. "A real battle-axe. But I'm going to ask for a change tomorrow."

THERE followed some weeks of what Pylos was later to think of as the Phony War. As he made his first steps across the Organizational scene, Miss Graine was ever at his side, and although he could not relish this proximity, Pylos frankly admitted to himself that she was worth her weight in gold. He now told himself that he would retain her merely for these weeks of settling in. Disturbingly, he felt that Miss Graine herself sensed this callous intention—but perhaps this was imagination. Considering how much he had to contend with at this time, it was odd the way Sadie Graine preyed on his mind.

Pylos' first official act was to name his new department. The interim titles that had been employed—Economic Relief of Under Privileged Territories, and Mission for Under Developed Lands—were well enough in their way, but they combined a note of condescension with initials which, when contracted, proved somewhat unfortunate. Pylos consulted with senior members of the Designation and Terminology Branch, seeking some descriptive but trenchant phrase, some phrase that would neither patronize



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nor minimize. No agreement was reached until Miss Graine, clearing his tray one afternoon, offered her suggestion. So it was that DALTO came into being—the Department of Aid to the Less Technically Oriented.

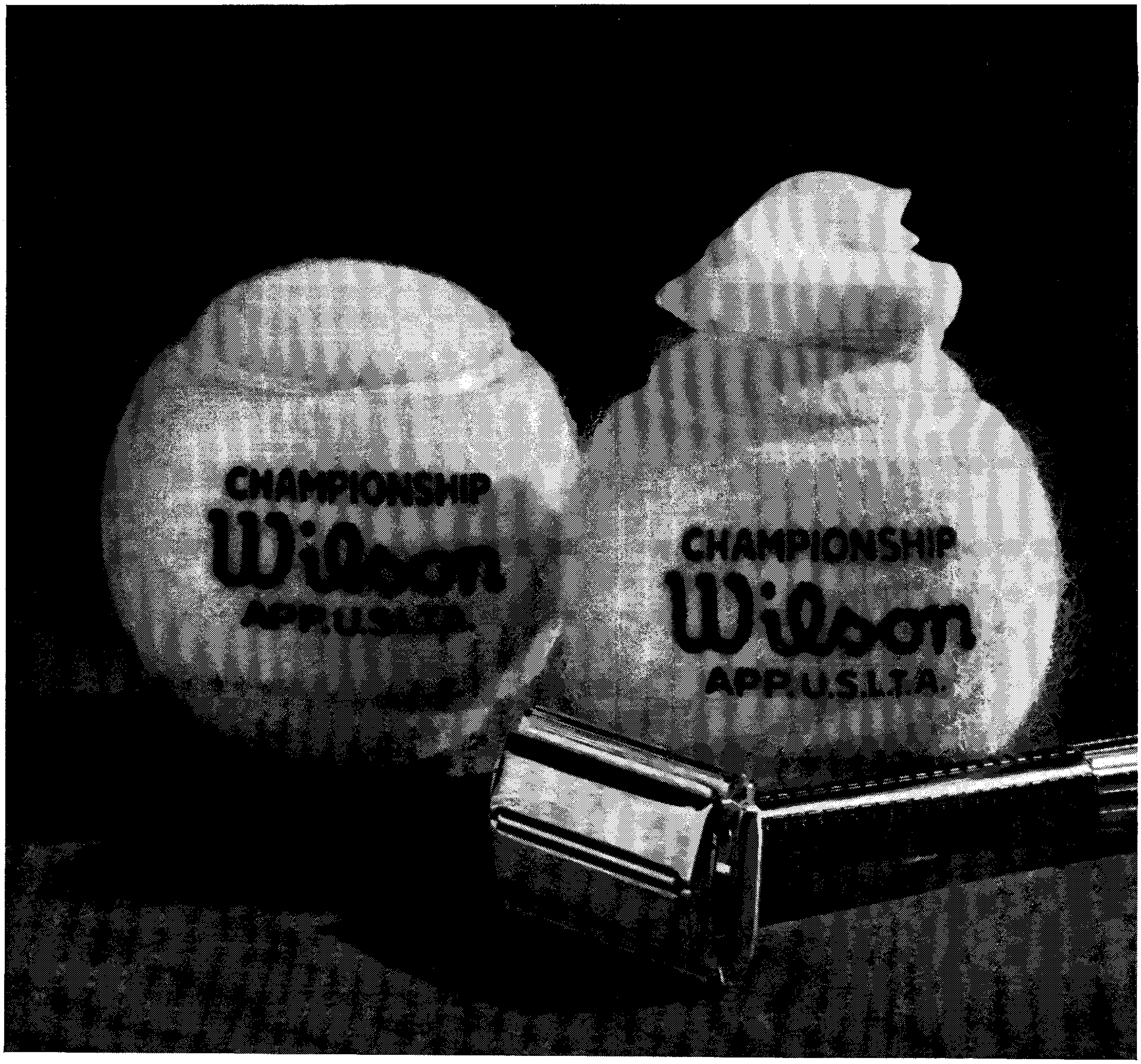
Nevertheless, Pylos intended to rid himself of Miss Sadie Graine. It was the case of Ashmole-Brown that brought matters to a head.

In creating the staff of this new department, heads of existing departments had been asked to nominate those staff members in their ranks most fitted to initiate a programme of aid to the world's less privileged. Many departments having naturally recommended those they could no longer tolerate themselves, a strangely assorted crew was gradually assembled on a hitherto unused floor of the building, and as DALTO reached its full complement of personnel, the remainder of the Organization's staff were able to close their expurgated ranks with a sigh of relief.

It was from this background that there advanced upon Achilles Pylos, a few weeks after his arrival at the Organization, the case of Ashmole-Brown.

Until he was assigned to the new department, Ashmole-Brown had been working away at his cluttered desk in the Social and Anthropological Division. Within a matter not of weeks but of days, the contents of that small office, including Ashmole-Brown, had been completely transferred to the freshly partitioned premises of DALTO. His papers were rushed through by hand, an unusual circumstance that would in itself have denoted emergency. To Ashmole-Brown, it made not the slightest difference whether he was on the thirty-third or the twenty-eighth floor: his work was everything to him, and he pushed on with it, oblivious of change, his head bent to his swelling manuscript, his hand moving evenly from line to line. He was to be seen on his way to the Organization Library, a closely written list in his hand; or returning, his head already lowered as if in anticipation of the next page, each arm bowed with a load of the heavy books so soon to be exchanged for others. His desk, his window-ledge, his bookshelves, even his grey-tiled floor, were piled with flagged volumes and curling documents. Whatever else Ashmole-Brown might be, he was no slacker; there could be no doubt that he was hard at it.

Hard at what? This was the question that had so perplexed the Social and Anthropological officials and, the answer eluding them, had resulted in



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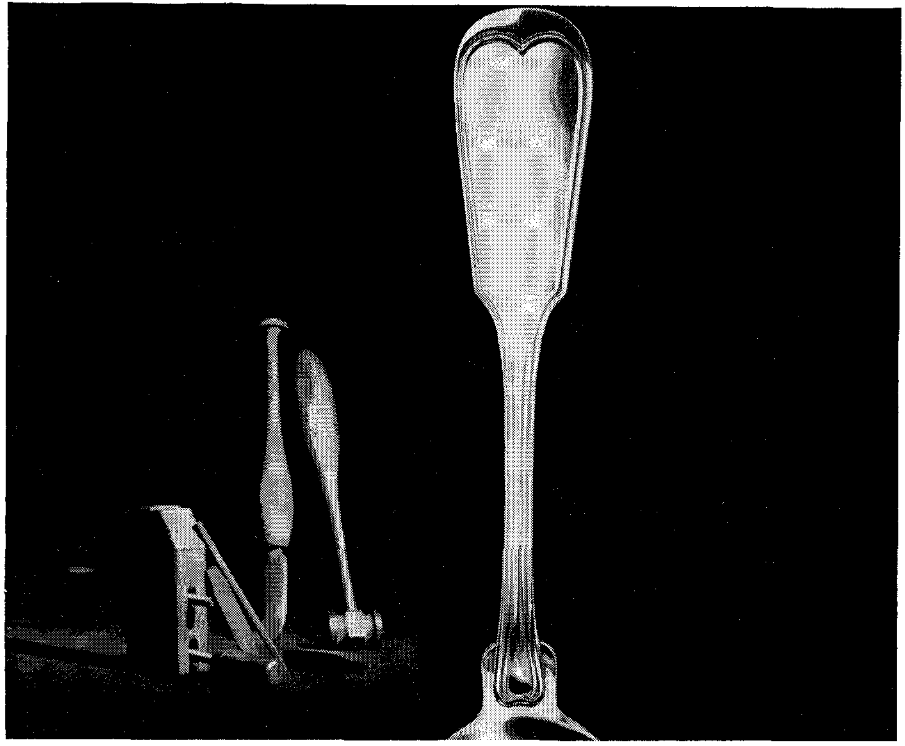

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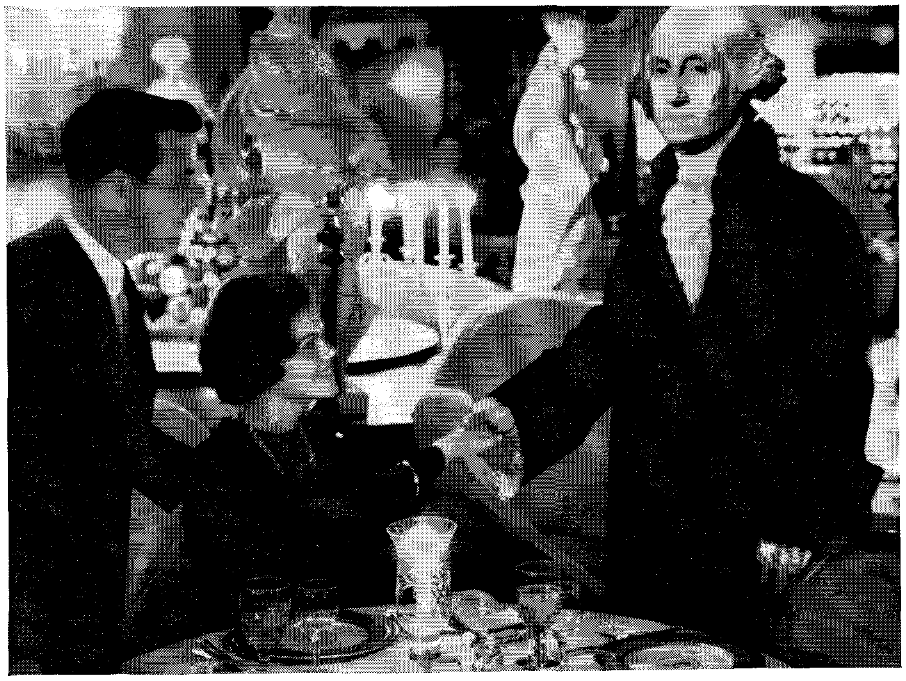

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the frenzied transfer of Ashmole-Brown to DALTO. Ashmole-Brown had been hired to undertake a study—that much was certain. But why? And by whom? He had a contract in which the nature of the study was defined at length, and its terms of reference by no means precluded the incorporation of Ashmole-Brown in DALTO: they would scarcely have prevented his inclusion in any public institution, so liberally studded were they with the many-faceted gems of the sociological lexicon. Even to the most experienced decodifiers, the central message of this contract seemed indecipherable. Ashmole-Brown alone was certain of his task.

And did Ashmole-Brown then refuse to divulge the theme of his labors? Far from it. He liked nothing better. Jovially, he would seat the enquirer (and at first there had been a succession of these, some of them officially propelled) on his single extra chair—depositing the displaced pile of books onto the floor—and explain by the hour. He would show references to illustrate points, or drag out, from under a teetering stack, some document or article he had found invaluable. It all seemed to hang together at the time—the visitor would find himself murmuring "Most interesting" and even "Fascinating"—but no one had yet emerged from such an interview with a coherent tale to tell. Ashmole-Brown's presence became a public confession of failure—a living expression of what his colleagues in the Social and Anthropological Division called the inability to communicate. Was he not using up official time and space? Was his rounded back in its antiquated tweeds not turned to two potentially useful windows? Might not the fluorescent light that shone down on him have shone more profitably on another? The Social and Anthropological Division as a group breathed an integrated sigh of relief when Ashmole-Brown was shunted off to DALTO.

One thing, however, had been overlooked. Ashmole-Brown's contract—his famous contract—contained a renewal clause. The contract in its present form had but a short time to run, and the question of its renewal was presently brought to Mr. Pylos' attention by Miss Sadie Graine.

Pylos was busy with affairs of the less technically oriented when Miss Graine came in with Ashmole-Brown's file. He waited for her to lay the papers on his In-tray and depart, but when she stood expectantly by the desk he knew that it was some matter to which

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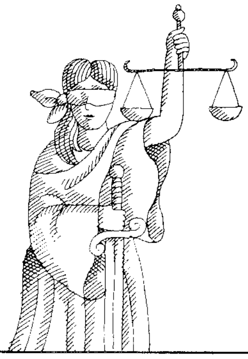

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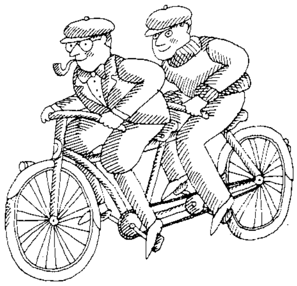

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she attached importance. Raising his head—not without some intrepid show of irritation—he invited, and received, the tale of Ashmole-Brown. Miss Graine was, at this time, becoming more vocal, and she left no doubt as to the correct course to be followed. She would not, she explained, have bothered Pylos with the case had it not been for the rank of Ashmole-Brown. This—as Pylos saw from the cover of the file—though temporary, was substantial.

Alone again, Pylos laid aside the less technical and examined the file. The Organization kept two sets of files on its personnel. One of these recorded the halting progress of the staff member on his Organizational journey, and was uncompromisingly official in character; this was known as the Personal File. The other, known as the Confidential File, contained only personal details and was available to an authorized few. (Nothing can describe the repugnance felt by the staff for the existence of these Confidential dossiers. They believed, not unreasonably, that secret files could only contain facts, or fictions, that exposed or defamed them, and the knowledge that an extensive system was devoted to the accumulation of such records caused distress of a natural and well-founded kind.)

Pylos found that he had been given both files on Ashmole-Brown, bound together with a rubber band. Neither was large, and few minutes were required to read them. Ashmole-Brown had come in with the century, had been educated at a college in the North of England, where he had written a thesis on the legend of Perceforest, and had since been employed at universities and by the government. During the war he had spent some time in the Royal Navy until invalided out for allergies. He had served on official committees. His hobby seemed to be linguistics, and his single publication was a pamphlet entitled "The Abuse of the Superlative in North America." The only damaging item was a letter, in the Confidential File, in which a department store asked the Organization's assistance in obtaining payment of a small account one year overdue.

Ashmole-Brown was respectable. But was he respectable enough to stand up for?—to stand up for (though Pylos did not say it, even to himself) against Miss Sadie Graine? What if Ashmole-Brown should be around for years, a perpetual testimony to Pylos' administrative naïveté? If the name of Oxford or Cambridge had appeared in the file, Pylos would have taken

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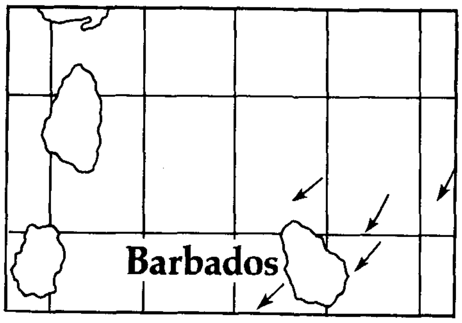

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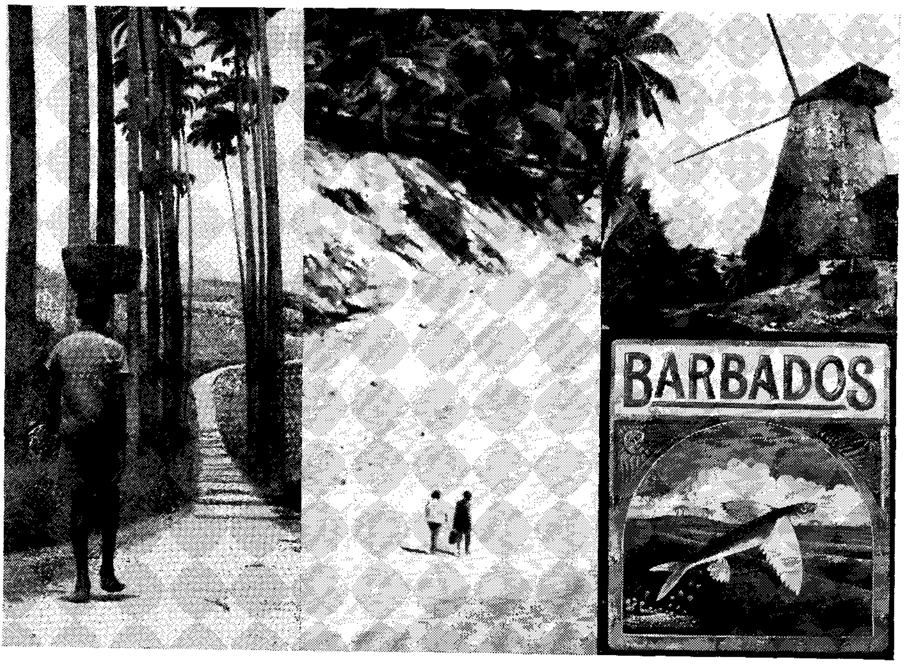

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heart on behalf of Ashmole-Brown. But Ashmole-Brown was not endorsed by either of these infallible bodies; his background was unmistakably red-brick in texture, and Pylos wavered.

It was not usual in the Organization for a department head to visit the offices of his staff. On taking up his appointment, Pylos had made an inaugural progress through his little domain, attended by Chai and Choudhury, and by his operational chief, a Chilean called Rodriguez-O'Hearn. He had genially shaken hands and asked unexacting questions. He had stopped to chat with a filing clerk here, a secretary there; had spoken Greek with a Greek and French with a Congolese. The staff had stood around their hastily tidied desks, and all but the most disillusioned had smiled. Pylos had peered into a Chinese typewriter and worked a Fotofax machine. He had admired the magnificent views from windows and refrained from commenting on the gloom of the windowless areas, which were more extensive. Within half an hour he was safely back in his own room, his duty done. Since then, he had attended a departmental party, and made a token appearance in the staff cafeteria. What more could possibly have been asked?

The Chief Coördinator's decision to call on Ashmole-Brown was therefore a departure. Even Miss Graine looked startled, although she at once picked up her telephone and confirmed that Ashmole-Brown was in his cubicle at the far end of the corridor. Scattering a trio of gossiping girls, bringing alarmed heads up from drinking fountains as their owners prepared for flight, Pylos strode forth. Ultimately entering a labyrinth of partitions, he was shown into a narrow room by a wide-eyed secretary.

The only person who did not seem surprised was Ashmole-Brown.

Ashmole-Brown went through his usual chair-clearing process and, when Pylos was seated, settled himself back behind his desk. He was a broad, awkwardly jointed man. His sagging tweeds and forward-flopping hair were of the same pepper-and-salt combination; even the round eyes shining out through the round lenses were densely speckled. The cheeks had retained their hectic schoolboy flush. The mouth was large, even expansive, and presently said, as if it meant it, "Great pleasure to see you here, sir. Great pleasure."

Mr. Pylos commented civilly on the evidence of Ashmole-Brown's industry, waving his hand toward the voluminous stacks—and in this way bringing one or two loose papers to the floor, where they were allowed to lie. He then said, with a serious levelling of voice, "Mr. Ashmole-Brown, I should like you to tell me something about your work."

Ashmole-Brown beamed. "Mr. Pylos," he said, "I have worked—labored, I may say—at this opus of mine for nearly four years, and I marvel, sir, I marvel, that today of all days you should choose to make this enquiry. I marvel." He paused to do so. "For today—this very morning—I reached a significant point in my journey. There is light, Pylos—light at the end of the tunnel. The end of my pilgrimage is in sight."

Pylos expanded with relief. "I am delighted to hear it," he said. "That is, we all, I am sure—"

"Quite, quite." Ashmole-Brown was radiant. He tilted back his chair. He took off his glasses and, holding them by the stems, twirled them round and round, allowing his eyes to sparkle unconfined.

"And how would you estimate the—ah—usefulness of your work?" enquired Pylos. "At this stage."

Ashmole-Brown pursed his lips reflectively. His glasses rotated more slowly between his fingers. "It is sound," he said judicially. "Yes, I would say—it is sound."

"Sound?" Pylos frowned. "Not more than sound?"

"No more—yet no less. Sound, sir. Sound is the word I should choose." There was silence while Ashmole-Brown politely declined to add another adjective. He broke into smiles again. "The completed work, however, has become—if not a reality—no longer a myth. In another three years, I should say—yes, another three—"

"Three years *more*?"

"Give or take a few months, naturally. I have come, sir, more than halfway. My path lies plain before me. There is, as I say, light: light at the—"

Here Ashmole-Brown gave an exultant twirl to his glasses and they flew out of his hands, hit the desk, and fell to the floor. After a moment's surprise, he dropped forward in his chair and fumbled shortsightedly on the floor around him. His speckled back heaved above the desk like the dorsal mound

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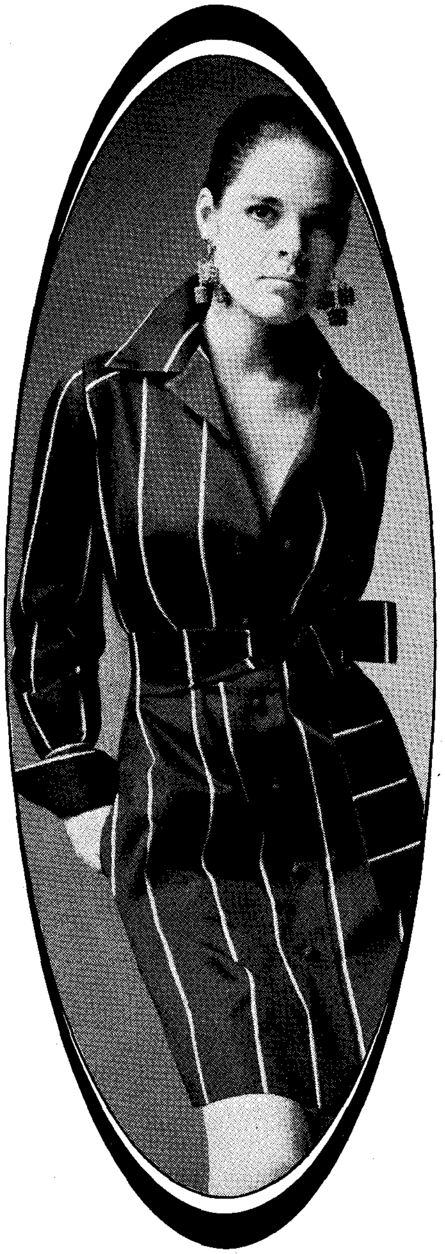

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of some half-submerged sea-monster. Pylos could hear him breathing in short grunts. "Now, where the devil . . . Ah yes, yes, here we are." Ashmole-Brown hove into sight once more, pink in the face, holding the glasses in his hand. Pylos saw that one of the lenses was completely shattered.

Ashmole-Brown stared at the glasses for some moments. He then laid them on the desk before him. He seemed to have forgotten that Pylos was there. He shook his head. "This," he said heavily, apparently to himself, "will slow me down considerably."

Pylos stirred in his chair, and Ashmole-Brown gave him a nod of recognition. He took up his glasses again and prodded the shattered side despondently with his forefinger. "O piteous spectacle," he declaimed. He then held the unbroken side vertically to his eye like a lorgnette and, after squinting through it at Pylos, lifted a half-completed page from the desk and attempted to read. His lips slowly formed the words as he identified them. He put the glasses down, seeming relieved. "Daresay I can go on like that for a while," he said.

"But surely," Pylos exclaimed, aghast, "they can be repaired in a matter of a day or two."

Ashmole-Brown stared. "My dear chap, no sense in that. No sense at all. I'm going on home leave in a few weeks. In England I can get a brand-new pair for nothing."

AFTER the dismissal of Ashmole-Brown, Pylos felt himself to be fully fledged. It was as if he had passed through some ceremony of Organizational initiation, forged some invisible bond with his fellow-administrators. He now settled in to his coördinational duties in earnest. With Miss Graine's assistance, a pattern was formed—one that he was to follow for years—a routine of discussions, decisions, and correspondence, which his position invested with a local grandeur.

During the process of establishment, Miss Graine proved indispensable—so much so that Pylos eventually relinquished all intention of dispensing with her, and even forgot that he had wished to. A man like Pylos, between whose abilities and whose position there lie certain gaps, needs a woman like Miss Sadie Graine. For Miss Graine made it her business to plug those gaps—with flattery of Pylos, with disparagement of his equals, with inequities to his staff, with whatever unsightly wadding came to hand. It was her daily task to fortify the dikes of Pylos' self-esteem. The excessive credence he put in her high

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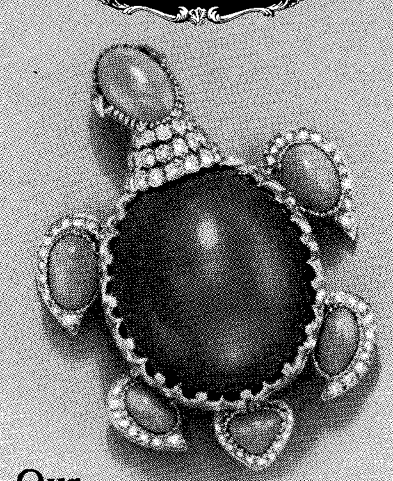

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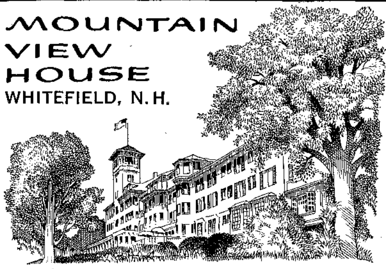

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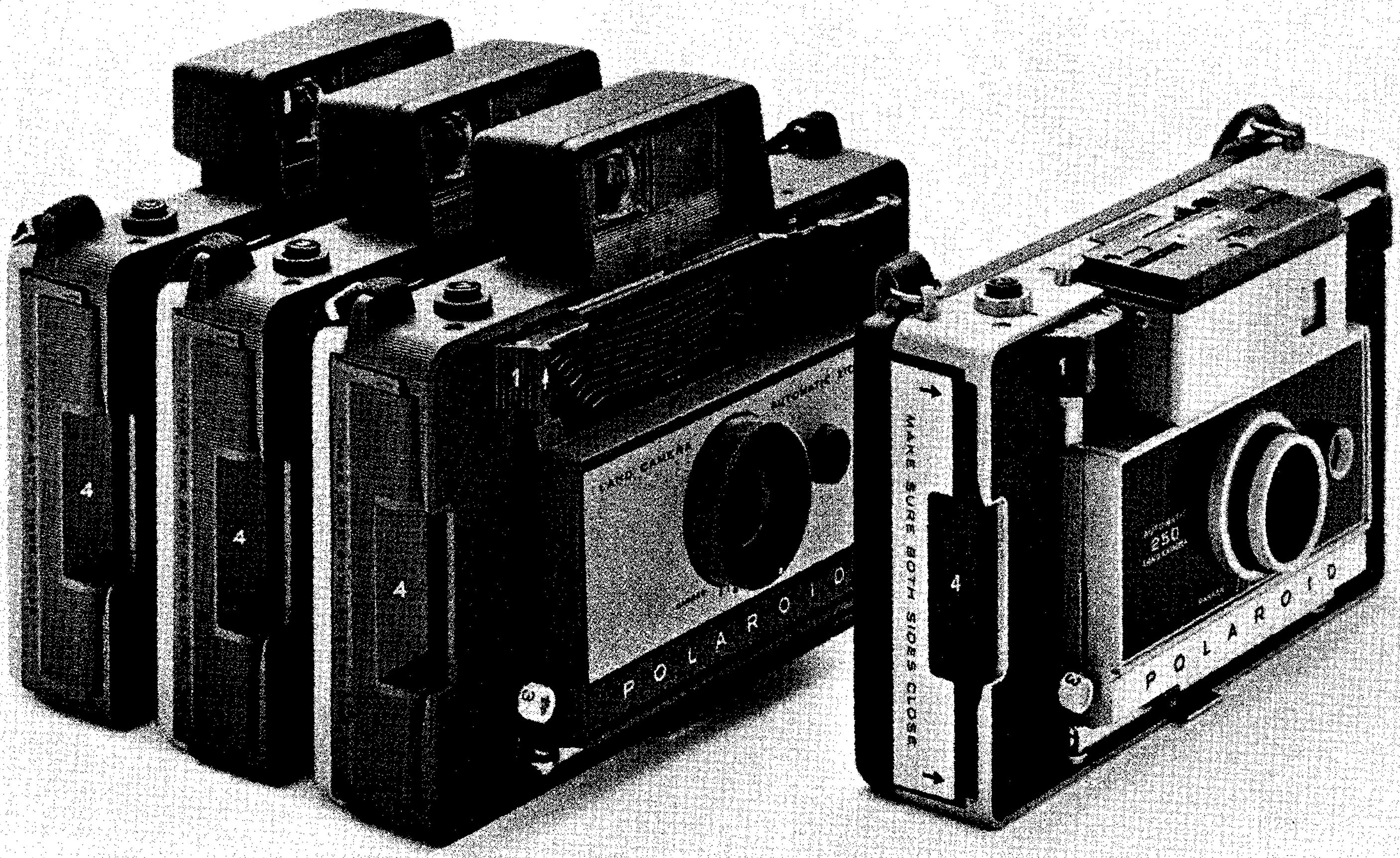

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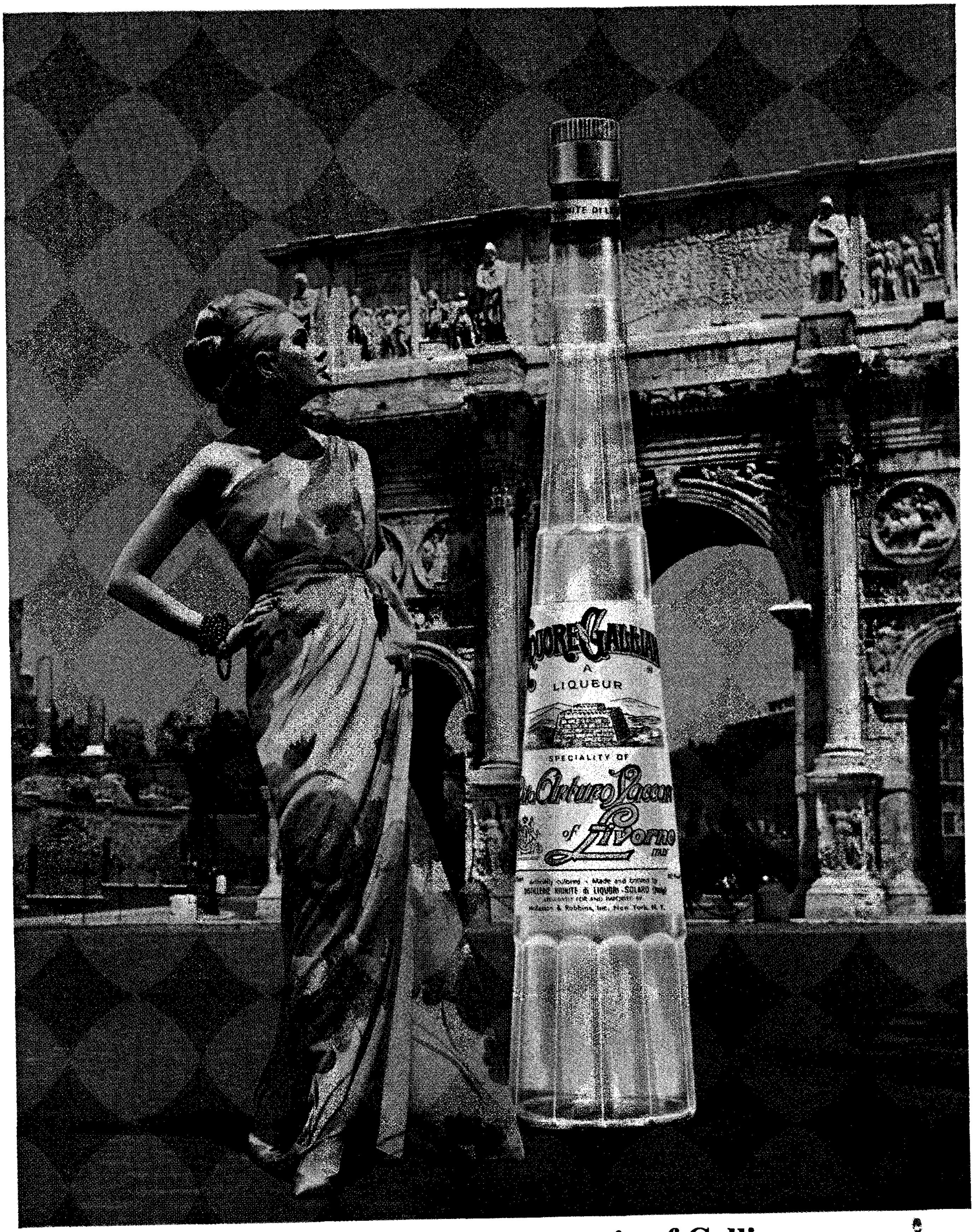
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opinion of him soon naturally extended to her other views. He came to accept her judgments, and these judgments gradually took on a note of instruction.

For Miss Graine, too, the incident of Ashmole-Brown had been significant. After that, she became steadily more vocal, more peremptory. Silence lends stature, and Miss Graine, growing garrulous, revealed herself to her colleagues as petty and acrimonious. She condemned unthinkingly, and was open to no rational explanation. (She had a curious habit of saying "I'll admit that," "I grant that," "I'll say that much," as if acknowledging that any reasonable admission must be forced out of her.) She quickly made her new power felt, letting it be known that she had instigated the fatal investigation of Ashmole-Brown, and becoming feared as a result. A few tried, with fleeting success, to ingratiate themselves with her; most merely sought to keep out of her way, saying that they would not go against the Graine. Keeping out of her way was not easy. She set up in her office an intricate system of files covering the activities of the department, so that Pylos might have immediate access to them, and these files were methodically kept; though it were method, however, there was madness in it, or at least obsession, for they duplicated, from various angles, other records kept elsewhere. No one dared to point this out. She also miraculously retained in her head, keeping it otherwise vacant for the purpose, all manner of statistics referring to the less technically oriented as well as to the DALTO personnel. In assessing Miss Graine's character, her single status was taken into account—inevitably, but perhaps excessively. For had Miss Graine ever been seriously contemplated as a life partner, had she even been asked—let alone taken—in marriage, her demands on the world might have been different.

Senior members of Pylos' staff would compliment him on her efficiency, saying "What would you do without her?" As time wore on, a note of wistful speculation crept into this rhetorical enquiry, and it developed the ring of a real question. There was, indeed, no way of knowing what his stature at the Organization might have been had he fallen under some other influence than that of Miss Sadie Graine. As it was, he came to feel pleasantly important as he trod the Organization's lobbies or rode its elevators. His dark, portly good looks were recognizable, and he was greeted wherever he went. He gradually formed a circle of acquaintances. Not

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precisely intimates, these were more in the nature of cronies—their talk did not extend beyond shop, but this shop was sometimes talked in their drawing-rooms as well as in their offices. Although exalted in Organizational rank, they were not remarkable men. First-class minds, being interested in the truth, tend to select other first-class minds as companions; second-class minds, on the other hand, will select third-class minds in order to maintain an illusion of superiority; and it was this way with Pylos.

A lingering adroitness, however, saved him from utter mediocrity, and it was this adroitness, combined with the promptings of Miss Sadie Graine, that helped him sense the temper of the Organization and dictated the tone of his dealings with his staff.

There was, for example, his masterly handling of Choudhury's request for promotion. Although this came soon after the Ashmole-Brown episode, Pylos was already acting with more assurance. When Miss Graine, with lips meaningly tightened, admitted Choudhury to his office, Pylos was prepared. And when Choudhury, with unprecedented eloquence, pleaded his case, Pylos made no outward resistance. As it happened, he had just come from a top-level meeting at which the Director-General of the Organization had enjoined his departmental chiefs to administrative stringency, due to a crisis in Organization funds. Pylos could, conceivably, have given Choudhury this straightforward and authentic reason for refusal; the fact that he did not shows the velocity with which Pylos was learning the Organizational ropes. He did tell Choudhury that he had discussed the matter of promotions with the Director-General that very morning. The Director-General, he went on, put a certain emphasis on seniority. Years of service, years of experience—age, in short—mattered to him, perhaps more than they did to . . . (here Pylos gave a rueful, self-indicating smile) . . . others. Choudhury, for all his remarkable ability, was a comparatively young man. Could he not be patient? At his age, a matter of two or three years—what were they? Could he not take them in his youthful stride? So Pylos appealed, and Choudhury submitted.

Yes, Mr. Pylos had an appealing manner, and he used it for that purpose. He aimed to please, and his aim was directed to the highest circles. After a while he developed a posture that had always been latent in him—an excessively upright posture verging on a

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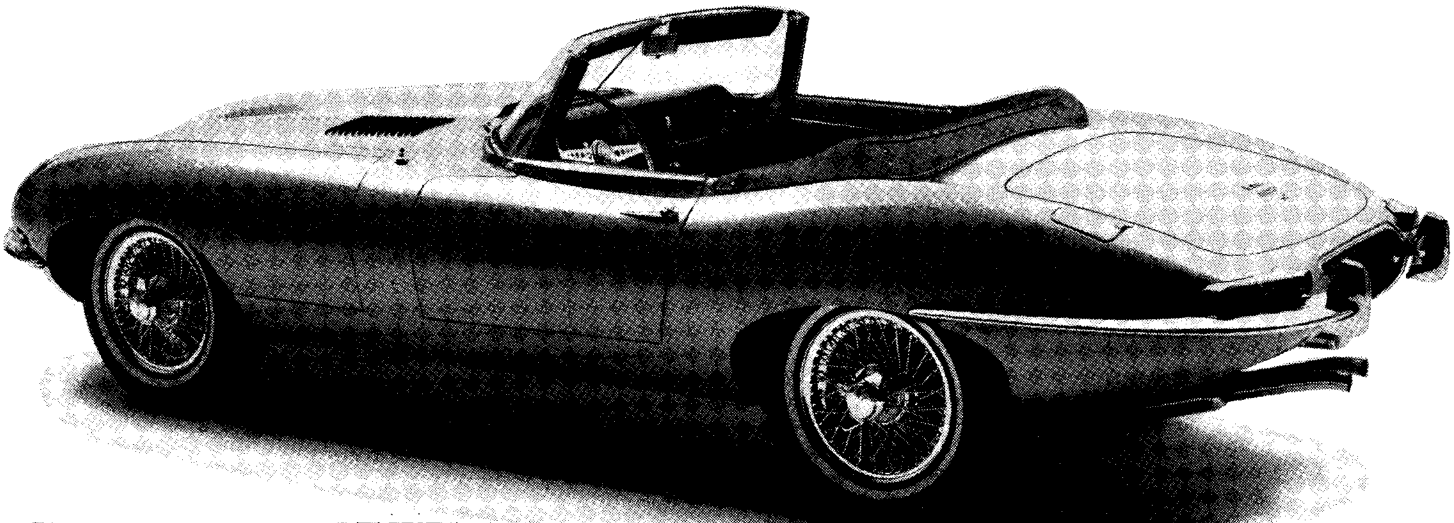

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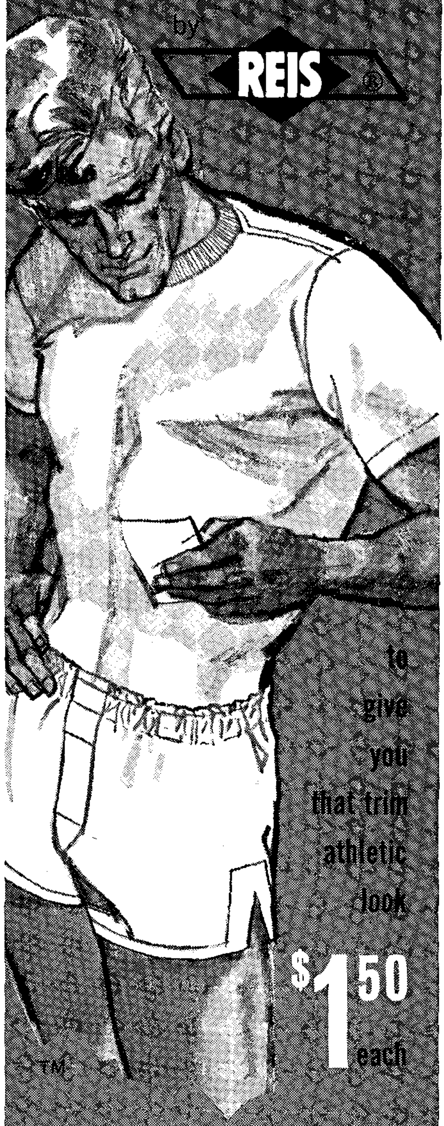

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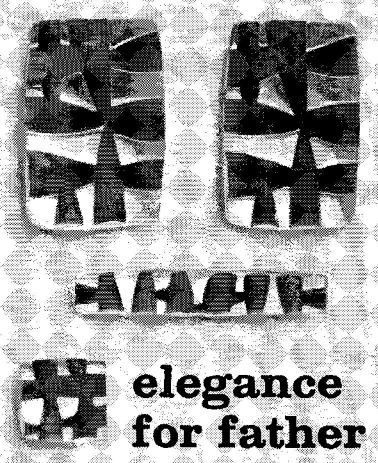
strut. He walked as if he were bending over backwards.

MISS GRAINE's responsibilities having increased, she was provided with the help of a typist, who was accommodated in an inside office that had been—and continued to be—used for hats and coats. The makeshift setting was well suited—and perhaps contributed—to the constant turnover of the girls engaged. One of these girls, it is true, made an attempt to relate the story of Miss Sadie Graine to the Department of Personnel during the third year of Mr. Pylos' administration. The tale, told with an earnest lucidity, moved her hearer—a personnel officer of mature years and large bun—to send subsequently for the Confidential file on Miss Graine. But on finding this to be a veritable treasure-house of testimonials lavishly endorsed by the upper echelons of DALTO, she returned it unmarked to the registry and requested in its place the file on the typist—in which she entered a brief account of the typist's appeal, adding a notation with respect to paranoid tendencies. Shortly afterwards, the girl was sent to assist the less technical in rugged country northwest of Kabul.

The environs of Kabul were not the only locality to benefit in this way. Those who served the Organization in DALTO projects throughout the world soon began to give an impression of being divided into two groups: those who had volunteered for such service, and those who had displeased Miss Sadie Graine. The senior officers of Pylos' staff were dedicated men: in order to conserve their efforts the more completely for the far-flung needy of the world, they took the precaution of doing nothing for those close to them. One or two who fell below this lofty standard and intervened on behalf of their subordinates were quickly eliminated by Miss Graine.

Of the more junior staff, some—and particularly those who foresaw a sojourn in Kabul—condemned Pylos. Others, of larger nature, saw that he was a weak man, but a man of good will. Whatever their view, not a day passed without their taking some stock of the situation. Over their typewriters, over their desks, over their morning coffee, over a period of five years, the staff of Pylos recounted to one another, week in, week out, successive chapters in the tale of Sadie Graine.

WITH regard to the less technically oriented, all the efforts of Miss Graine were required to shield



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Pylos from troublesome ambiguities. He sincerely wished to assist the laggard lands commended to his care. Yet he looked about him at the fully oriented, and in his heart he wondered. Was this the state of mind one sought to purvey to the less privileged? It was true that the deplorable condition of many of the countries assisted by DALTO seemed to justify almost anything that was done to them—providing, as it were, a mandate for any change, the bad along with the good. About this development process there appeared to be no half-measures: once a country had confessed to backwardness, it could hope for no quarter in the matter of improvement. It could not accept a box of pills without accepting, in principle, an atomic reactor. Progress was a draught that must be drunk to the last drop; a path that must be followed to the bitter end.

From time to time it occurred to Pylos that more thought might have been given to the eventual consequences of such drastic change—change about which, indeed, the word "impact" was frequently used. More thought—but by whom? Not by Pylos. Pylos was intent on staying on top of things, not getting to the bottom of them. If there was one thing Pylos didn't go for it was being asked to consider complexities at any length and for their own sake. If pressed to do so, he could turn quite nasty.

Achilles Pylos could only hope that the backward nations, once technically oriented, would make some happier use of this condition than their mentors had.

He found himself obliged to participate in what were called far-reaching decisions regarding countries of whose language he was ignorant, whose customs he had never studied, whose religion was a puzzle to him, whose politics a labyrinth, whose history a mystery. For this purpose he was provided with advisers whose qualifications did not in every instance exceed his own capacities, and with documents whose abundance invariably did. And at intervals he made headlong journeys to inspect the work of DALTO around the world.

When in this way he visited DALTO projects in the field—to gain, as the saying goes, first-hand knowledge—he was generally received in spacious offices and whisked about, to institutes and farms, to factories and dam-sites, in large cars. He stayed in air-conditioned hotels and was entertained in important houses. He could not quite convince himself that this led to first-hand knowledge. But, since he did not

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believe in useless suffering, he was also displeased when he came upon a DALTO mission existing without such amenities, and would depart promising to rectify the situation.

These contradictions caused him dismay, but he suppressed his misgivings, with the help of Sadie Graine. Any important deviation from established Organization practices would have necessitated a character very different from his. Faintly he trusted to the larger hope—that something less than ill would be the final goal of good. Sometimes he consoled himself with the simple fact that he, one of DALTO's own officers, was aware of such inconsistencies. This seemed to help somewhat.

ON the fifth anniversary of Pylos' arrival at the Organization, a new leaf, turned by an unexpected hand, was opened in the story of Miss Sadie Graine.

That evening, for the first time, Sadie Graine came to dinner at the Pylos apartment. Mrs. Pylos had often spoken with Miss Graine on the telephone, and had seen her occasionally in her husband's office. Once in a while she had said to Pylos, "Shouldn't we ask your secretary to dinner?" Pylos, from some instinct which he could not then explain but which was later vindicated, had repeatedly turned the suggestion aside. At last, the anniversary celebration presented itself, and Mrs. Pylos, saying "Achilles, don't be ridiculous," had telephoned Miss Graine and invited her to dinner.

The evening seemed to go well enough. There were several other guests, and along the table Pylos saw his wife talking in her usual charming way with Miss Sadie Graine. He even heard her say, "Do call me Ismene." It was unnecessary, even indecent, to contrast his wife, with her elegant golden head and great grey eyes, with Sadie Graine, with her tight little lips and tight little dark-blue dress; but Pylos was touched to observe that Sadie Graine had a new permanent wave for the occasion.

When the guests had gone—and, being official guests, they left early—Mrs. Pylos put her feet up on the sofa while her husband went around opening windows and replacing a chair or two. They remarked how So-and-So had put on weight, how his wife had been wearing a wig; how someone else had been allergic to the mousse. And at last the conversation reached Miss Sadie Graine.

"Really, darling," said Mrs. Pylos,

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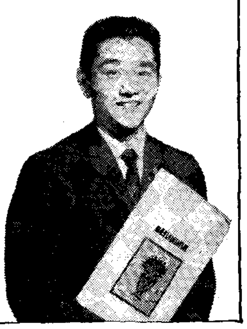

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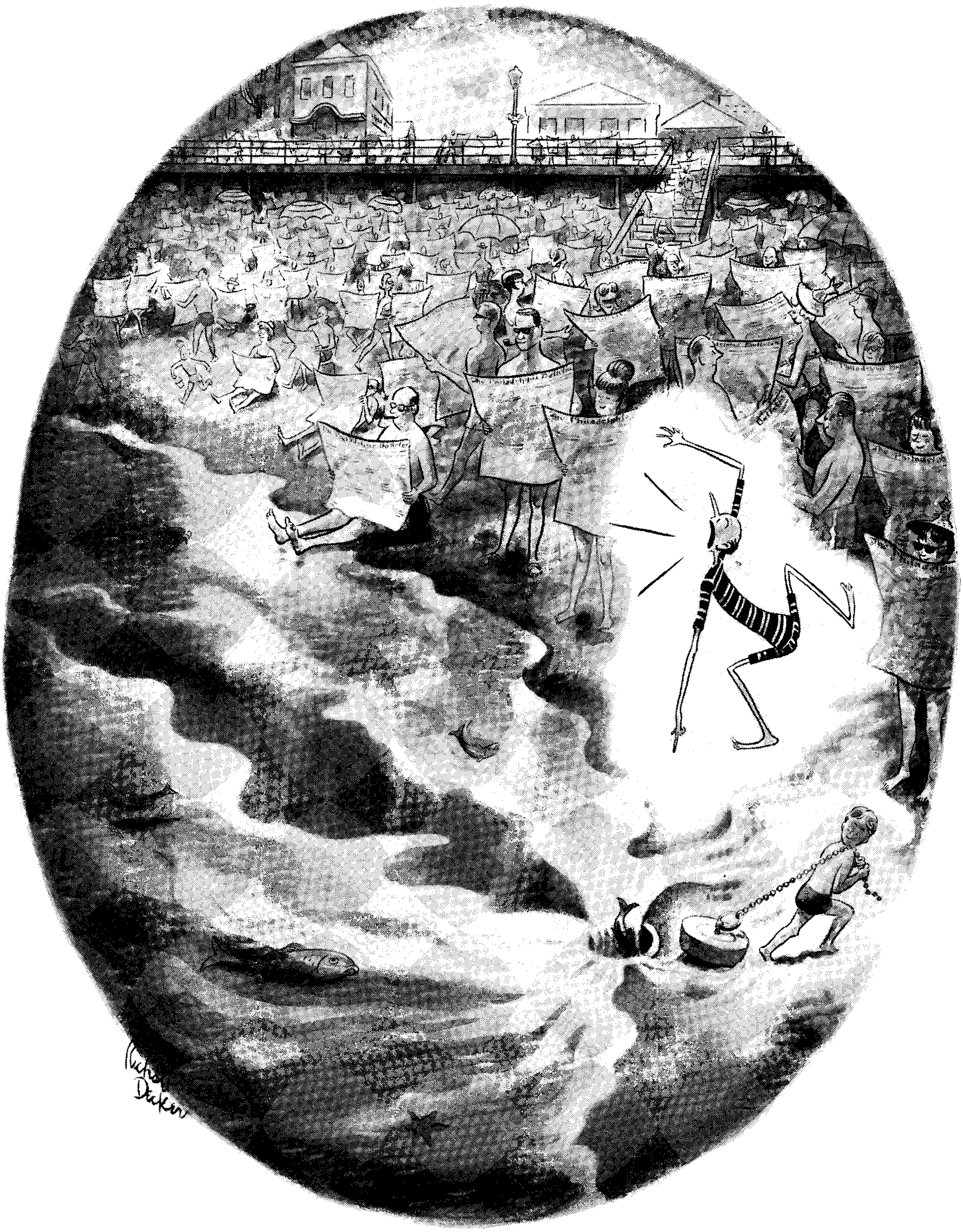
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taking off her bracelet and laying it on the coffee-table beside her. "What an ἀπολειψάδι."

Pylos was startled. His wife was a kind woman—in fact, as beautiful women go, a very kind woman. It was not her habit to take strong dislikes or use strong language. He opened a window he had just closed. "How is that, my dear?"

"I should have thought," his wife went on, "that you might just as well have kept the first one."

Pylos now came and sat down. "Ismene, I don't understand you at all. What first one?"

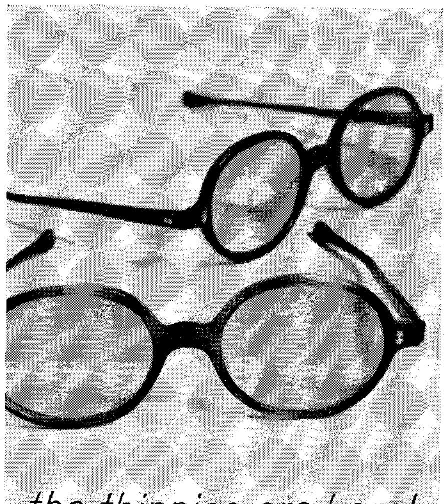
"Why Achilles, don't you remember? When you first joined the Organization, they gave you some impossible secretary—some nasty old thing, you told me—and you sent her away and asked for a different one. Don't tell me you've forgotten? All I'm saying is—she couldn't have been much worse than this one."

Pylos lit a cigarette. He looked so concerned that his wife concluded he must be thinking of something else. Eventually he said, however, "I suppose it does come to much the same thing."

THE following morning, Choudhury had an early appointment to see Pylos. The two men sat down together, freshly shaven and smelling faintly of cologne, in Pylos' office. The morning light was particularly brilliant, and Pylos was taken aback to notice a change in Choudhury. Choudhury was looking seedy. His eyes were circled, his cheeks sunken, his black hair coarsely threaded with white. Pylos realized that, although he saw Choudhury almost daily, he had not really looked at him for some time. Ah well, he told himself, we're all getting on, I suppose, and there's nothing we can do about it. "How are you getting on, Yussuf?" he enquired pleasantly, "And what can I do for you?"

"Mr. Pylos," said Choudhury, leaning forward in his chair and putting his hand earnestly on the edge of the desk, "you may remember that I once spoke to you about my promotion."

Pylos responded, "Of course," not *because he remembered at all*, but because it really *was* a matter of course: it seemed to Pylos that scarcely a day passed without some member of the staff raising the question of his promotion, and there was no reason Choudhury should have been an exception. Like most department heads at the Organization he had come to regard these petitioners as neurotic nuisances—and in fact by the time they reached



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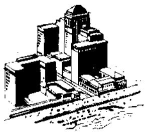

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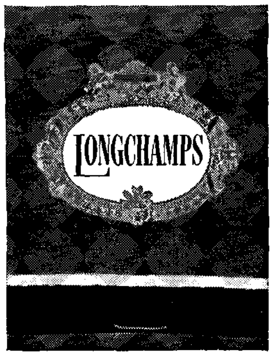
LONGCHAMPS

Pylos they were often acting pretty queerly. In each case he received the applicant with a sense of long-suffering, even of martyrdom.

"I know you have a lot on your mind," Choudhury went on, "and I haven't bothered you again until now. I kept hoping that something would develop. But I wonder—it's been so long—can you tell me how my case stands?"

Pylos saw that he would have to deal more or less frankly with Choudhury. The Director-General was at that moment discouraging promotions—due to a severe financial crisis—and the prospects of advancement for someone like Choudhury were distant indeed. Pylos leaned his elbows on the desk and brought the tips of his fingers together. He looked hard at Choudhury, and it struck him again how worn Choudhury was looking. Taking his cue from Choudhury's appearance, he spoke.

"Yussuf," he said, "as you know, we now have a new Director-General—a younger man, a man of great energy and—I say it in no pejorative sense—ambition. He has made it known that he will want the upper positions of the Organization to be filled increasingly by men and women of youth and vigor like himself. Naturally, he respects the abilities . . . I may say, the devotion . . . of"—here Pylos gave a rueful smile—"old-stagers like ourselves. But I would be less than honest with you if I did not mention that this new emphasis on a younger staff may hamper your prospects for the immediate future."

As Pylos uttered these words and leaned back in his chair, not displeased with himself, Choudhury's hands convulsively grasped the edge of the desk, and Choudhury himself turned grey. He got to his feet and, still gripping the edge of the desk as if he would tip it over, uttered a stream of agitated words in his own language. Pylos, greatly shocked, remained seated with an effort, looking up into Choudhury's wild eyes. Such a thing had never happened to him before, and fortunately it did not last long. In a moment or two Choudhury subsided, and sank down trembling into his chair. His breath came and went sobbingly; his forehead was wet, his hands quivered. He murmured a distraught apology.

Maintaining a certain reserve, Pylos reassured him. "You must have been overworking," he said. "Letting things get you down."

But Choudhury, doubtless not wishing to compound the impression of decrepitude, denied this. Limply, he asked

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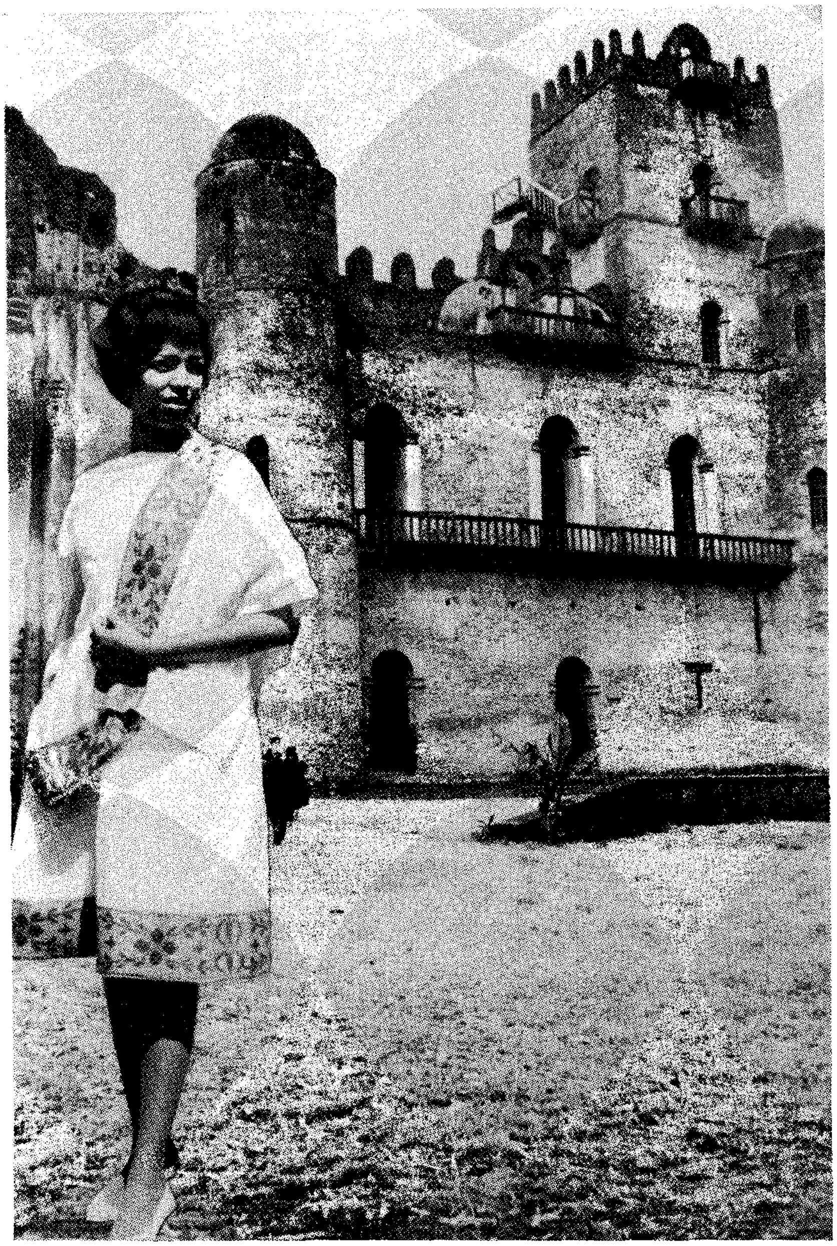

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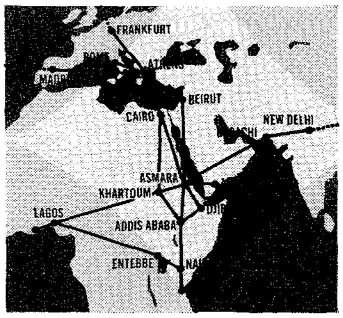

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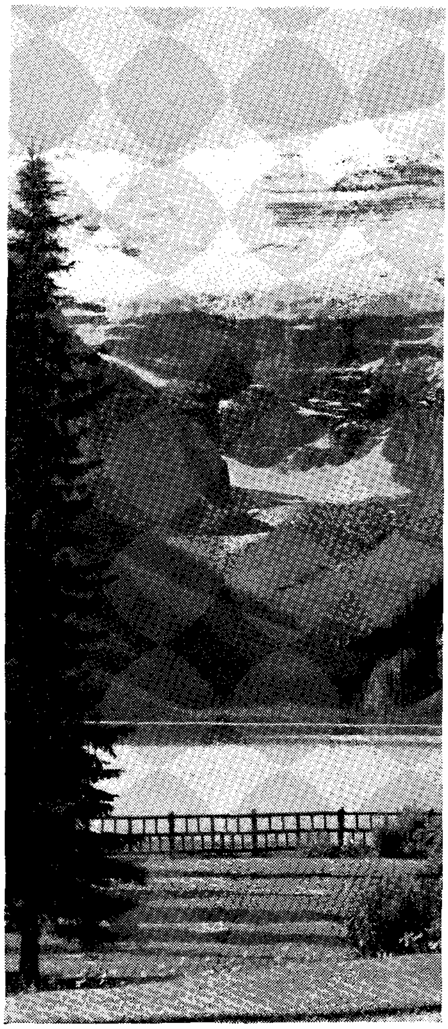

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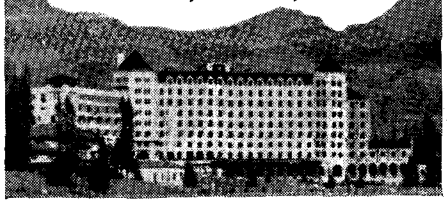

leave to go. Pylos saw him to the door. He put his hand on Choudhury's arm. "We'll have to see what can be done about your future," he said—his thoughts already turning towards Kabul.

When Choudhury had gone, Pylos sat down again. He wanted to forget what had just taken place but he could not face the contents of his In-tray, so he simply sat there for a while, feeling uneasy. It wasn't so much Choudhury's going to pieces that bothered him; it was what Choudhury had said. Not that Pylos understood a word of Urdu, of course. But he knew well enough when he heard the name of Sadie Graine.

ONCE in a great while, it happens that a scholarly book, a large, difficult and demanding book, a book not devoid of footnotes and statistics, will by its very erudition engage the public interest. It was so with Gibbon's first volume; it has happened more recently with the respective works of Professor Myrdal and Doctor Kinsey. And thus it was with the work of Ashmole-Brown.

The Organization had forgotten Ashmole-Brown. Five years earlier, Ashmole-Brown had been handed his final pay-check, an envelope containing his travel authorization and steamer-tickets, and a receipt for his relinquished *laissez-passer*. He had got into the Down elevator and gone out through the Organization's revolving doors, and there had been no reason to think of Ashmole-Brown ever again. Ashmole-Brown had been terminated. What, then, was Ashmole-Brown doing on the inside page of the morning newspaper, grinning broadly as he stepped ashore on the very pier from which he had been summarily dispatched? According to the legend beneath the photograph, he was arriving for the publication of his book, "Candle of Understanding," which had recently created a sensation in England.

The photograph was indistinct, the legend brief. But it was Ashmole-Brown all right. The same eyes beamed through (intact) spectacles, the same shaggy tweeds were furled around ungainly limbs. Those at the Organization who saw the photograph were subtly troubled by this breakdown in the natural order of things. It was as if an old film had been run through the projector in reverse, and Ashmole-Brown were seen descending instead of mounting the gangway of his outbound vessel.

A few days later, Pylos, glancing

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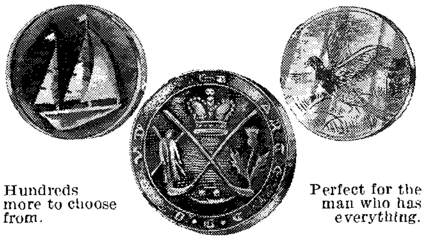

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through a picture-magazine, came upon the same photograph of Ashmole-Brown—this time, large, sharp, and glossy, and followed by several others. "Great to be back," Ashmole-Brown was quoted—somewhat improbably—as having said. The caption proceeded to explain that he had been to these shores before and that he had at one time worked for the Organization. In a brief interview on the facing page, Ashmole-Brown was reported as having, among other things, modestly brushed aside the assumption that he had resigned from the Organization in order to devote himself exclusively to the completion of his great work. "Resigned? Not a bit of it," he had exclaimed (with, so it was recounted, a genial guffaw). "Dismissed, more like it. Turfed out. Jolly well turfed out." No particular importance was attached to this revelation, and the sequence of photographs went on to depict a series of genial guffaws.

During the weeks that followed, Pylos saw much of Ashmole-Brown. His guffaw, along with innumerable copies of his immense and expensive book, was to be seen in bookshop windows, in railway carriages and on coffee-tables. "Candle of Understanding" was advertised, lyrically and at length, in newspapers which also reviewed it with no less lyricism and no greater brevity. It was praised by specialists and laymen alike. One learned that Ashmole-Brown was lecturing to various august assemblies, and that he would discuss his book late at night on a television program called "Last Gasp." Finally, Pylos came home one evening to find the book in his own living-room. The next day he took it with him to the office.

There he placed the book before him on his desk and examined its black-and-white jacket. "A Study in Technology and Humanism" was printed below the title. From the front flap Pylos learned that Ashmole-Brown had spent eight years compiling this examination of what was called "the diverse traditions, merging present, and common destiny of men." Ashmole-Brown, so the paragraph said, had concerned himself with the historical and current effects of technical change on indigenous cultures; had based himself on the ingenious concept that something could be learned from the chronicle of human experience. There followed a brief summary of the author's background, with a mention of his four years at the Organization. Ashmole-Brown was married, had a grown daughter, and cultivated his garden near Colchester. Pylos

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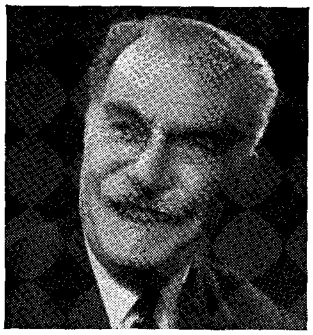

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turned the preliminary pages and began Chapter I.

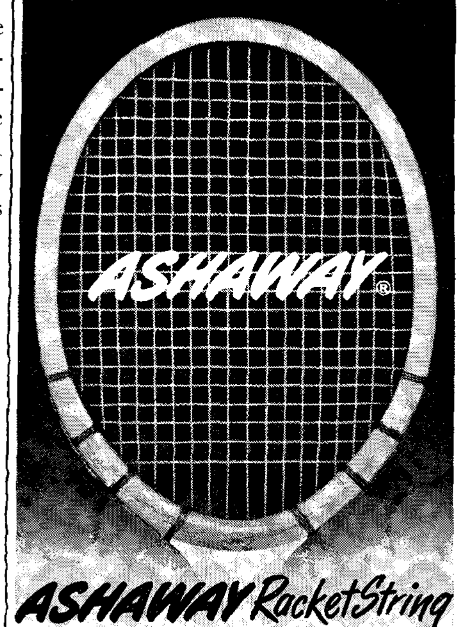
Half an hour later he closed the book and laid his hand upon it. Between his fingers, the jacket interjected "Literate" and "Illuminating." He could not deny it. Ashmole-Brown had obviously written an extraordinary book. Here were the contradictions that Pylos had failed to confront during his years with the less technically oriented. Here—but presented with what sympathy, what grace, what good will, and yet with what authority—were just such insights as Pylos would have wished to have; just such solutions as he would have wished to propose. It was undeniable: the book was masterly.

There was something grotesque, even terrifying, about the idea that Ashmole-Brown's work had all this while been accreting, like an iceberg, for the good ship Pylos to founder upon. Pylos groaned, and opened the back flap of the jacket.

From this he learned that Ashmole-Brown had taken his title from the Apocrypha. Well, why not? Was not Ashmole-Brown himself out of the Apocrypha, in a manner of speaking? But why the devil had the man not said his work was this important? "Sound," he had said; Pylos could just see him saying it: "I should call it sound." Did he not realize that no one talked like that these days? One did not minimize one's achievements—in fact, such diffidence was open to damaging psychological interpretations. It wasn't done. And yet—Ashmole-Brown was exactly the type who would do it, and Pylos felt he should have known. Damn the man, had he not even written some pamphlet—now it all came back to Pylos—yes, a pamphlet on the abuse of the superlative? (This work appeared in paperback shortly afterwards and, advertised as "Early Ashmole-Brown," sold extensively.) Pylos groaned again, and turned the book over on its face. From the back cover, Ashmole-Brown's round face looked up at him, creased for a mild guffaw.

PYLOS was a man who could recognize his own defects. He could not, however, dwell on them. Tracing the Ashmole-Brown debacle back to its origins, he swiftly recalled that he had been new to the Organization at the time, and that Ashmole-Brown had been virtually unknown to him. Soon he was reproaching himself with nothing more than having relied too heavily on the judgment of others. And these

GOOD PLAY!



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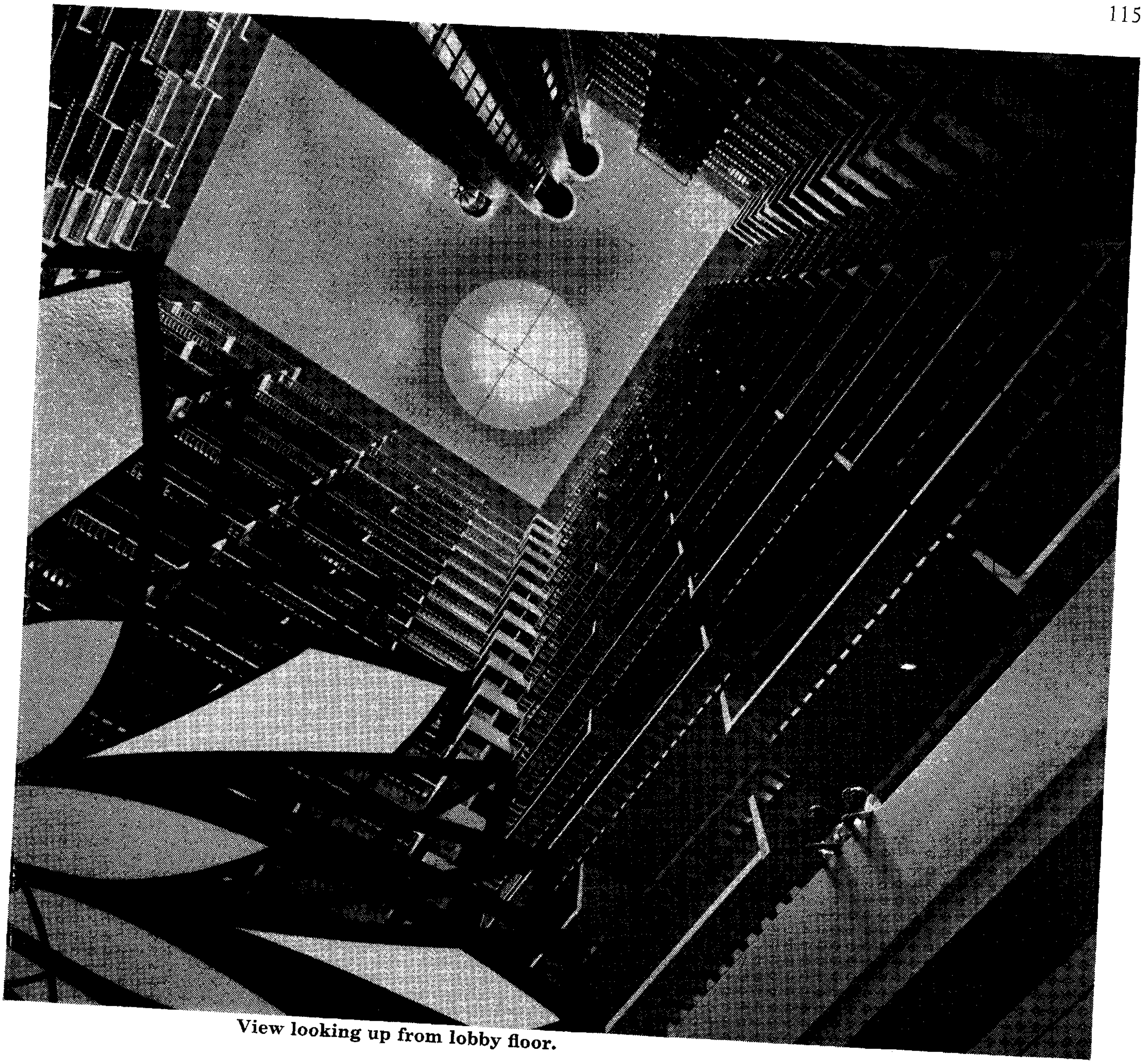

View looking up from lobby floor.

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MINDING OUR OWN BUSINESS
BACKSTAGE AT BUSINESS WEEK

Getting Oriented.

From now on, BUSINESS WEEK will be getting first-hand business information from Southeast Asia, Indonesia, Vietnam, and all points oriental. The Hong Kong News Bureau, the *twelfth* overseas news bureau serving BW readers, opened its doors early in 1967. Staffed with top people, it's going to be one of the most reliable sources of business-oriented news in that often-inscrutable part of the world.

As you might gather, BUSINESS WEEK is dedicated to the idea that business news has to be *world* news. We're convinced that problems abroad affect profits at home. That's why we'll go from here to China to bring back the facts we think American management has to know. But don't worry. We're not neglecting the home front. BUSINESS WEEK still maintains 17 full-time news bureaus in the U.S. and Canada, and correspondents in 33 other cities.

We admit we're fascinated by the idea of a Hong Kong bureau, but we haven't gotten carried away. We're still just plain folks on West 42nd Street. If you don't believe it, come up and ring our gong.

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others were quickly fused into a single figure.

Miss Graine, seeing Ashmole-Brown's book on Pylos' desk, had experienced a feeling of dread. It was not simply the existence of the book; it was the fact of Pylos' having left it there, in flagrant violation of their mutual security pact. The sensation that her power was passing communicated itself, mysteriously, from Miss Graine to her colleagues. Exhibiting a new sense of impunity, several people drew her attention to articles on Ashmole-Brown, ingenuously asking if she remembered him. One morning she found a magazine on her desk, opened to a large heading: "Are You an Ashmole-Brown Enthusiast?"

The Ashmole-Brown development was in fact causing unrest throughout DALTO. The sooner his candle of understanding guttered out, the better it would be all round, and especially for Pylos. But Ashmole-Brown's success gave no sign of flagging. The fact that no official recognition had been forthcoming for this exceptional case was encouraging a sense of injustice in all—where a juster system would have imposed proportionate expectations. The staff, though naturally enjoying the discomfiture of authority, felt that the joke was somehow on them. Some token acknowledgment of their dissatisfaction was called for.

It happened that Miss Graine, passing by the Organization bar one day on her way back from lunch, glimpsed Mr. Pylos in earnest conversation with one of his friends—another Greek, named Apostolides, who had recently become head of the section dealing with staff mission assignments. Now, there were a hundred official matters that Pylos might have earnestly discussed with Apostolides, and there was no reason Miss Graine should have been alarmed by the sight of the two together. It is true, nevertheless, that all the way back to her office she was haunted by a quotation that she could neither place nor complete: "When Greek meets Greek," she repeated to herself, and wondered what came next. If she had ever known, she could not remember. But she felt sure it was nothing good.

WHEN Sadie Graine was assigned to Central America, she appealed the decision. She contested it on the grounds that she did not speak the language—a not unreasonable objection but one which had not operated on behalf of those still laboring in localities like Kabul. Her objection was over-

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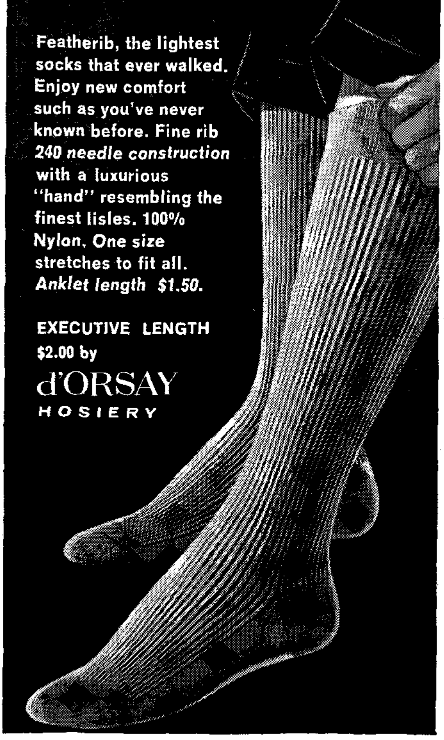

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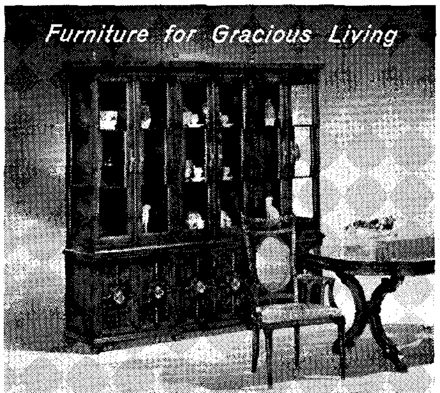

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ridden and her assignment confirmed for a period of two years, with possibility of extension.

It will be thought that Miss Sadie Graine got what she asked for. But who, surveying the course of his own life, can honestly say that he has not asked for something he yet hoped not to get?

It only remained to choose a farewell present for Miss Graine and give her a departmental party. Pylos, when asked for his advice regarding the gift, suggested a suitcase. This idea was proposed to the subscribing staff members, and met with such enthusiastic response that a set of Spanish-language records was bought with the money left over.

There had been many farewell parties in DALTO since its inception, but none so well attended as the one given for Miss Graine. It was held at the end of the day, in a private room adjoining the Disarmament Council lounge. Drinks were served, with nuts and potato chips, and the merriment seemed at times almost saturnalian. When gaiety began to verge on rowdiness, Choudhury—who was looking particularly fit—called for silence, and Pylos made a short speech. It was a speech similar to many he had given before, expressing fervent appreciation for Miss Graine's services, profound regret at her departure, and great pride that she had been selected for this difficult mission. He dwelt, with some office pleasantries, upon his own self-sacrifice, depicting himself as a man willing to renounce his own well-being for the greater good; Mr. Pylos, in effect, had loved not Caesar less, but Rome more. The response to his jokes was overwhelming, the ultimate applause deafening. The suitcase, and a box of records labelled "Never Too Late to Learn," were brought forward. So was Miss Sadie Graine. Pylos made the presentation, calling her Sadie for the first time.

He had intended to kiss her on both cheeks, but could only rise to one when the moment came.

—SHIRLEY HAZZARD

•

STATE WINNER—Mrs. Virgil Kruse of the North Shore Chapter of the DAR presents a medal to Leslie Todd, who was named first place eighth grade state winner in the American history month essay contest sponsored by the DAR. Leslie, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William T. Todd of Bannockburn, wrote her essay on the Chicago Water Tower.—*Photograph caption in the Deerfield (Ill.) Review.*

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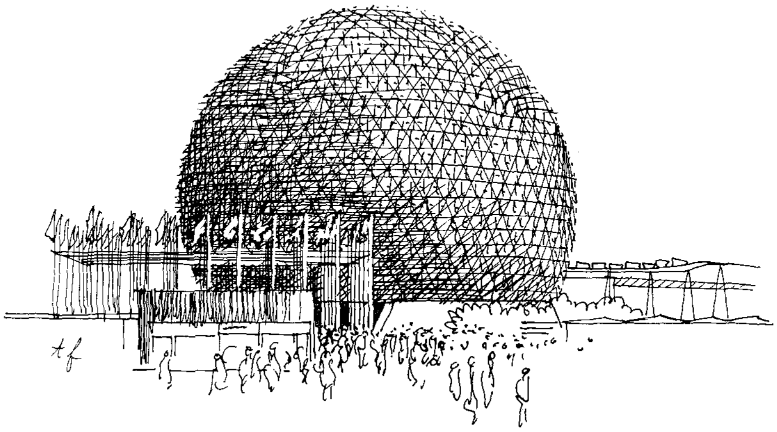

THE Greatest Show on Earth was reduced to selling twofers in Montreal during a stand that ended a few days ago. The Ringling Circus played out-of-doors, and ran into bad weather. Moreover, it had tough competition. It was only a sideshow to what most Canadians currently regard, with dazed delight, as the greatest show on earth. This, of course, is Expo 67, formally known as the Universal and International Exhibition of 1967. Expo 67 opened on April 28th and, by special dispensation of the International Bureau of Exhibitions, will close on October 29th, thus running two days over the precise six-month limit prescribed for fairs under the aegis of the normally unbending I.B.E. Expo is the first "first-category" show authorized by that organization ever to play the Western Hemisphere, and it is well worth taking in, assuming that one can get in. It is a colorful, predominantly tasteful, eye-glazing, ear-splitting fair—instructive, attractive, and agreeable. I can dreamily recall being stuck once on a parachute ride at the 1939-40 New York World's Fair, dangling helplessly on high with a pretty girl at my side and not caring a hang if I had to stay there forever. Expo has its minor flaws, but now and then, while wandering around its spacious premises, I felt that I could contentedly have stayed there for a long, long spell, even though I was alone and had both feet on the ground.

Canada chose 1967 for its fair because this year marks the centennial anniversary of its becoming a Dominion. Some Montrealers are not terribly impressed by the fuss that other Canadians have been making over the hundredth birthday, inasmuch as the city is concurrently celebrating its own three hundred and twenty-fifth. But the Montrealers are happy nonetheless with their fair—in their slightly narcissistic view, the fairest fair of them all. Like most Canadians, they are generally diffident about their relationship with the outside world. Expo constitutes their first major self-exposure to much of that world, and it makes them feel good that nearly everybody says they look so good. Expo has already inspired a sheaf of neologisms, most of them expository. There are, for instance, "Expovox"—the fair's own telephone network—and "Expocom," another communications network in this highly automated and computerized exposition. "Logexpo" is an agency that arranges accommodations—which, though still available here and there, are scarce and getting scarcer. "Expopulation" is the heading under which one Montreal paper keeps its readers posted on the fair's daily and cumulative attendance figures. "I'm going Expocrazy," a hard-pressed cotton-candy-and-candied-apple vender said to me one afternoon, and since I'd been around for five days, the word sounded perfectly ordinary. By now, much of Montreal is Expocrazy. "We're not blasé, like New Yorkers," one Canadian acquaintance told me. "We're still small-town enough to be nuts about Expo, like a little hick town in Iowa." Many Montrealers are planning to devote their annual holidays to Expo, and some of the fair's employees have been going out there on their days off—if they're lucky enough to have days off.

The last such I.B.E.-approved fair, Expo 58, in Brussels, attracted forty-two million visitors. The New York fair of 1964 and 1965, which in the end practically nobody approved except Robert Moses—although it wasn't really all that bad—drew close to fifty-two million in two sessions. Before Expo 67 opened, its organizers forecast a total attendance of thirty-five million. Sixty million is the latest prediction, and if this fair ultimately flops, its failure will be paradoxical, because it will have resulted from the event's having been too successful for people comfortably to enjoy it. One of many things I learned at Canada's own enormous national pavilion—it cost twenty-one million dollars, and is Expo's most expensive building—was that the host country has a third of all the fresh water on earth. Even though I visited the fair before Canadian and American schools had let out for the summer, it seemed at times as if Canada—specifically Expo itself—had suddenly attracted about a third of all the people on earth, and perhaps half the fresh children.

Expo 67 is a triumph for Montreal, and particularly for its energetic and optimistic mayor, Jean Drapeau, whose job entitles him to be called His Worship. Many of his constituents have lately tendered him much of that. Mayor Drapeau had said from the start that the attendance at Expo would be way above thirty-five million, but most of his associates were more guarded. Canada had engaged three research firms to estimate Expopulation, and after analyzing the Brussels, Seattle, and New York events and taking into consideration population densities, weather conditions, and other pertinent factors, they had fed their findings into a computer and come up with a figure of just thirty-five million. (By coincidence, as I learned at one Expo exhibit, almost exactly that number of human beings will be born on earth during the fair's brief lifetime.) Today, among Expo attendance forecasters, Mayor Drapeau is In and computers are Out. "Maybe sometimes a computer isn't as good as plain peasant reasoning," a fair official told me. (One should not exclude the possibility that public predictions were deliberately kept low so that they could be gloriously exceeded.) Under the Mayor's leadership, Montreal itself, long a citadel of architectural restraint, has in the past several years undergone a remarkable transformation, with sleek new skyscrapers and broad new plazas and, to thwart the biting local winters, underground shopping arcades. This superimposition of the modern on the traditional gives Montreal something of the appearance of a mature woman who has put on a miniskirt but can get away with it because she has nice legs. A feature of the municipal renaissance is the

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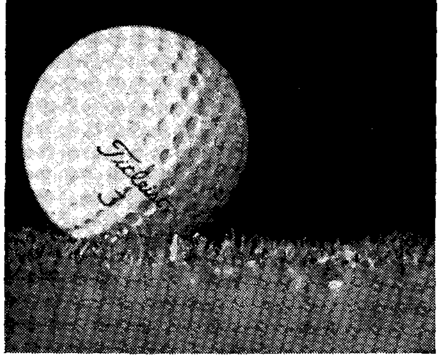

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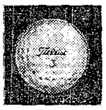

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ACUSHNET GOLF BALLS

centrally located Place des Arts, the city's counterpart of Lincoln Center, with a concert hall and two adjacent theatres. All three will be filled these next few months with the musical and dramatic presentations of what is known as the World Festival. These productions are so abundant and potentially so rewarding that the music critic for one Montreal daily was told last spring not to expect a single day off during Expo. In one two-week stretch in October, for instance, the Festival will be putting on three stage productions by the British national-theatre company, three by the Greek national-theatre company, and two by the Stratford, Ontario, Shakespeare company. Crowds commuting between the main Expo site and the Place des Arts can avail themselves of two stations of Montreal's celebrated new Métro, a rubber-tired subway system that is short on mileage but long on comfort.

Montreal, like most of Quebec, is a bilingual city, and Expo is a bilingual fair. Signs, brochures, and menus are scrupulously rendered in English and French, and the Soviet Union has emblazoned the façade of its ponderous pavilion with both "U.S.S.R." and "U.R.S.S." (Painstaking does not always pay. As I watched two American schoolboys examine the front of the Russian building, I heard one say to the other, "Somebody switched the letters.") Because the French-English relationship is politically touchy, the Expo staff represents a careful balance of both Canadian peoples. The man at the very top is the Commissioner-General, Pierre Dupuy, a rotund, suave, gray-mustached native Montrealer of seventy-one. He seems an ideal principal. He is dean of the Canadian Diplomatic Corps, with forty-two years of government service behind him, and he spent eleven years, while stationed in Paris, as Canada's delegate to the International Bureau of Exhibitions. As a recruiter, he served Expo notably. Starting in the fall of 1963, he travelled two million miles on Expo's behalf and visited a hundred and twenty-five states, inviting each to participate. He got more than sixty acceptances—a praiseworthy performance for a travelling salesman in any line. He called on ninety heads of state during his missionary rounds, but could not, he says, obtain an audience with Robert Moses, from whose experiences in New York he had hoped to derive enlightenment and edification. (Nobody knows whether Mr. Moses has any plans to take in Expo. "Needless to say, if he wishes to come he'll be wel-

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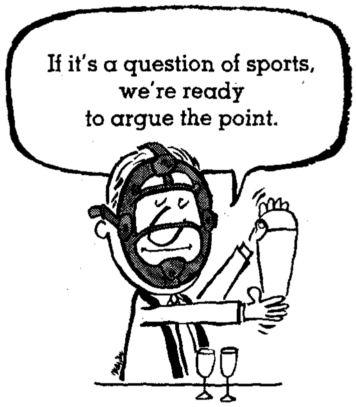
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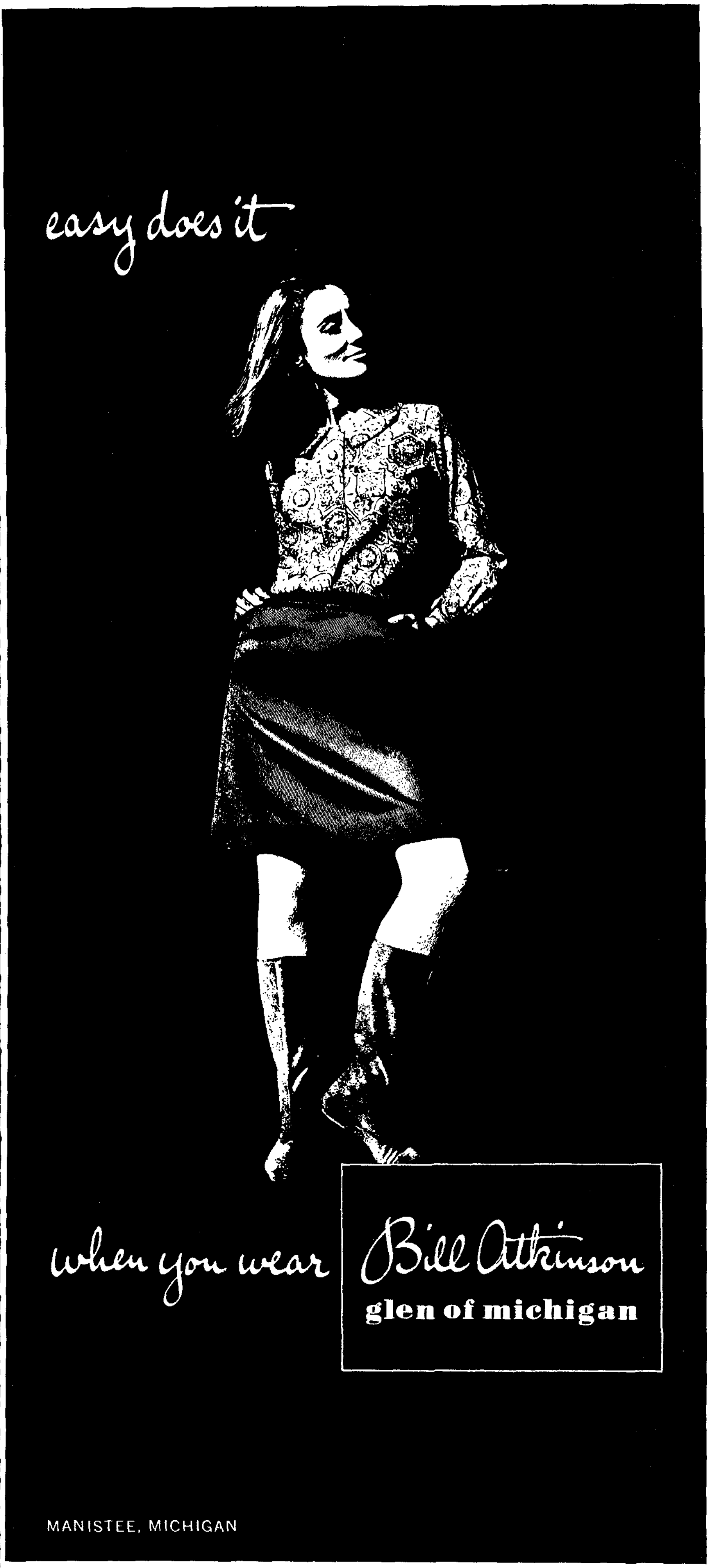
AAA EMMONS WALKER "Luxury in the Rough"

come," says M. Dupuy, ever the diplomat.) The sixty-three participating countries will each have a national day at Expo, and Montreal has already become accustomed to a steady parade of emperors, queens, presidents, and other lofty personages. M. Dupuy has to greet each of them, and it is a good thing for Expo that he feels at ease in striped pants, because these days he hardly ever gets to wear any other kind. The Commissioner-General, like Mayor Drapeau, is sanguine about Expo's over-all prospects. M. Dupuy even thinks Expo might—depending on what system of bookkeeping is used—end up in the black, which would be unorthodox for an international fair. "If we merely break even," he says, "those people in Toronto and all the other Cassandras who predicted our doom will never get over it."

THE fair covers a thousand acres and is divided by the St. Lawrence River into three parts. One is an extension of a Montreal pier; this expanded waterfront peninsula is now called the Cité du Havre. Then, linked by bridges and the subway to the mainland, there are two islands. The closest to the Cité du Havre is Sainte-Hélène, which had existed prior to Expo but has been enlarged. The other island, Notre Dame—upon which most of the buildings, including Canada's own massive group, are situated—is brand-new and man-made. Much of its soil consists of fill that was excavated when the subway was constructed. Notre Dame seems quite firm underfoot. So does the new portion of Sainte-Hélène, on which has been emplaced Expo's amusement section, called La Ronde. Attendance hours at the fair's one hundred pavilions are from ten in the morning to nine-thirty at night. Most of the restaurants stay open till eleven or eleven-thirty. At La Ronde, the restaurants, cabarets, rides, and other diversions keep going until two-thirty in the morning, and would probably command some round-the-clock patronage if the area didn't have to be tidied up daily. La Ronde is the outermost stop on a free, air-conditioned, electronically operated railroad called the Expo Express, which starts off at the main entrance gate, on the Cité du Havre. Expo offers the lame and the lazy all sorts of transport. On both Sainte-Hélène and Notre Dame, there are monorail trains called Minirails. There are trackless trailer trains and pedicabs galore, helicopters, and all kinds of boats, from gondolas to Hovercraft. Most people who go to any



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fair, though, cover most of it on foot. In recognition of that, and of its likely consequences, Expo is thoughtfully dotted with benches, and, in scattered areas called Expo Services, there are vibrating machines on which, for a dime, one can stand and get a sixty-second leg massage. (Expo also has two "heel bars" for women whose shoes disintegrate, but as of a week ago they'd each been averaging only forty repair jobs a day. The proprietor of one of them told me that he expected business would pick up when it got warmer and women began to totter.) At a fair as popular as Expo, walking and waiting alternate as inevitably as they do in the Army. Even on cold and rainy days, there have been long lines outside the more popular pavilions. The World Festival people have endeavored to make these delays less irritating by dispatching bands, troubadours, and other small groups of entertainers (ice-skaters, for instance, on a jeep-towed mobile rink) to congested spots. There are often lines at the restaurants, too. When Expo opened, its dining establishments could, all together, seat twenty-five thousand customers at a clip. Assuming an hourly turnover for each place at each table over a fourteen-hour day, that would add up to merely three hundred and fifty thousand servings, and Expo is now bracing itself for peak-day summer crowds of a million or so. In the last couple of weeks, the fair officials have embarked on a crash program to throw together some sort of supplementary eating facilities. To date, even the most expensive restaurants have been hard to get into—without reservations, very hard indeed. The early-season favorites are in the Belgian, Czechoslovakian, French, Italian, Russian, Scandinavian, and Swiss Pavilions. (The United States Pavilion doesn't have a restaurant.) But no one is likely to starve at the fair. There are snack bars scattered around, with varied offerings. One day, despairing of getting a sit-down meal, I found myself eating crêpes Suzette au Grand Marnier off a paper plate while standing up in the rain. The Expo officials are so concerned about everyone's getting enough to eat—or, anyway, *something* to eat—that, however their concessionaires may view the matter, they've been encouraging visitors to bring their own picnic lunches. To direct empty stomachs to the least crowded kitchens and generally spread the crowds evenly around the site (as well as to inform parents of the discovery of lost children, who have been straying at the rate of a hundred and thirty a day),

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John C. Bruno

the fair uses six electronic signboards. A typical message is "Lots of room and no waiting line at the British Pavilion. Why not go there now!!!!" Such advice seems very sound, provided the reader of the signboard does not happen to be a mile away and limping.

The I.B.E. requires participating nations to demolish or remove their structures within six months of the termination date of a fair, unless the host government wants to take them over. The Soviet Pavilion is slated to be dismantled and reassembled in Moscow, but many of the others will probably just disappear, and Montrealers, with less than a third of Expo's life behind it, are already beginning to lament their loss. Some of the structures were destined from the start to be permanent—among them the art gallery, on the Cité du Havre, which houses a superb exhibition of two hundred works that have been culled from museums and private collections the world over, and that are displayed neither chronologically nor geographically but according to arbitrary and somewhat high-sounding categories. Expo 67's theme is "Man and His World," and the arrangers of the art exhibition have grouped their offerings under complementary subthemes: "Man and the Infinite," "Man at Work and Play," "Man the Visionary," and so on. There is a certain fetching novelty at finding—under "Man the Visionary," I think it was—a Turkish prayer rug, a Mayan maize god, a Thai Buddha, a Rouault, and a Jackson Pollock grouped together. Categories aside, the items on view, individually and collectively, are an eyeful. Another permanent building, on the mainland, is Habitat 67, the much touted residential complex designed by the Israeli-born Canadian Moshe Safdie. Many of the architects represented at Expo have gone in for simple geometrical shapes, or combinations of shapes—Buckminster Fuller's United States sphere, the inverted pyramid that surmounts Canada's main building, the three cubes that represent Venezuela, the heaped-up slabs used by Japan and several others. Habitat, an elongated cluster of precast and prefabricated concrete cubes, is not all solid geometry. Inside this ingeniously contrived jumble of boxes, there are airy open spaces and skylights, and diagonal ramps that connect some of the levels and break the monotony of the cubistic framework. Most Habitat units range in size from one- to four-bedroom apartments, with roofs that serve as terraces for others, and on these there are built-in watering systems and

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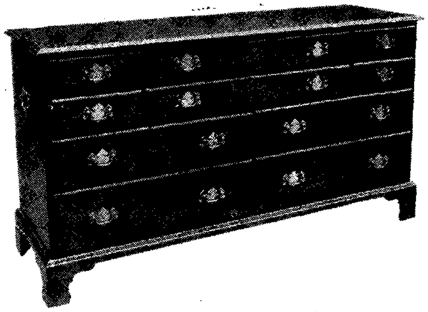

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fertilizer dispensers. The terraces have been slow, though, in coming to bloom. By day, accordingly, Habitat looks fairly drab and colorless. After dark, it is something else again, as, indeed, is most of Expo. At night, the gray United States Pavilion glows, and the gray concrete slabs of Japan are rosily illuminated. Habitat, too, when the lights come on in the eighty-nine of its hundred and fifty-eight units that were ready for occupancy at last count, looks cozily inhabited.

Expo is very thematic. Among the themes to which various exhibitions are devoted are "Man the Creator" (the art gallery comes in here, along with an outdoor sculpture show), "Man the Provider" (vegetables, chickens, and an Ayrshire cow that has shattered all Canadian milk-producing records), and "Man the Explorer" (planets, polar regions, and bathyspheres). The Man in the Community Pavilion has one engaging piece of sculpture that seems just right for Man in the Expo Community: three oversize sardine cans containing human heads. Expo officials tend to be rather solemn about their theme pavilions, some of which could do with a little more levity. Man is, after all, often antic in his world. (The producers of graffiti may in time make up some of the deficiency; on the back of a panel truck that carts soft drinks around the fairgrounds I saw inscribed, "*L'Homme et Sa Soif*.") "Man and His Moving-Picture World" might have been a more accurate descriptive theme for the entire fair. Surely never before have so many television and motion-picture screens been assembled in such overwhelming concentration. The fair's operations center—called, oddly, its War Room—relies heavily on closed-circuit television, and ordinary visitors have at their beck a two-way television setup, called Expovision, that enables them to talk with and gape at ever-smiling young women in a distant spot, who answer their questions or, as circumstances may dictate, merely pass the time of day. One of the big theme pavilions, Man the Producer, has a simulated automated assembly line inside it; fittingly, the products that come off the line are movie cameras and portable TV sets. In the building of Canadian National, the government-owned railroad and communications company, is shown an enchanting movie entitled "Motion Motion Motion." The theme of "Motion Motion Motion" is that not being able to move is frustrating, which is bound to strike a sympathetic chord with visitors who have stood in line for an hour

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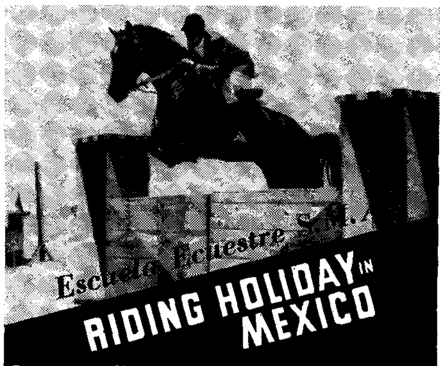
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to see it. Three images are projected on a single screen, which, by Expo standards, is a modest undertaking. Multiple screens abound. Using six of them simultaneously, the pavilion of Canadian Pacific and Cominco, the Canadian transportation and mining companies, shows a pleasant film called "We Are Young!" (It was produced by Francis Thompson and Alexander Hammid, the men responsible for the movie hit of the Moses fair—the Johnson's Wax show "To Be Alive!," which, for the benefit of those who missed it in New York, has been revived in the United Nations Pavilion.) Practically every movie at Expo, for some inexplicable reason, includes some footage on a newborn baby, some on molten steel, and some on teen-agers. The principal motion-picture fare in Canada's main pavilion involves the use of a mere five projection areas, using multiple screens, but the seats move around inside the building, which gives the guides the rare opportunity to intone, "Please remain seated until the theatre has come to a complete stop." There are so many motion, motion, motion pictures, pictures, pictures at Expo that one woman, after three days on the scene, said to a companion, "I don't care what we do next as long as we go to a picture that's standing still." Her friend led her to the art gallery.

The audiences stand up to get a goggle-eyed glimpse of the movie divertisement provided at a theme pavilion called Labyrinth. This is a tall, slim, windowless structure whose main chamber has a huge vertical screen for one wall and an equally large horizontal screen for the floor. The spectators, arranged on balconies, watch pictures projected simultaneously in front of them and below them, and are subjected, according to Expo's official guidebook, to sensations so scary "that some will want to grip the handrail." I gripped, but the sensations are well worth the scariness. (In the Man and His Health Pavilion, there are a number of scary films, including one on open-heart surgery. Every day, twenty or so people who thought they were healthy enough when they entered the pavilion faint before they get out of it.) The audiences also stand at another big movie, "Une Production de Walt Disney," put on by the Telephone Association of Canada. At this one, the spectators are completely surrounded by a screen two hundred and seventy-three feet in circumference and twenty-three feet high. It is quite an experience to have the Royal Ca-

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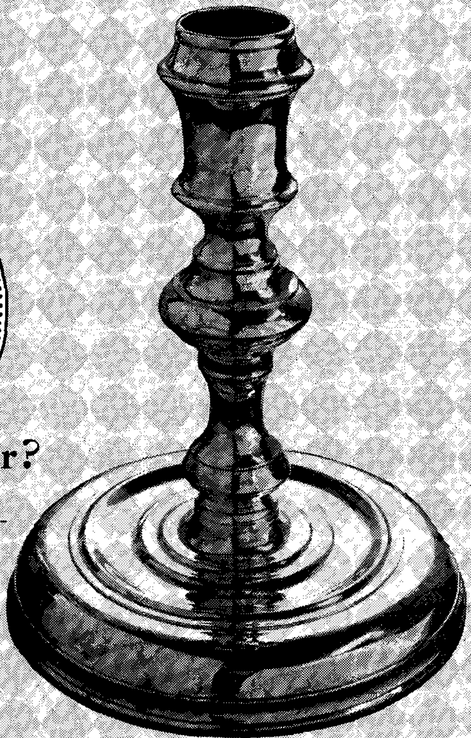

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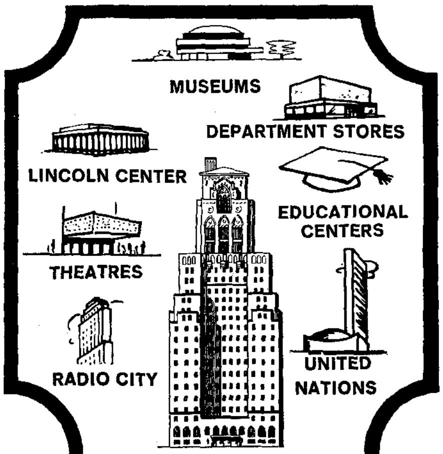

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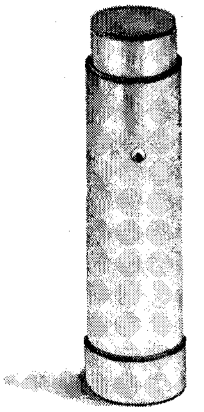
nadian Mounted Police, in full color and much larger than life, galloping around one's head. An attraction of the United States Pavilion is a color film about children's games, "A Time to Play," which is shown—in a conventional theatre, with seats—on three screens at once. Elsewhere inside its sphere, the United States offers small screens on which are projected nostalgic snippets of old films—John Gilbert making love to Greta Garbo, Humphrey Bogart resisting Lauren Bacall, Dick Powell crooning in an undulating sea of bathing beauties. France and the Soviet Union have screens scattered throughout their pavilions. Great Britain projects pictures on rocks. Czechoslovakia projects them on revolving globes, and it also has a dazzling pictorial exhibit called a Diapolyecran, involving the projection of fifteen thousand slides on a hundred and twelve two-foot cubes in twelve minutes.

Czechoslovakia, in fact, has *everything*. At Brussels, in 1958, it walked off with first prizes for its building, its restaurant, and its cultural program. Montreal isn't offering any prizes, but if there were any it would be hard to see how Czechoslovakia could fail to win most of them. It has three first-rate restaurants, a breathtaking series of exhibits (the things these Czechs can do with glass!), and the best motion-picture attraction of them all. In Brussels nine years ago, Czechoslovakia unveiled a combination of movies and live acting called Laterna Magika, and this inventive show is visible at Expo, out in the amusement area, where it is La Ronde's most beguiling attraction. On Notre Dame, in the Czech Pavilion, is an evolutionary but much more sophisticated offshoot of Laterna Magika, called Kinoautomat. Once again the Czechs have combined stage and screen, but in an arresting new fashion. Kinoautomat is shown in a small theatre, with only a hundred and twenty-seven seats. On the arm of each seat are two buttons. Periodically during the entertainment, the action stops and the audience is invited to make a majority decision, by pressing the appropriate button, on how the plot should proceed from that point. (English is the only language used, in the sound track and on the stage; to have made Kinoautomat bilingual would have been a herculean task even for the Czechs.) There are two productions, one for children and one for adults—the latter a brilliant show roguishly entitled "One Man and His World." Here, the audience weighs and



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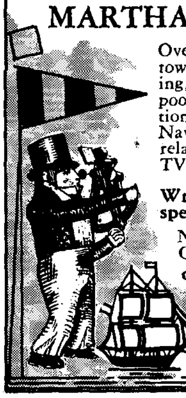

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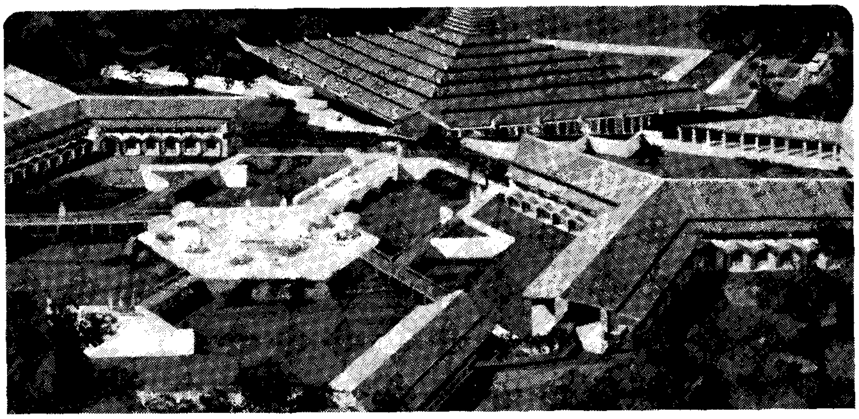
resolves one weighty question after another: Should the hero let his woman neighbor, locked out of her apartment stark naked (well, there's a towel), into his apartment when he knows his wife will turn up at any moment, or leave the poor bare trembling blonde out in the hall? Should the hero, later on, trying desperately to catch his outraged wife and explain to her how a naked woman got into their apartment, run through a police blockade, or respect the law at the risk of destroying his marriage? And so on and on. Kinoautomat, which has never been shown before—not even in Czechoslovakia—was thought up by Radůz Činčera, an imaginative forty-four-year-old documentary-film producer in Prague, and the Czechs ought to make him a national monument. The star of the show is Miroslav Horníček, a forty-nine-year-old actor, producer, and playwright who appears both on film and on the stage, and acquits himself beautifully in each medium. His achievement is all the more amazing in that he has never before performed in English, which "One Man and His World" describes as the language of Shakespeare and Ed Sullivan, and which Horníček handles far better than Sullivan. The only other live actor in the hilarious proceedings is Zuzana Neubauerova, a college girl who has never previously acted anywhere in any language. She was hired for Expo as a guide. If Kinoautomat is ultimately acclaimed as wildly in Prague as it has been in Montreal, she may end up having a theatre named after her.

THE exterior of the United States Pavilion, which dominates Sainte-Hélène's eccentric skyline, has been warmly praised. The interior—which is supposed to represent "The American Spirit" and is an insouciant mélange of newfangled space capsules and moon ships, and such oldfangled Americana as patchwork quilts, flytraps, cherry pickers, branding irons, duck decoys, Raggedy Ann dolls, rock singers' guitars, blowups of old movie stars, and absurd art—has been hotly damned, largely on the ground that for all its variety it is a skimpy exhibition of America's mighty achievements and capabilities. "Raggedy Ann *dolls!*" a guide employed there said to me. "I mean, I *ask* you." Canadians, curiously, have been more tolerant than visiting Americans toward the pavilion's contents. Many Americans seem to feel that the exhibition brands all of us a frivolous, inconsequential lot. Canadians, on the other hand, are close to the United States, already know about its



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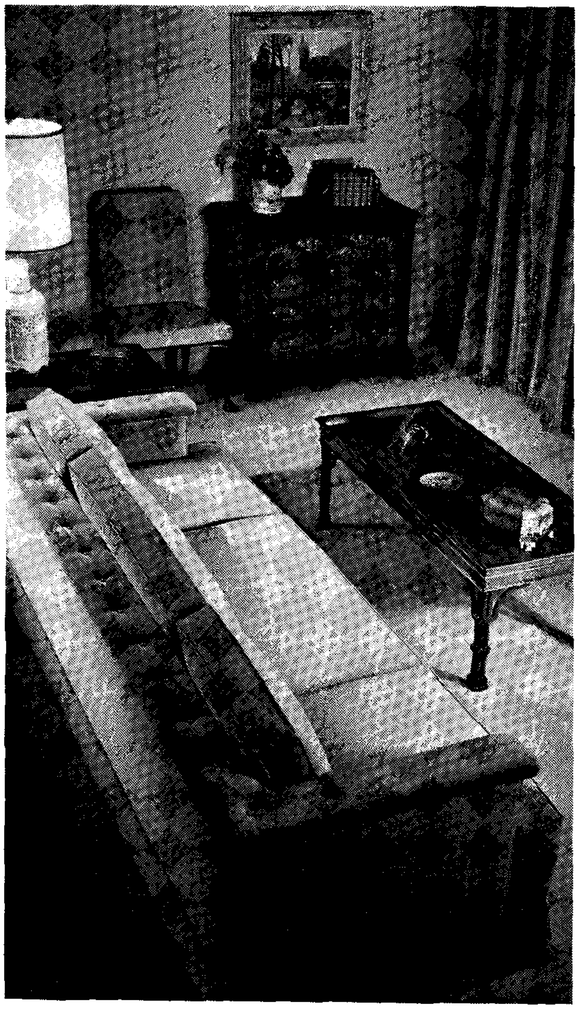

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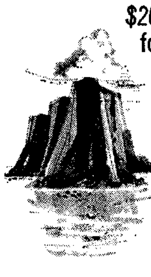

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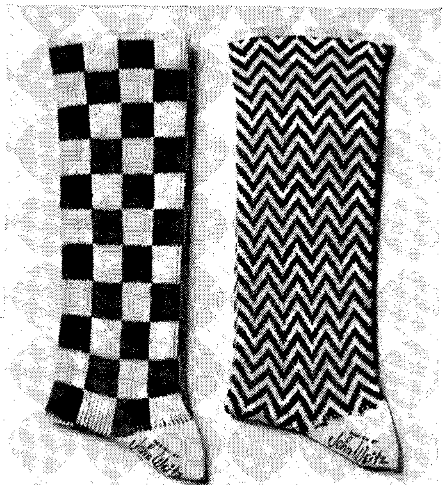
industrial and technological capacities, and are pleased at not having to be told all about them all over again. Actually, the American exhibition's preoccupation with Hollywood faces (Valentino, Gable, Dietrich, Harlow, and Sonny *Tufts!*) and Hollywood props (a chariot from "Ben Hur," a piano that accompanied Alice Faye in "Alexander's Ragtime Band") is in a sense apposite to Expo itself. The whole fair being a TV-and-movie carnival, with emphasis on the teen scene, what could be more suitable than to pay tribute to the bygone movie actors whom the young are now revering on television? (Charlie Chaplin might not consider it exactly a tribute that he, of all people, should appear larger than life-size in the United States Pavilion wearing an American Army uniform of First World War vintage and brandishing a rifle with a fixed bayonet.) The United States dome is twenty stories high, and, in keeping with this imposing dimension, the paintings that have been hung inside it—virtually all of them done within the last year by celebrated members of the Pop-Op coterie—are vertically oriented and extra large. Most of them are awful. One of the biggest, Robert Indiana's "The Cardinal Numbers," is fifty-three feet tall. It consists of the cardinal numbers, in majestic ascension—with "1" at the bottom and "0" at the top. That's all there is to it, and you can have it. Jim Dine is represented by something entitled "Wall Painting for Sylvia Guiray." *That* one, thirty-five feet in height, is composed of two streaks of not quite the same color and of the artist's lettered legend "These 2 panels have been painted with Sherwin-Williams Speed Print Sher-Will-Glo. The colors are brilliant cerise and flame pink." Sylvia Guiray can have it. The only worse art at Expo, possibly, is some of the representational stuff that the Russians have hung in their pavilion.

The United States and Soviet Pavilions are on different islands, but are quite close, being connected by a bridge called Cosmos Walk. (It was so named because Expo's organizers had hoped to have astronauts and cosmonauts meet in the middle of it as an opening-day stunt, but the idea didn't pan out.) Even if the two big countries weren't physically so near one another, comparisons between them would probably be inevitable. The Russians, sensing from the start that the public, however fetching it found Mr. Fuller's American dome, would consider the contents of their building the more arresting, have made the most of that by



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placing books around their premises in which visitors are asked to inscribe comments. Most of the scribbled critiques must have been, from a Soviet viewpoint, quite satisfying: "*Mieux qu'aux États-Unis,*" "Marvellous," "Incredible," "*Les Russes sont vraiment formidables,*" and "Sally Kurtz thinks your toys are cute. Sally Kurtz." One American woman quoted, in its entirety, Lincoln's "You can fool some of the people all of the time . . ." I couldn't decide whether she was on the Soviet or American side. For exhibits, the Russians have done pretty much what might have been expected of them. They have left no aspect of their creative and productive talents unilluminated. One learns that they can crack petroleum and create fertilizer and generate steam from coal—accomplishments that the United States has not bothered to lay claim to. One sees a giant scale model of the six-million-kilowatt Krasnoyarsk power station on the Yenisei River, in Siberia. The model alone looks as though it could adequately serve the State of Kansas. One cannot escape the conclusion—assuming there had been any doubt in one's mind to begin with—that the U.S.S.R. is a great industrial power. But an occasional visitor, presumably mindful that Expo's theme is "Man and His World," pauses to write something like "Impersonal" or "Why don't you tell us more about your people?"

If the Russian Pavilion, so far, has been generally appraised as superior to ours, one reason may be that many fairgoers seem, like the planners of the Soviet exhibits, to have a quantitative approach to Expo. Some of the visitors, indeed, appear to be more interested in acquiring evidence of where they've been than impressions of what they've seen. Expo has adroitly egged them on. Instead of admission tickets, it sells "passports," and at each pavilion these can be stamped with "visas." In Montreal, any American can fearlessly get a Cuban visa entered on his passport. The passport idea is credited to Philippe de Gaspé Beaubien, the operations director of Expo and, as such, at the moment perhaps its busiest and most harassed individual. His proposal was at first greeted with hoots of dismay, especially from the large pavilions that had to provide extra people or machines to stamp the passports. But the mock-round-the-world-trip idea proved to be an inspired one, because collecting visas has lured visitors to many of the small, out-of-the-way pavilions that they might otherwise have skipped, and has taken some of the pressure off the big,

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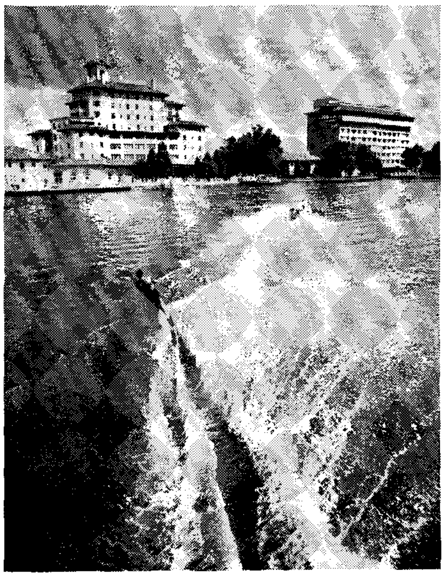

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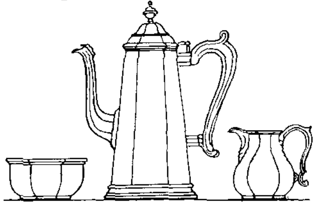

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popular ones. (The Trinidad-and-Tobago Pavilion is especially cherished by visa-grabbers; they can get their passports annotated there without even setting foot inside the place.) Visas are also obtainable at the non-national pavilions—those that three American states and the Canadian provinces have put up independently and those erected by such non-territorial participants as business corporations and religious faiths. In the latter category are the Christian and Judaism Pavilions. A teen-ager dashed into the Judaism Pavilion one afternoon and, after his passport had been stamped, looked up in puzzlement at the young woman who'd done the honors and said, "This is a new country, isn't it?" Some of the younger visitors have turned out to be so visa-conscious that they hardly seem to know where they've been or where they're going. "I've done Australia," I heard one girl say to another, showing her a brochure that the Austrian Pavilion had given her about the Tyrol. "What about Spain and Brazil? Let's get *them!*" cried her companion, and off they both dashed on what had to be a fruitless quest, since neither of those countries has a pavilion. Of the Spanish-speaking nations, only Venezuela, Cuba, and Mexico are on hand. Cuba's pavilion is the only one where the Vietnam war intrudes. (Israel and the Arab countries are on the same island, though quite some distance apart. The United Arab Republic is the only country in whose pavilion I noticed a display of rifles. Israel, along with a Dead Sea Scroll and the first three verses of the Hundred and Twenty-sixth Psalm, in twenty-six languages, shows a *picture* of a rifle, in a somewhat understated reminder of what happened to the Jews in Germany. The weapon, held by a Nazi, is being aimed at a Jewish boy who is about to be executed. Next to the picture, a pair of scuffed boys' shoes stands mutely on a pedestal.) Cuba exhibits a lot of harsh newspaper headlines with stress on words like "AGGRESSION" and "ATOMIC BLACKMAIL," and there are pictures of Vietcong soldiers in chains, not to mention several of Fidel Castro at liberty. The United States gets slapped around pretty hard in that pavilion, and maybe the best thing for an American to do after inspecting it is to step into an adjacent Cuban bar, designed in the style of all those bars Americans rubbed elbows at in Havana when it was on the authorized tourist run, and have a first-rate Cuban rum drink.

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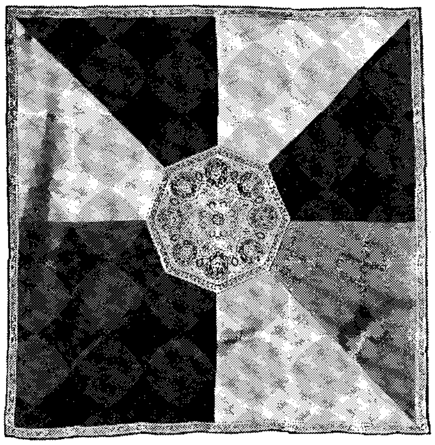

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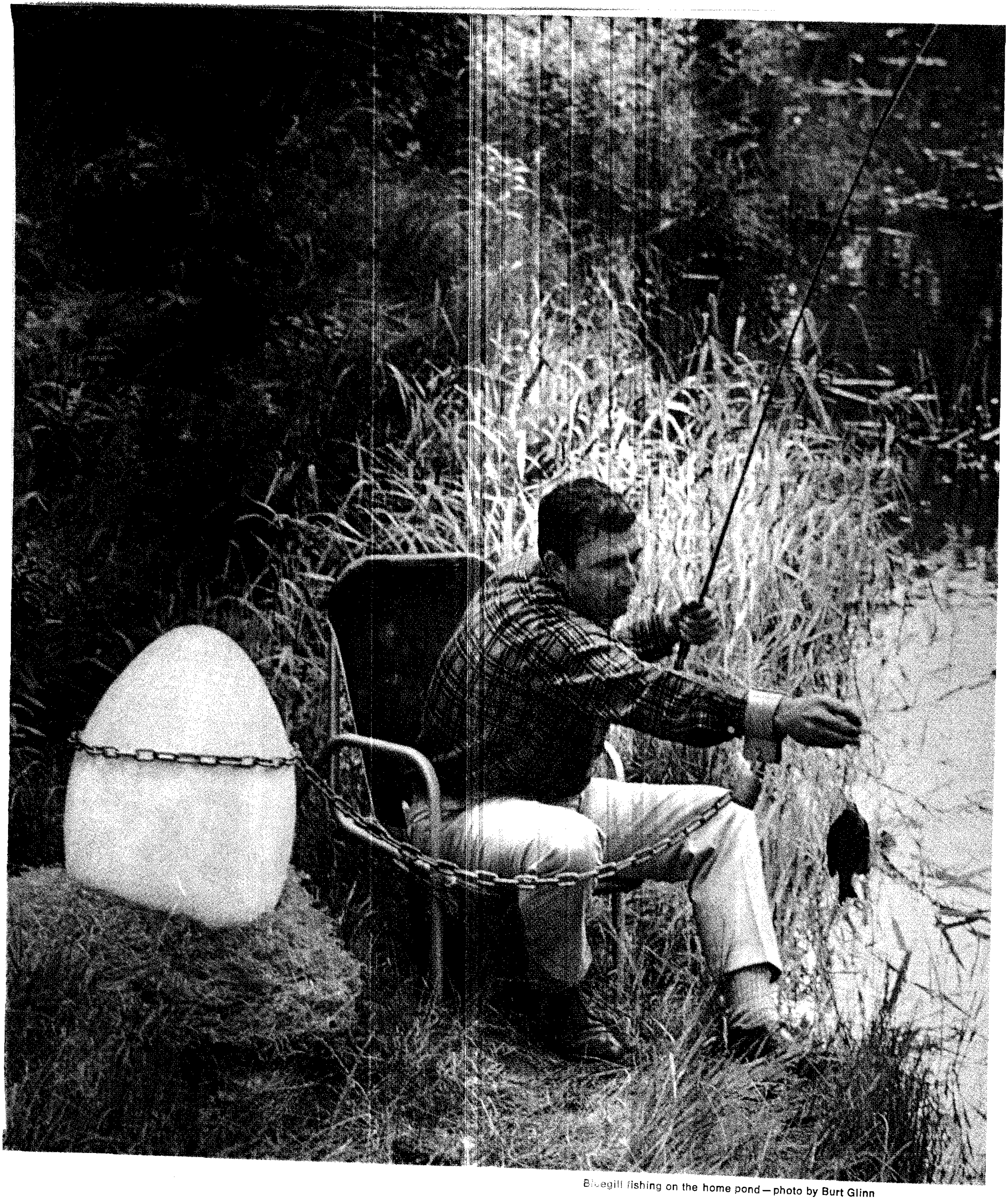

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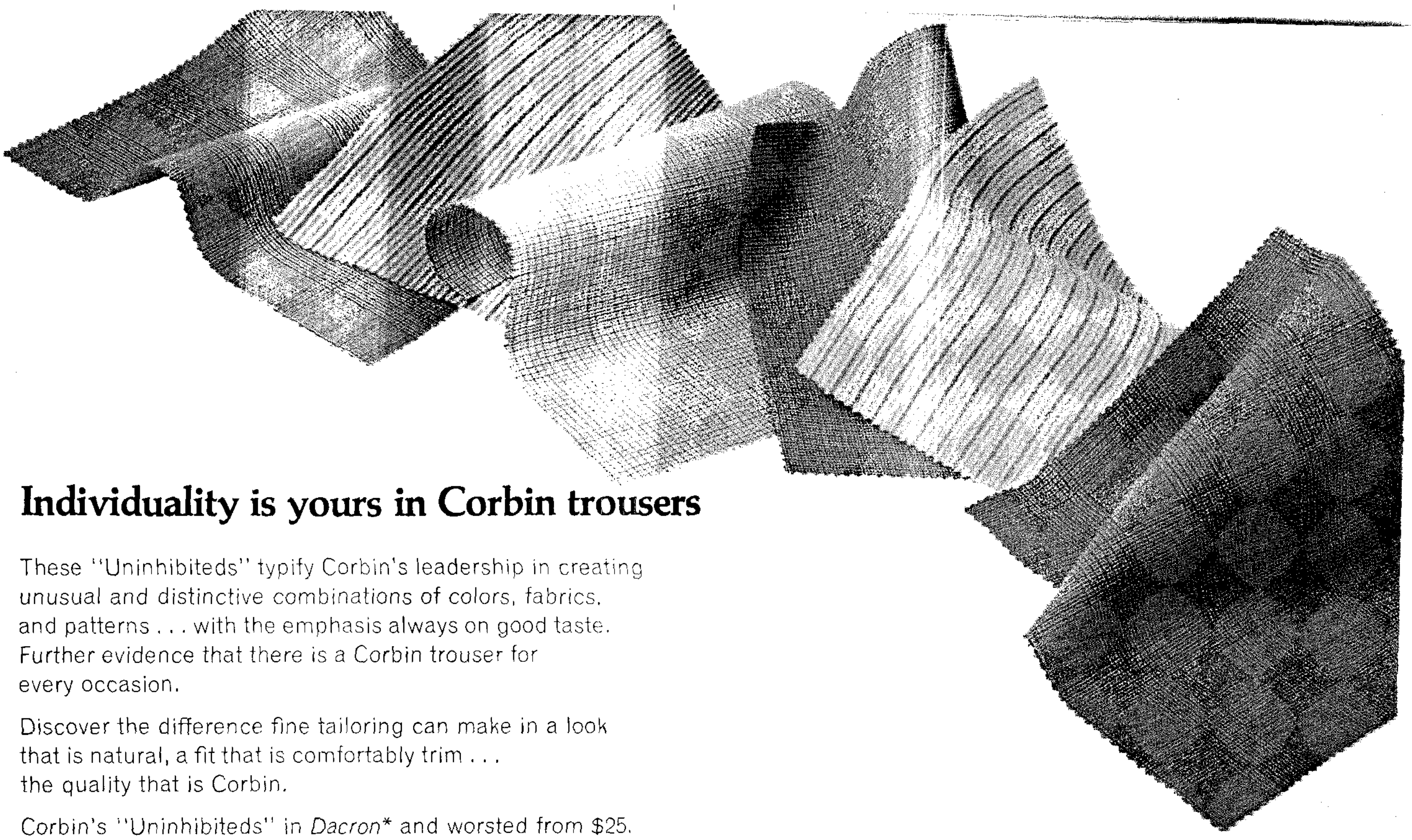

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ganizers tried to deter national exhibitors from being blatantly commercial, but for some nations it proved difficult not to be. A host of countries want us all to know that they manufacture their own television sets. Nationalist China makes floor polish and fire extinguishers, those of us who got there early learned before its pavilion was gutted by fire last week, and it is perhaps comforting to know that South Korean musicians need not import electric guitars and amplifiers. (Few of the national pavilions have stores on their own premises, but there are boutiques here and there, where the products of various countries can be purchased, along with the gimcracky souvenirs that every fair inspires.) Japan has one of the most overtly commercial exhibitions; one would think it hardly necessary for the Japanese to have to tell the world at this stage that they turn out television sets and movie cameras. Since Japan is the scheduled host for the next Expo—at Osaka, in 1970—Montreal is aswarm with Japanese scouts. In Commissioner-General Dupuy's office, there is one of those glass-encased Japanese dolls. He told me he got it from a Japanese advance man who had wondered if he could ask M. Dupuy a discreet question. *Mais certainement.* "Where did you get your foreign advisers?" Dupuy said Canada had had none. "You mean this is an amateur exhibition?" asked the Japanese. "We began as amateurs," the diplomat replied, "but now we're experts, and at your disposal."

THE most interesting pavilions, all things considered, are those of the European nations, and, with a few exceptions, Expo is predominantly a European fair. Several North African nations are on hand (Tunisia has an attractive restaurant with an adjacent bar at which patrons can put their feet up on cushions), and some of the newer, central-African nations are lumped all together in an area called Africa Place, where they have modest, low-budget exhibitions. (Cameroun wants us to know that it manufactures men's shirts.) Pakistan is absent, but India is represented, and so are a good many other Asian countries—Iran, Burma, and Thailand among them. But for the selective visitor the European pavilions are likely to prove the more rewarding ones. There is Belgium's quiet, elegant pavilion, with red brick as the featured building material. The Netherlands building is striking because it is sheathed—not because it isn't finished but because the architect wanted it that

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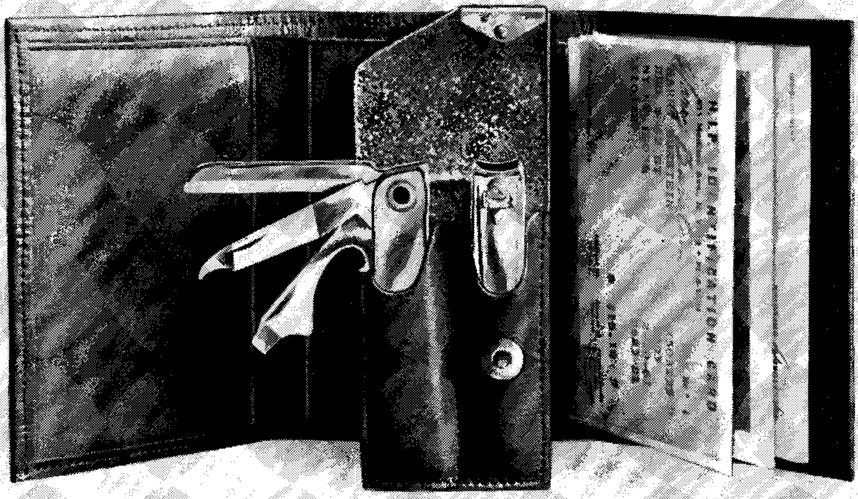

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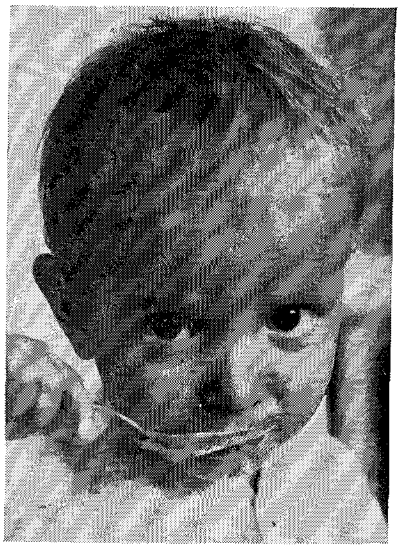

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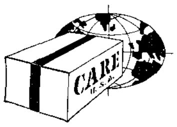

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way—in aluminum tubular scaffolding. One can see a movie there from a mockup of a deck of an ocean liner, and among the contemporary works of art is a rectangular one composed entirely of nails. Expo souvenir hunters have made periodic forays against it, but the artist is a young Dutchwoman who lives in Montreal, fortunately, and once a week she comes around with a pocketful of nails and a hammer and restores it. Switzerland is Expo's timekeeper. In its pavilion is the fair's official clock, a Patek Philippe cesium atomic-digital affair, which, if I read my notes correctly, is so precise it can't be off by more than one second every three thousand years. The Swiss Pavilion further offers an entertaining history of Switzerland, presented in the form of a dialogue between a man's and a woman's quarrelling voices and accompanied by animated displays that move with the precision of—well, clockwork. West Germany has a colossal tent; the tent ropes are thick strands of wire anchored in concrete blocks, and the covering is watertight; I know, because I was there during a thunderstorm. In one section of Great Britain's large establishment, there is a provocative message, in lights, that repeats itself endlessly: "The British—Are they dignified . . . stuffed shirts . . . chivalrous . . . humbugs . . . just shy?" Some of the exhibits on display would seem to indicate that the British regard themselves as none of these, but as lighthearted; there is more gaiety and humor, at any rate, in the British Pavilion than in the majority of the others. France's exhibition is enormous. Its pavilion, like the Soviet one, has a little of almost everything, including a display on "Functional Organization of Proprioceptive Muscular Outflow Studied in Man." France has six bulging stories of exhibits, a Pop Art movie, and a roof that would be a pleasant spot for a picnic, on a windless day. There is also a literary section, called "A Panorama of French Contemporary Literature," where the visitor can enter a hushed cubicle and listen to readings by, among others, Maurois, Mauriac, Colette, Camus, Gide, and, *naturellement*, Antoine de Saint-Exupéry, whose book "Terre des Hommes" furnished the theme of themes. In many of the national pavilions—Haiti's, Monaco's, and the United States', to cite a few—just about the first thing the visitor sees is a portrait of that nation's political leader. In France's pavilion, I didn't spot a single picture of Charles de Gaulle until I reached "Contemporary Literature,"

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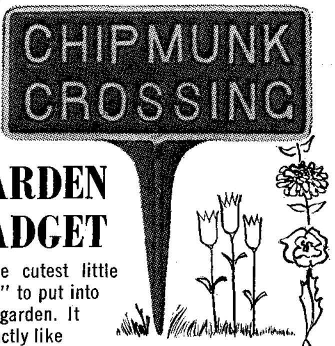

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Knowledgeable veterans of Expo like to talk about "sleeper" pavilions—off-the-track ones that are deserving of special attention. That of the Province of Quebec is often cited—for its handsome, black-glass exterior and its striking, austere interior, with such hanging decorations as an anchor, a truck tire, and a roll of newsprint. Vermont's is a sleeper of sorts, largely because in its basement the Vermont sculptor Ferdinand L. Weber is doggedly chipping away at a block of Vermont granite, hoping to fashion a statue of Samuel de Champlain by the time Expo closes its gates. Mr. Weber is more than two weeks behind schedule; for all its thorough attention to detail, Expo couldn't provide him, when it opened up, with the kind of compressed-air drill he needed. The Kaleidoscope Pavilion, sponsored by half a dozen Canadian chemical companies, is a universal sleeper; its exhibition, a series of mirrored chambers in which patterns of color whirl and flare and swoop, is the quintessence of kaleidoscopes. Australia is my sleeper. Australia has live kangaroos and an art exhibit and all that sort of thing, but it also has an entrance with a foot vibrator and, upstairs, a large, wool-carpeted chamber equipped with two hundred and forty lounge chairs. They are bilingual chairs: green cushions for English, orange for French. As one sinks gratefully into them, one triggers a mechanism that starts soft-spoken dialogues that emerge from two speakers, one at each ear—informal, chatty conversations about Australia that are transmitted at so thoughtfully low a level that one can fall asleep in midsentence. "This is definitely the way to see Expo 67," a man in a chair next to mine said just before his lids closed. An Australian hostess said she hoped her country would do something similar at Osaka three years hence, and that maybe they'd add an extra fillip to their pavilion then by serving tea. The seats in the Australian Pavilion are very popular, especially late in the afternoon, and people will resort to all sorts of tricks to get one. "You're English in a French chair," a woman said to me accusingly, but I disposed of her with a casual "*Je ne comprends pas*," which is about the extent of my French. Since my return from Expo, a number of friends have asked me to tell them what they should *really* do when they make the trip. My advice is to try to fit in twenty minutes of Australia every five hours.

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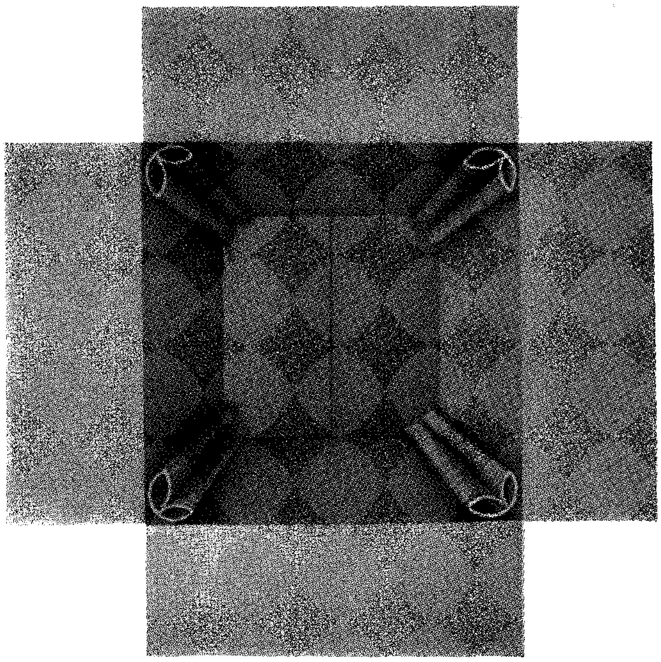

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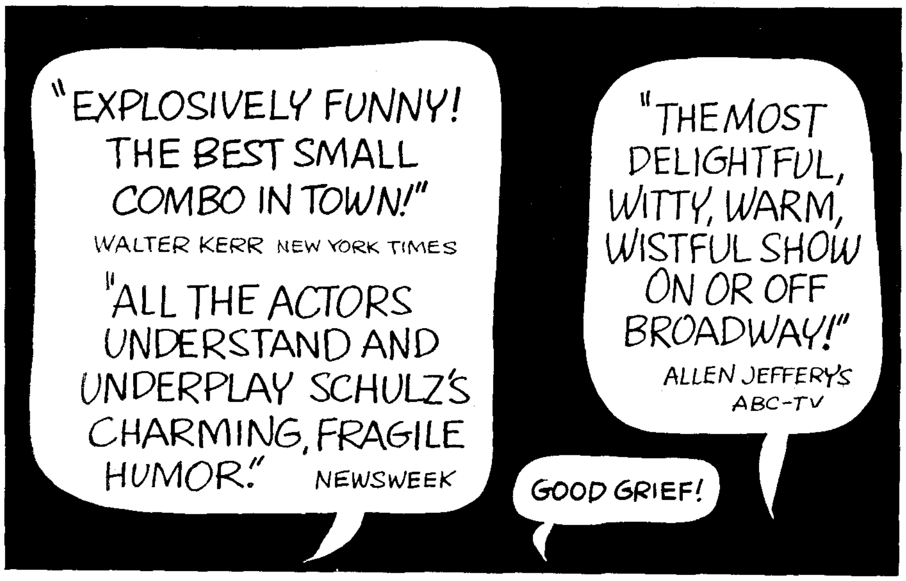
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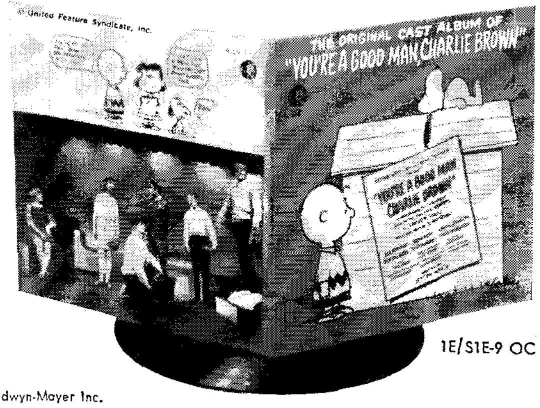
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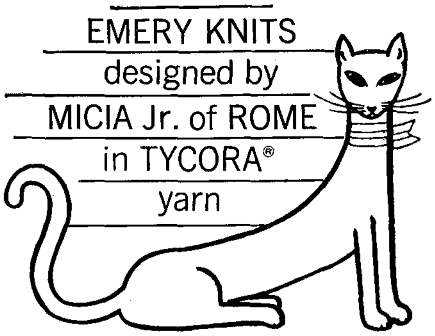

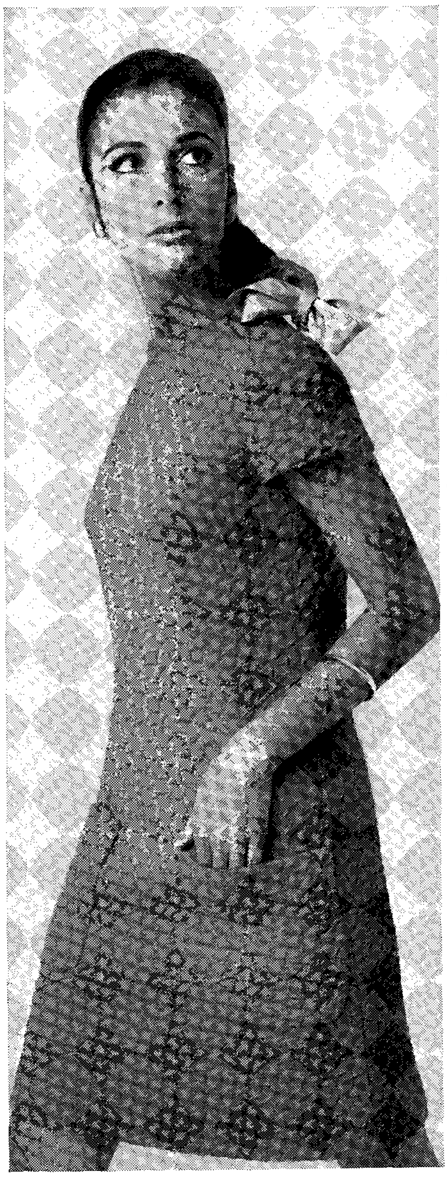

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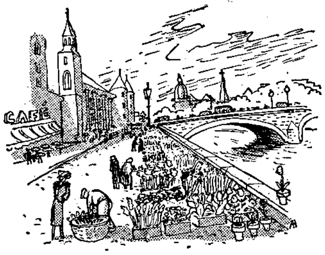
LETTER FROM PARIS

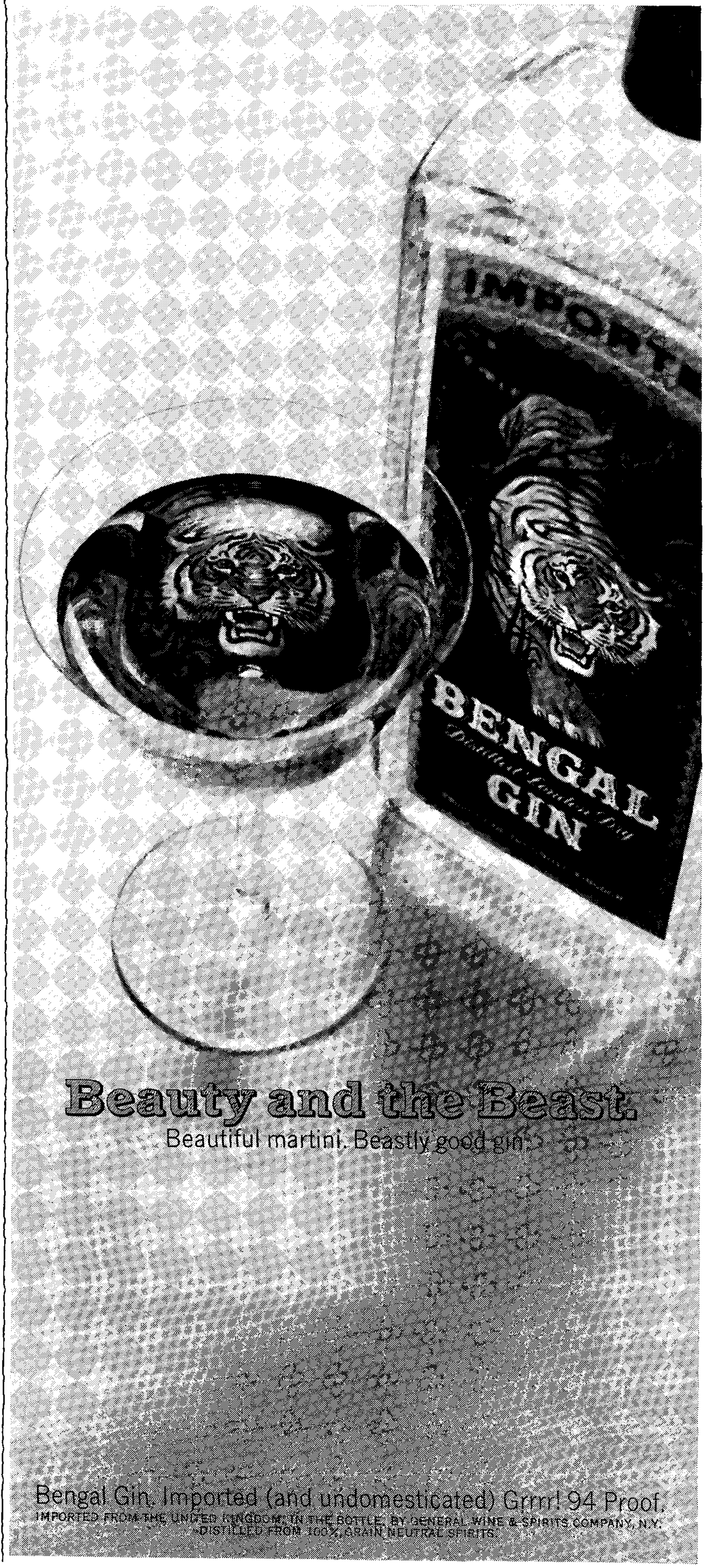
JUNE 1

WHAT is now going on in and behind the Gulf of Aqaba seems like the familiar enmity between Moses and the Pharaoh or the fight between David and Goliath, with all the old bitter power struggle that the Bible told about now renewed and brought up to date, to suit our century. In the present generalized fear of war, shared this past weekend by Jews, Muslims, and Christians of all sorts all over Europe and the Western Hemisphere, Paris received a special message for the French Jews alone, which seemed touching to everyone who read it, no matter what his religious faith. The message related to a motion unanimously adopted by the Paris Jewish Consistory, which declared, in part, "At this moment when the world is the prey of senseless convulsions from which a general massacre might burst forth, a little corner of the world, which would be unknown had it not been the cradle of universal morality, is in a state of agitation. . . . On us Jews falls our duty, from which none may hide. Let all Jews, whether those of scrupulous orthodoxy or those indifferent members whose faith wavers, add to their duties one more *mitzvah* daily." For the information of non-Hebrews, it was explained that a *mitzvah* is a daily good deed of some sort. "Who could be so selfish," the message continued, "as to feel sure that this extra religious observance, voluntarily assumed, could not be of strong influence on those Heavenly Hosts who in so many timely events have proved their existence?" M. Jacob Kaplan, the Chief Rabbi of France, launched a more rationalistic, passionate appeal to all the Israelite communities, in which he expressed "the anguish of French Judaism, faced with the situation in the Near East, so dangerous for peace, so menacing to the State of Israel." He added, "Sure of Israel's rights, we affirm our entire solidarity, and we demand that you express your solidarity by publicly organizing prayers for peace and for Israel." These prayers were said throughout France last Friday in the evening synagogue services.



ONE of the exceptional concerts of the opening summer season was given the other night in Notre Dame, specially illuminated, so that from the outside, as one walked toward the cathedral, its medieval colored-glass windows looked like bright pagan Oriental carpets hung aloft. Inside, the nave was packed with the religiously faithful and with music lovers. The choir was filled almost to the height of the clerestory by choral singers ranged on a tribune. The orchestra of the State Radio-Television was placed down by the chancel railing, its kettledrums resounding in the cavernous Gothic echoes and the brass splendidly piercing the dark shadows of the stony vaults above. It was an expensive charity affair in aid of the Chantiers du Cardinal, a workshop maintained by the cathedral's chief prelate to help keep the church fabric in repair. Of the two halves of the program, Gabriel Fauré's opening "Requiem" gave the greater, if more familiar, pleasure. The "Sanctus" in particular was gloriously sung. Fauré is one of the city's favorite composers, and was a renowned organist at the Madeleine, where, in between composing, he played wedding marches for fashionable marriages, until his death, in 1924. The orchestra and the massed singers were directed with amazing vigor and exactitude—considering what a crowd they all represented—by the Révérend Père Martin, of the Oratoire congregation, who, in the recent vestmental relaxation accorded to French priests when not on ecclesiastic duties, wore a crumpled black suit instead of his soutane. The Anton Bruckner "Te Deum," which ended the program, in its first performance ever given in Paris, lacked the Wagnerian richness in composition that marked Bruckner's secular works and, after his death, in 1896, established the appreciation finally given him (starting in Germany in the early nineteen-twenties) as one of Wagner's leading successors—a recognition that he has had little of in France even today, where anything by him is rarely played. His "Te Deum," composed on his so-called Gothic principles, was, on the whole, oriented toward the cadence of Gregorian chant. The great pleasure for many of us derived from the sheer excitement of hearing for the first time this major work by that modest, ultra-Catholic lay organist of the opulent St. Florian Abbey, near Linz—a musician so obscure and unappreciated that he emerged posthumously like a great untouched musical surprise left over from the nineteenth century. Amid the splendors of that seventeenth-century baroque Austrian abbatial pile, whose art gallery rejoiced, until Hitler stole them, in some rare Altdorfer canvases (they are back now), Bruckner lived in one tiny monastic room, which used to be shown as his earthly premises to the rare foreign visitors before the war who were interested enough in him and his music to make a pilgrimage in his memory. It may be that Notre Dame, in its non-*gemütlich*, grandiose Gallic scale, was too large for Bruckner's almost private Austrian genius, and especially for his "Te Deum," which was stiffly played the other night.

IT seems odd that the most popular among the new books recently published here have assumed less significance than the phenomenon of the old books that are being republished. The Cercle du Bibliophile has just brought out a new edition of the complete works of Stendhal, but its biggest success is with the republishing of Victor Hugo, in forty volumes, and next in popularity is the Club du Livre Français' reissue of Balzac. The most widespread revival has been that of Zola. Four separate editions of his works are now about to come off the presses. The most ambitious and luxurious will be the forty-volume edition of his complete works being brought out in scarlet leather by the Cercle du Bibliophile, each volume containing ten pen-and-ink drawings by the artist who signs himself Tim. They are like black-and-white silhouettes perceived in the dim gaslight of poverty and shadowed by brutality. It will be remembered that Tim also illustrated Kafka's novels. He is almost the only artist now working here as an illustrator of the sort of fine books that were a consistent literary accomplishment in de-luxe French publishing in the old days, examples of which still figure as precious items in auction sales. For instance, from the famous private library of the elderly Dr. A. Roudinesco, to be sold, in part, this week at the Hôtel Drouot, there is a copy of "Parallèlement," by Verlaine, illustrated by Bonnard, then an unknown artist, which the Doctor by chance purchased when he came from Bucharest to Paris as a young medical student. This volume is expected to fetch around three hundred thousand francs, or sixty thousand dollars. Under the imprimatur of Rencontre, another Zola edition is being printed, in twenty-four volumes, and the Cercle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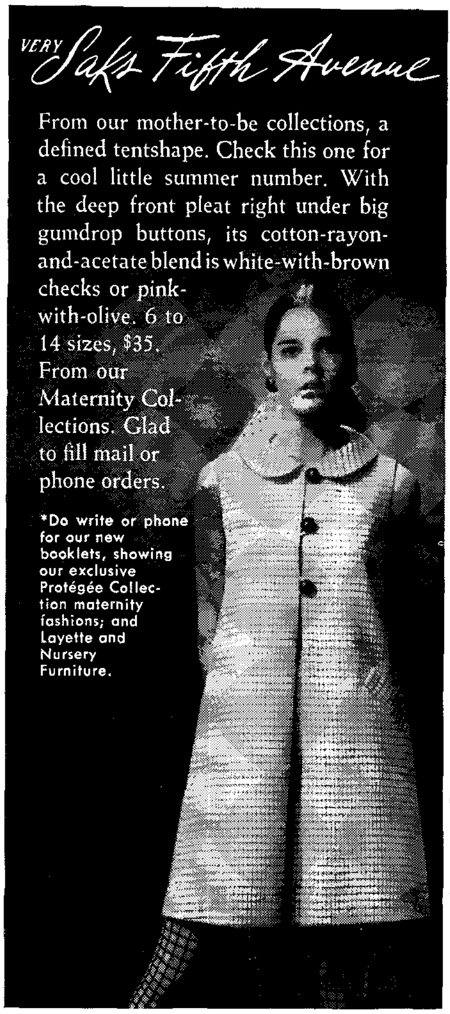

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du Livre Précieux is publishing his complete works in fifteen volumes, which will include documents of the period, correspondence, and some hitherto unpublished manuscripts. Also, the well-known Bibliothèque de la Pléiade is now finishing its five-volume critics' edition of Zola's famous scandalizing serial novel, "Les Rougon-Macquart," which he bitterly called "*l'histoire naturelle et sociale d'une famille sous le Second Empire.*" There is also a cheap paperback edition of Zola, in about twenty volumes, which has been extremely popular with young French readers, for whom he has become the favorite nineteenth-century novelist, with Balzac and Hugo left to one side. When one thinks of how shocking and revolting Zola's earnest sociological realism seemed to the bourgeoisie when his novels were first published, and how démodé middle-class French adults find them now, it is extraordinary that the French young read them with passion, like reading terrible true stories of their great-grandfathers' lives and times. The realism of the brutality, drunkenness, and lasciviousness of the Napoleonic Second Empire—so familiar then to the bourgeoisie but considered so scandalous and shocking when Zola put them in print—furnishes raw meat to satisfy youth's appetite today for violence. That both young and old French readers have gone back, at least temporarily, to the nineteenth-century novels of French literary genius certainly indicates a kind of reader rebellion against current French fiction. One of the Paris literary weeklies has just inquired again, in a long article, "Is the French novel of today dead?" Even raising the question so often indicates that it is at least pretty sick. This week's list of best-sellers here features as No. 4 William Manchester's "Mort d'un Président," as No. 2 Norman Mailer's "Un Rêve Américain," but as No. 1—and this is a good sign—the tremendous, gusty Joseph Kessel adventure novel "Les Cavaliers." It is laid in Afghanistan, features a father-and-son rivalry, a stallion named Jehol, and some sort of virile tourney in which the headless cadaver of a billy goat has to be seized by the best rider and tossed at the feet of the local potentate. It has had an enormous popular success. It is written with that natural exhilarating verbal gift, somewhat Oriental in flavor, that has promoted Kessel to a seat in the Académie Française and has made him one of the most popular of France's writers since his first book, in 1923, to which he has added twenty-eight more,

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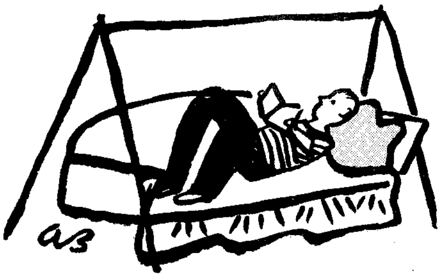
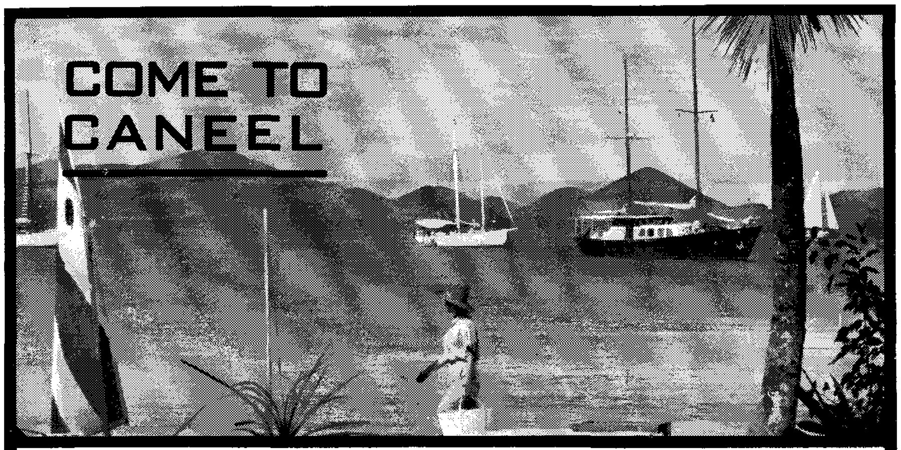
including one, oddly enough, on Alcoholics Anonymous.

THE exhibition "Tutankhamen and His Times," offering the sight of forty-five of his tomb treasures, lent by the Cairo Museum, has elicited an extravagant public response. "You live again, you live again forever, you are once more young, throughout time." These were the words of the ancient prayer said over the mummy of the Pharaoh Tutankhamen, dead at the calculated age of nineteen, an estimated thirty-three hundred years ago. In truth, Tutankhamen does live on in the great gold visage that was found in his tomb—his portrait and likeness, his mortal face immortalized as art. Through this golden funerary mask, he still astonishes us by his preserved youth and beauty, endowed with what seems like the magic of perfection. His resuscitated presence is still humanly affecting. One can hardly believe one's eyes and feelings as one looks at this shining portrait—this antique young visitor, kept under glass, who has been on view at the Petit Palais for four months now, with two months to go before he returns to Egypt. He has been the surprise of many of our lives—the unexpectedly most powerful single art object of our aesthetic experience, the only image we have ever seen that has seemed to be semi-divine. Crowds still gather all day on the sidewalk, waiting one hour, two hours, to pass inside and see him. If you are coming to Paris between now and August, remember that Parisians go home at six o'clock, no matter what they have been waiting for, and that the Petit Palais is, exceptionally, open until eight for the Egyptian treasures. In those two hours after the departure of the crowds, you might have the good fortune to be almost alone in the Petit Palais, to contemplate him.

THE official city art show for the summer season and visitors has opened at the Orangerie, where it will remain until October. Titled "Chefs-d'œuvre des Collections Suisses de Manet à Picasso," it kills two birds with one stone. It shows prodigious ex-





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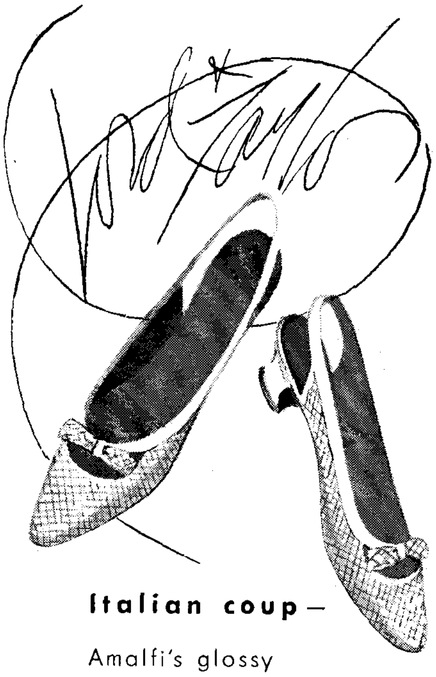
amples of French painting from the last half of the last century, and it is also a record of the sagacity of the bourgeois collectors of the Swiss Republic in their devotion to the last hundred years of revolution in Gallic art. It was only during the years preceding the First World War that the first generation of modern Swiss collectors took form, starting at Winterthur, a prosperous industrial city making money with *toile de lin*, cotton weaving, iron, and machinery. Among the first of the Maecenases was Oscar Reinhart, who, in 1911, when Impressionism was still considered none too sure as a fine art, bought his first Renoir landscape from Durand-Ruel, in Paris, for a thousand francs—then a big sum to risk. As he proceeded, he wisely began buying Renoir paintings done before 1880 and Corot portraits. Because Switzerland is so small that news spreads fast, well-to-do men began rival collections in Basel, Bern, and Zurich. In the last city, Emil Georg Bührle, who was in heavy industry, began his collecting on the principle—or so he said later—of "throwing a stone into a calm pool" and following its expanding concentric circles, which led him to an unprecedented ensemble of chefs-d'œuvre. In 1913, when he saw his first major modern French art in Munich, he determined to acquire "as many Manets, Monets, Renoirs, Degases, and Cézannes" as his walls would hold. In following the stone's second circle (the first had taken him up to van Gogh), he went as far forward as the Fauves and as far backward as Delacroix and Daumier. Bührle, who died only about ten years ago, solidly defined a collector as "a man who was unable to become an artist." Hermann Rupf, who became the great Swiss Cubist collector, was rather led into it by his friendship with Daniel-Henry Kahnweiler in London, where both young men, to please their families, were studying banking. Kahnweiler gave it up, to please himself, and became the art merchant of the Cubists Braque and Picasso, among others, while Rupf went into business. It was from Kahnweiler that Rupf bought Braque's "Maison d'Estaques" (it is in the Orangerie exhibition), with its houses like little tan cubes, which gave Cubism its name.

Many of the Orangerie pictures have been in their owners' hands so long—since they purchased to possess, not to traffic in—that they are not familiar to the public. It is difficult to pick out even half a hundred favorites from the two hundred and forty-five pictures in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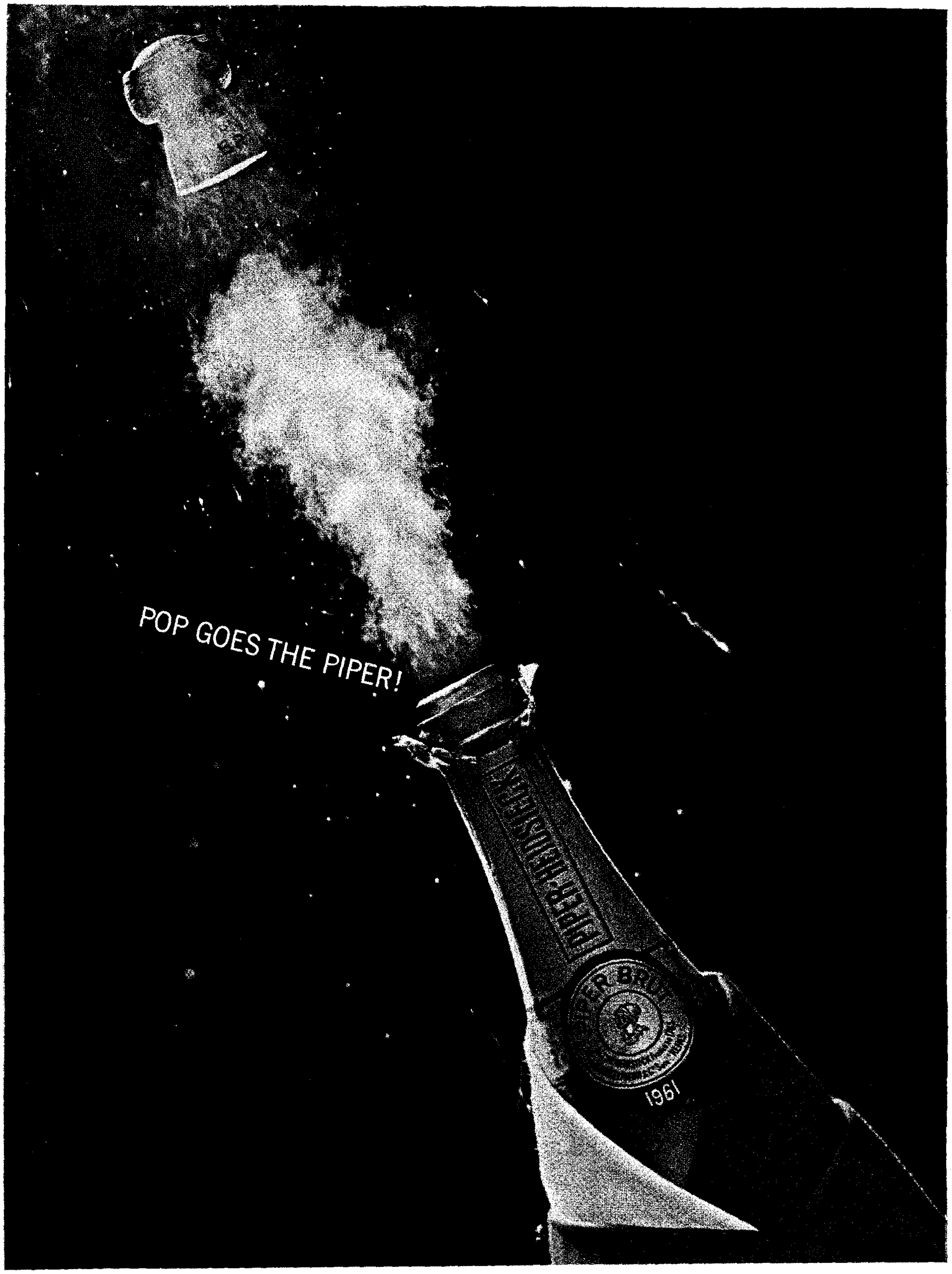
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the exhibition. Chronologically, the show opens with Boudin's enchanting "Crinolines on the Beach at Trouville." Then there are a dozen and a half of Degas's small, aristocratic sculptures of women or horses, his two favorite subjects. Manet's "Ragpicker" is a masterpiece. Of the many Monets, the loveliest, perhaps, is "Sailboat at Argenteuil," the river town where Impressionist painting was born. There are Morisots; a dozen exciting Pissaros, including "Quai Malaquais, Sunrise;" fourteen Renoir figures, nude and dressed; and eight Sisleys of the waterways around Paris, such as the Rivers Loing and Moret, in color as delicate as minnows. Of the Cézannes, unquestionably the greatest is Bührle's "Boy in the Red Vest" (one of the four Cézanne painted of the same waistcoat and lad, one of which belongs to David Rockefeller), and there is also a splendid Jas de Bouffan forest scene. There are a half-dozen Gauguins, all typical. Of the van Goghs, two are tragic in their distortion, painted between fits of madness at Saint-Rémy; both are landscapes—one with shivering foliage, the other with tree trunks like serpents. There is also the strangely flat "Plain at Auvers," painted a few days before van Gogh shot himself there, showing a plain dotted with red poppies, like blood, under an intense blue sky. Van Gogh wrote his mother about it. "I feel very peaceful, almost too calm," he wrote. "I felt capable of painting this." Then come the Nabis, who were the specialty of the modest-pursed Swiss physician named Hahnloser, who travelled third-class and, supposedly, lived on potatoes to save money for his purchases. There are Bonnard nudes before windows, and an opaline-blue vase filled with Odilon Redon's choice, weedy flowers. Salon scenes by Vuillard show Thadée Natanson's Paris apartment, with his beautiful cousin Misia, who later became his wife, seated in an armchair rather than at her piano. In the next eruption come the Fauves, with one of Matisse's earliest violent versions of his hotel room at Collioure, and, as representative of the École de Paris, Chagall's "Tree of Jesse," with a fish flying in the sky over Notre Dame. Mirós, Modiglianis, Soutines, Rouaults, and Utrillos are there, and so are the Cubists. There are noble Braques, some perfect Juan Gris, and a handful of Picassos, including a Blue Period of elderly, emaciated lovers called "Les Misérables" and a 1958 portrait of his Jacqueline. The exhibition ends by going back to a great Picasso bouquet of healthy, unstyled field flowers, painted in the new century in 1901.

This report may sound like a running index of modern French art, which is what the Orangerie exhibition is. It perhaps lacks drama, but what it does possess is thoroughness, completion, and a kind of authentic total recall. It should be one of the most popular summer art shows that Paris has offered in years.
—Genêt

• •

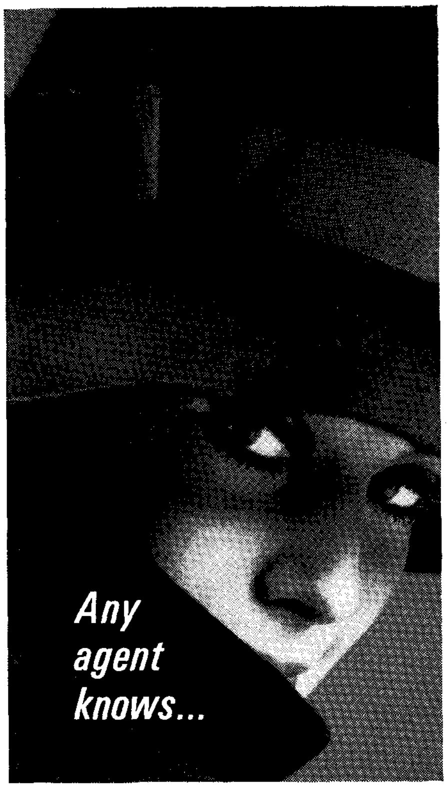
WHERE THE SLOW FIG

Where the slow fig's purple sloth
Swells, I sit and meditate the
Nature of the soul. The fig exposes,
To the blaze of afternoon, one haunch
As purple-black as Africa, a single
Leaf the rest screens, but, through it, light
Burns, and for the fig's bliss
The sun dies, the sun
Has died forever—far, oh, far—
For the fig's bliss, thus. The air

Is motionless, and the fig—
Motionless in that imperial and blunt
Languor of glut—swells, and inward,
The fibres relax like a sigh in that
Hot darkness, go soft, the air
Is gold. When you

Split the fig, you will see,
Lifting from the coarse and purple seed, its
Flesh like flame, purer
Than blood. It fills

The darkening room with light.
—Robert Penn Warren



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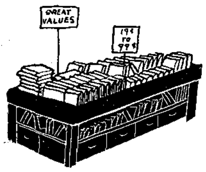
BOOKS

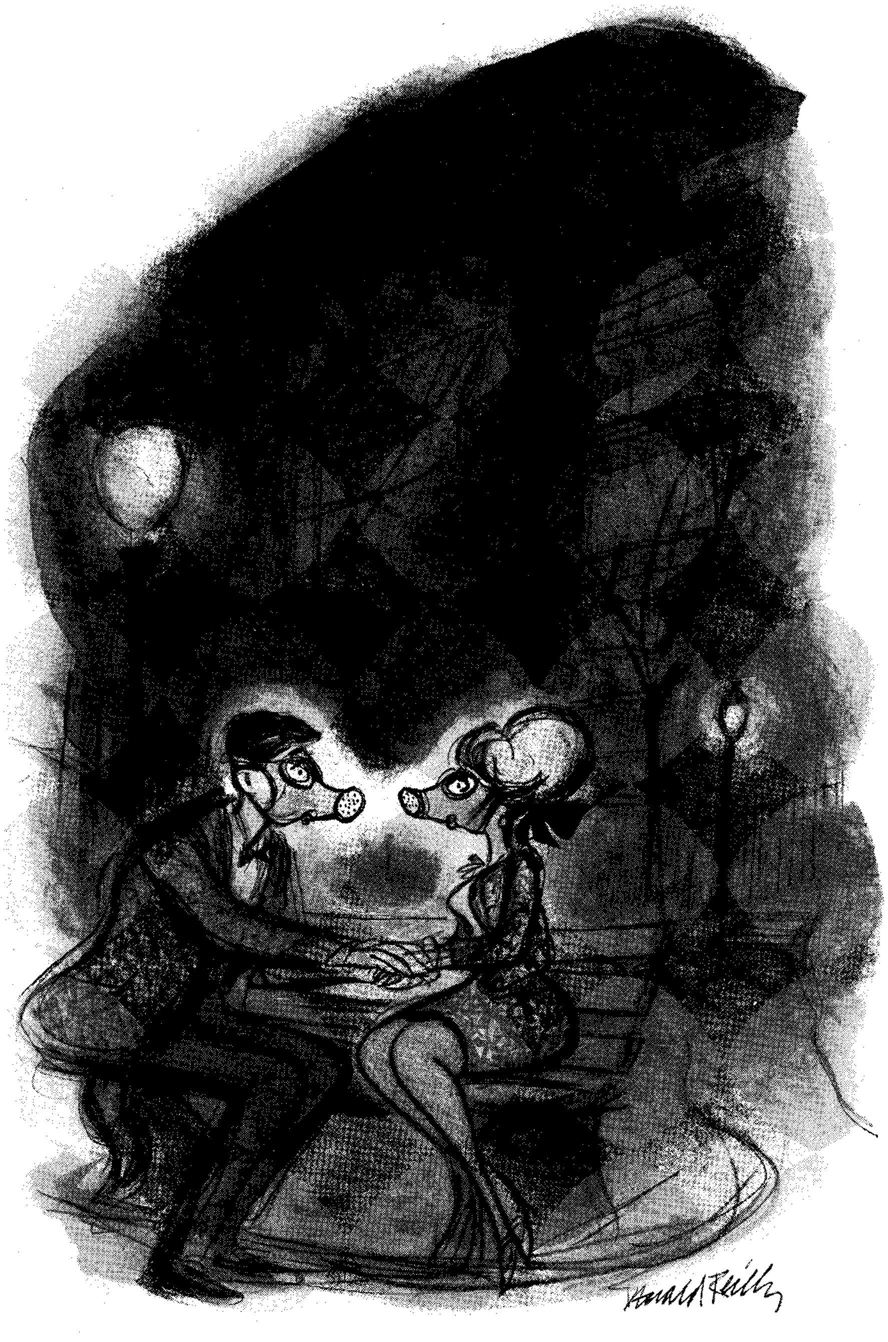
They Buried Him in Westminster Abbey



FEW people who are brought up in the Anglo-Saxon Protestant tradition have not, at one time or another, gone willingly or been dragged to a monumental performance of Handel's "The Messiah," and few have not felt, according to their temperament, either uplifted or acutely bored as the gigantic chorus and earnest soloists solemnly declaimed its sacred text. The experience, as I remember it from childhood, was like going to church, and one came away from it thinking of Handel as a terribly holy man. Today, a revaluation of Handel is taking place both in Europe and in America. Musical scholars of the Baroque have discovered that "The Messiah" is by no means typical of the Master's work, that it didn't sound quite as monumental in Handel's own day, and that a large quantity of neglected Handelian music exists—including a great many operas—to which the adjective "holy" is anything but appropriate. Prominent in this process of revaluation and rediscovery all along has been the distinguished musicologist Paul Henry Lang, long associated with Columbia University, and now Dr. Lang has capped his crusade with a biography, "George Frideric Handel" (Norton). It is the product of many years of research; it is delightfully readable as well as thoroughly documented; and it will probably stand for many years as the definitive book about Handel and his work.

Dr. Lang is at pains at the outset to show that Handel's reputation for holiness and monumentality rests mainly on a nineteenth-century Victorian misunderstanding of his musical intentions as well as of his character. He was neither particularly religious nor at all pompous. He was an inquisitive, cultured man of the world, cosmopolitan in temperament, a shrewd operatic impresario as well as an operatic composer, a free-lance entrepreneur, an investor in the South Sea Company's stock who had the shrewdness to sell out just before the bubble burst, and an opportunist who wrote music for the purpose of getting it performed. Dr. Lang quotes Handel's contemporary Dr. Burney as saying that Handel could swear in five languages, though he never learned to speak English without an accent. He loved England, though he was born a German, and, conventional German biography to the contrary, he made himself into a thoroughly English composer. He was not a bit like his contemporary Johann Sebastian Bach, a deeply religious and inward-looking man. Despite a superficial resemblance in some of their music (which is really a matter of historical period rather than personal style), Handel was a musical extrovert. If he had not been such a hard worker that he had little time for sociability, he would probably have been London's greatest lion. He knew such men as Pope and Swift, and he had a reputation for humor. That is, he was what the British would have described as a "gentleman." They, on their part, thought so much of him that they erected a marble statue of him in Vauxhall Gardens when he was merely middle-aged, and English music never quite got over his influence. Eventually, they buried him in Westminster Abbey.

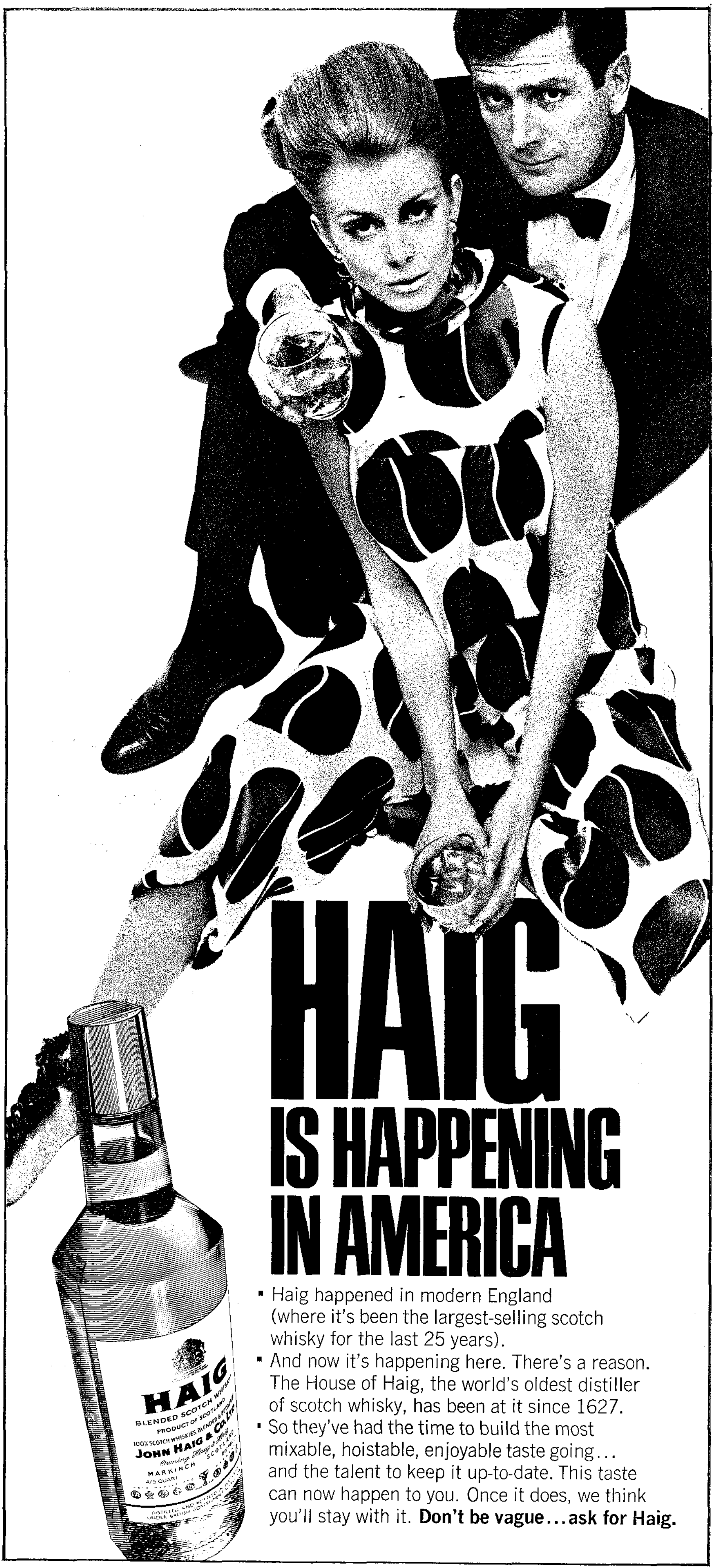
The importance of Dr. Lang's book is that it sets this eminently sensible and highly talented man in a new perspective. It portrays him primarily as a composer of opera who was passionately devoted to this most profane of the fine arts, a financial plunger in produc-



"Let me take you away from all this."

ing his own works, and an admirer of the Italian *opera-seria* tradition, which he remolded to suit his own ends. Between 1705 and 1741, he turned out over forty operas, most of which were admired by the British public and most of which had all the paraphernalia of early-eighteenth-century opera, including *castrati*, the conventions of florid ornamentation by singers, and spectacular scenic effects. These operas survived the satire of John Gay's and Dr. Pepusch's "The Beggar's Opera," but they reckoned without certain elements in the prevailing psychology of Londoners. What had survived of the Puritan tradition frowned upon opera—as, indeed, it still does. There was an even stronger prejudice against the staging of drama based on sacred texts. So Handel, always a practical man, gave up opera and invented the English oratorio, a medium in which he could please the Puritans with lofty Biblical subjects (nearly all of them drawn from the Old Testament) and still preserve what he loved about drama and the human voice. It is Dr. Lang's contention that all of Handel's oratorios, or most of them, are really unstaged operas, and that, in a way, he was fooling his English public all along by continuing to write opera of a sort.

Many interesting pages in Dr. Lang's book are devoted to the conventions of Baroque opera, in which the states of mind of the characters, as well as the singing, took precedence over incident, and in which plot was a mere peg for beautiful music and song. It was a formal art in which arias could be exchanged between operas without raising a murmur of protest, and in which, he notes, " 'originality' meant . . . characteristic variants of eternal themes." To some extent, the composers of the time were almost indistinguishable in style. But Handel stood out among them because of the force and nobility of his inspiration. Dr. Lang is concerned about Baroque opera as it is heard today. It was an aristocratic art, but the bourgeois audiences that have dominated operatic life since the French Revolution are accustomed to operatic drama in terms of action rather than poetic reflection. There are no more *castrati*, and Dr. Lang is not in favor of giving the parts that they once sang to women or to countertenors, for the *castrati* were men of prodigious lung power. He suggests that the best substitute is a male voice of lower register, singing music that has been transposed. If the restraint and what he calls the "poetic nullification of acci-



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dent" in Baroque opera are to reach the sympathies of today's operagoers, Dr. Lang feels, this audience must meet its formal conventions halfway. It is, of course, doing that already, and a whole new area of opera, as a result, is being opened up.

One thing remains a mystery—Handel's love life. He never married, and if he ever had any affairs they were so discreet that they left no record and scarcely a rumor. Dr. Lang points out that Handel's music is distinctly masculine and that his treatment of his heroines shows a deep interest in their sex. Possibly, the author suggests, Handel was simply too busy for any sort of dalliance. Nevertheless, the total exclusion from his life of amorous adventure (if that was the case) is at variance with his otherwise outgoing and sociable nature.

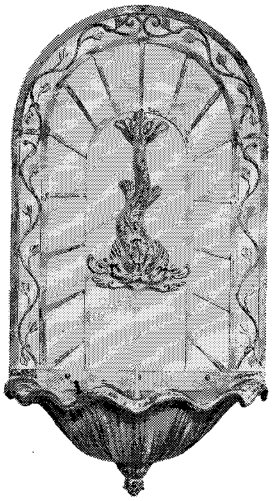
Eventually, Handel became corpulent (he was a gargantuan eater), and toward the end of his life he was totally blind because of cataracts. His last years, however, were not gloomy. He was still at work, still in touch with happenings in the world about him. He seems to have been born with a peculiarly English optimism. Perhaps it was only by accident that he was born in Germany. He was, by most tests, what we would call a typical Englishman.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR, by Robert Pease (Simon & Schuster). Loneliness night and day and discomfort at home are slowly and horribly driving Associate Professor Knudsen out of his wits. Knudsen, thirty-nine years old and a widower, teaches physics in a big New York City university and lives by himself in a dismal little box of an apartment. He has no friends, and he is tortured by frightened, erotic dreams about one and another of his female students. Once, he enjoyed cooking for himself, but these days he saves his kitchen for making instant cocoa and a few other instant foods, and he eats often and greedily at lunch counters and in cafeterias, where he indulges his craving for frankfurters, mustard, mayonnaise, and doughnuts. He sleeps badly, and he can't get anywhere on time. This book details the week of a decision that means life or death to Knudsen: will he or will he not be granted tenure? All his anxieties converge into cringing fear as he



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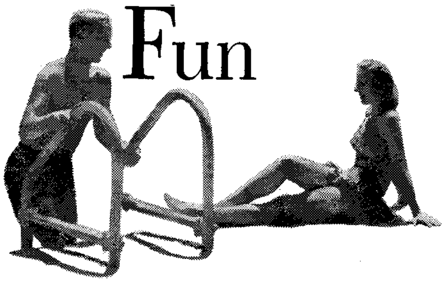

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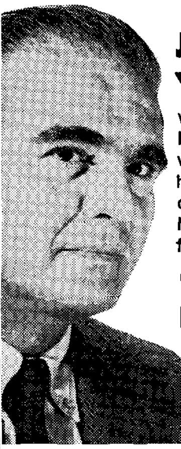

Jose Yglesias
writes vividly of what he saw and heard on a visit to the tradition-haunted Spanish province of Galicia—in search of his own roots, and his father's past.
THE GOODBYE LAND
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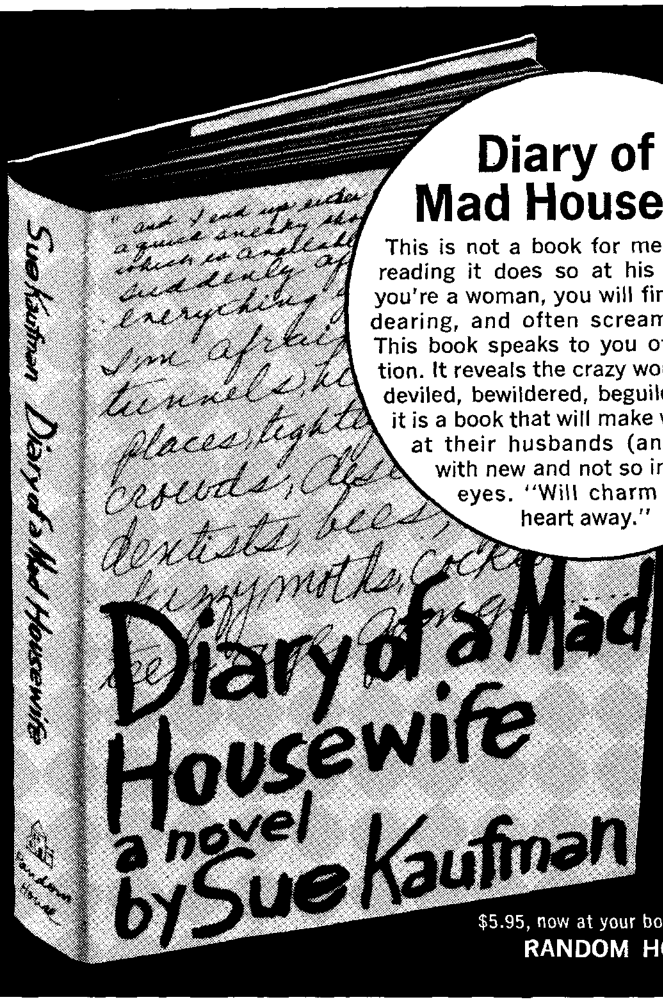
runs here and there—to the university, to his apartment, on various pitiful expeditions about the city—waiting for the word that can save him, but for what, or from what, he is incapable of knowing. Mr. Pease, who writes very well, with drive and pity, shows us, dimly, the complete man inside the broken Knudsen, but he shows us also that this particular complete man never had a chance—Knudsen's interior war was lost long before we ever start reading about him.

THE RENNLÄUFER, by Nina Galen (Dutton). Miss Galen's talent burns with a very hard light. She is a clever writer, and this, her first novel, shows that as she goes along she will be much more than clever; her range can only be guessed at. Her setting here is a small, inexpensive guesthouse in the Austrian Alps. The son of the house, called the Rennläufer, or the Racer, is named Dieter Schnell, and although he is still a boy, he is the champion skier in a land where all the young men are champion skiers. The central figure in the story is Freia Volken, who was born Ada Levin in a Jewish-American family in Los Angeles but changed her name and her personality after meeting the talented young German architect Baldur Volken, who is now her husband. Freia is surprised but not discomfited to find her very first lover, Stanley M., of Los Angeles, already in residence at the guesthouse when she and Baldur arrive for a little holiday before they go off to take up a new life in California. Another guest is Herr von S., a former Luftwaffe pilot and still a devout Nazi, who has reasons of his own for lingering in the company of the Volkens and Stanley M. Freia, a frigid, dependent, pretty girl with a very quick tongue and a very muddled head in which only hate is constant, is so real that we shiver to think of her as she will be in middle age. Baldur is a boy-man who loves his wife but is open to every influence, including every influence from the past. He can make simple decisions, and once a decision is made he acts upon it immediately. He is untroubled by conscience, perhaps because he has no conscience. Stanley M., an interesting character, remains detached from the reader and is never accessible for close examination, but he makes the correct moves and fills the role Miss Galen planned for him without giving any trouble to anybody. It is a pity about



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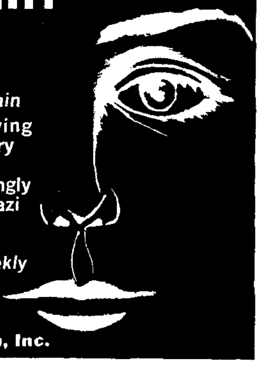

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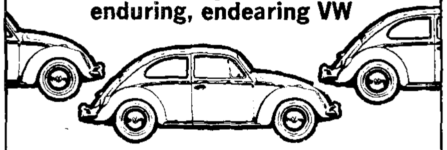

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Stanley M. His strength and intelligence are evident, and his lack of will throughout this novel seems a bit unnatural. But one does not stop reading Miss Galen's work because one of her characters seems to be not quite himself. She is a sharp-eyed, witty writer who will do wonders when her sympathy is no longer held in check by her anger.

NOTE: "The French Girls of Killini," twenty-one stories by Arturo Vivante that first appeared in this magazine, has been published by Little, Brown.

GENERAL

THE FEASTS OF MEMORY, by Elias Kulukundis (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). Mr. Kulukundis is a young American writer of Greek descent. All his grandparents came from Kasos, a tiny Aegean island between Rhodes and Crete, and in 1964, accompanied by his Uncle George, he went back for a visit. This book is a record of that visit, and a funny and most engaging one; beyond that, it is an excellent anecdotal account of Kasiot history, lore, and customs, some of them as savage as Homer's; and beyond that, it is a beautiful and imaginative exploration of a writer's relationship to his origins.

CALVIN COOLIDGE: THE QUIET PRESIDENT, by Donald R. McCoy (Macmillan). The author, a historian, has used newly available sources for this biography and appraisal of a President whose career seems to have become steadily less relevant to the concerns and problems of Americans since his time. Coolidge may have been dull, but Mr. McCoy's book is fascinating. He has no particular bias toward his subject, but no enmity, either. He points out that Coolidge's small-town background was not especially typical of America in Coolidge's own time, though it offered him political assets, among them the rural New England pattern of participating in local politics and a genuine egalitarianism that made him agreeable to publicans, sinners, Democrats, and even dissident Republicans. Mr. McCoy's sense of the period is helpful. Coolidge has often been treated as a consensus President, and Mr. McCoy corrects this conception; there was so much divergence in America in the nineteen-twenties that Coolidge could not get his unambitious legislation through Congress. Two more useful retrospects: Coolidge's frail health would probably bar him

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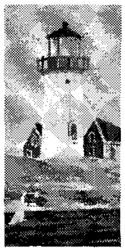

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from the Presidency today, but Grace Coolidge, much beloved in her time, was indeed a First Lady for all seasons.

THE LAST DAYS OF NAPOLEON'S EMPIRE, by Henry Lachouque, translated from the French by Lovett F. Edwards (Orion). A sympathetic (or fiercely Bonapartist) reconstruction of the fifty days that separated Waterloo from the afternoon of August 7, 1815, when "General Buonaparte, prisoner of state" boarded the Northumberland, in Torbay, to begin the long voyage to St. Helena. It is possible that M. Lachouque's vision of Napoleon is a bit bemused, but he writes with vigor and precision, and he presents his views with a persuasiveness that is hard to resist. Illustrated with drawings, portraits, and maps.

CURRAHEE! by Donald R. Burgett (Houghton Mifflin). The author, who is a family man and a roofing contractor in Michigan, joined the paratroops in 1943, when he was eighteen years old. In this book, he tells us, without any of the literary graces and without the slightest posturing, what it was like to be trained as a paratrooper and, eventually, to fight as a paratrooper. He describes the system by which he was inured to his own suffering ("We are going to do everything we can to make you quit the paratroops," his sergeant told him at base camp) and to the suffering of others, and how, without any reference to ideology, he was made into an unquestioning machine for killing. His description of combat (he was dropped into Normandy a few hours before D Day in the terrain behind Utah Beach) is a naked recital of horror and organized madness, and it is compelling because it makes one realize that any young man can be trained to do this kind of thing and can emerge, after the job is done, without any apparent lasting spiritual or emotional scars—a chilling thought.

SCIENTISTS AND WAR, by Sir Solly Zuckerman (Harper & Row). Sir Solly, the noted British zoologist and long a member of the British scientific Establishment, here gives his views on the intricate interrelations among pure science, technology, and society. Much of his book deals with the British experience in such matters—a high regard for abstract knowledge and a strong sense that practical applications are somehow infra dig. This has meant that the

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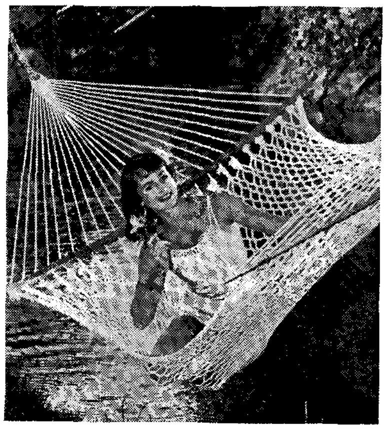

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English universities have produced superb scientists in small numbers but not the mass of lesser scientists and engineers who are needed to keep a technological complex operating. Sir Solly feels that the Second World War succeeded, to some extent, in breaking down the barriers between pure and applied science and, more *important,* made scientists aware of the social responsibilities of their work. Sir Solly has a lifetime of experience in science and government, and he is well worth listening to.

What Have You Done for Me Lately? The Ins and Outs of New York City Politics, by Warren Moscow (Prentice-Hall). Mr. Moscow was a *Times* reporter on state and city affairs from 1930 to 1952 and, later, Manhattan's Commissioner of Borough Works; he has the credentials to write a knowledgeable book, and it is an entertaining one, too. In some chapters, political skeletons, old and new, fall out of various closets, but the book is intended not as exposé but as exposition. Mr. Moscow leads the reader through familiar and unfamiliar facts to an understanding of local politics and personalities. His modest, beguiling approach is most impressive in the last chapter, where he explains why New York is—no two ways about it—all in all the best-run city in the country.

Note: Pantheon has published "The Goodbye Land," by Jose Yglesias. Most of the book appeared originally in *The New Yorker* in slightly different form.

•

Both Dame Margot and Mr. Nureyev were pelted with flowers and streamers. A smiling Dame Margot caught one bunch of posies with all the aplomb of a Willie Mays.—*The Times, May 29th.*

Dame Margot and Mr. Nureyev were visibly moved as they were pelted with flowers and streamers. One bunch of posies a smiling Dame Margot caught with all the aplomb of a Joe DiMaggio. —*Clive Barnes in the Times, May 30th.*

Actually, Ted Williams holds the all-time aplomb mark with a career average of 2.73 per game.

•

Debbie Gay sang a solo during the service on April 30.

"Judge not that ye be not judged." —*Damariscotta (Me.) Lincoln County News.*

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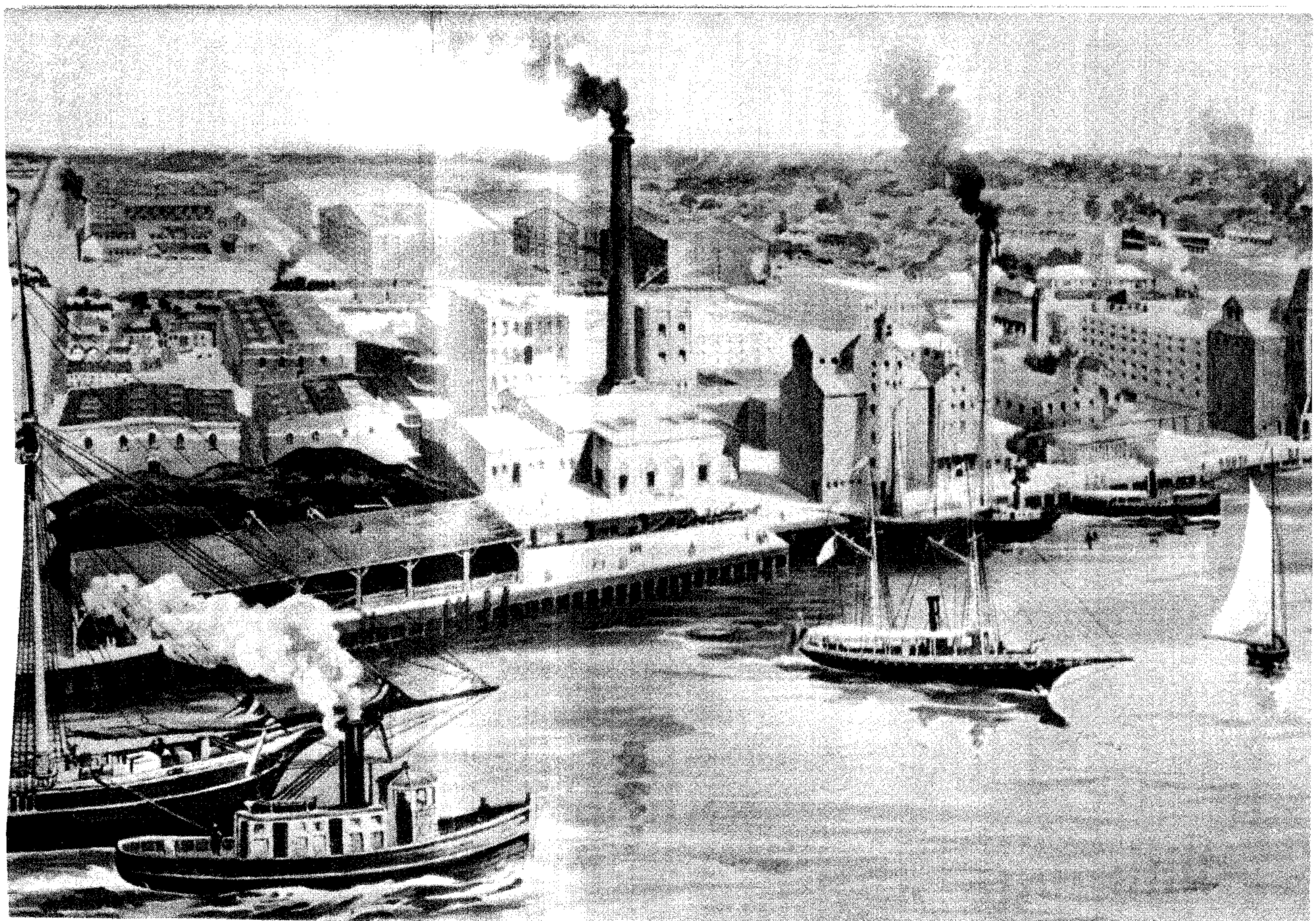

The Hiram Walker distillery in Walkerville, Ontario, before the turn of the century

Come to Canada. Celebrate the Canadian Centennial and visit EXPO 67. And, while you're there, stop by Walkerville, Ontario—home of one of the first Canadians—Canadian Club.

expo67

Canada has changed a lot in 100 years.

Canadian Club hasn't.

On July 1, 1867, the provinces of Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick were united. And Canada, much as we know it today, came into being. In the one hundred years since, the nation's growth has been dynamic, as a visit to EXPO 67 (the Montreal World's Exhibition) and the Canadian Centennial Celebration will show you.

The St. Lawrence Seaway, for example, is one of the most heavily trafficked inland waterways anywhere. A tour of Montreal reveals one of the most efficiently planned, yet beautiful cities in the world. And all through Canada you'll find art centers, museums and fine universities.

The people who make Canadian Club are proud to be part of this growing nation. But unlike Canada itself, Canadian Club hasn't changed a drop over these hundred years. It was first made in Walkerville (in what is now Ontario) and is still made only there. And it's still made in the same way that Mr. Hiram Walker created way back in 1858.

When you join the Canadians for their Centennial Celebration, why not visit the Hiram Walker distillery in Walkerville, near Windsor. We'll be delighted to take you on a free guided tour and show you how Canadian Club is made.

In the next hundred years Canada will change a lot more. But Canadian Club will be the same wonderful whisky that it has been since 1858. We wouldn't want it any other way.

6 YEARS OLD. IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM CANADA BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS INC., DETROIT, MICH. 86.8 PROOF. BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY.

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Distilled and Bottled under Canadian Government Supervision by
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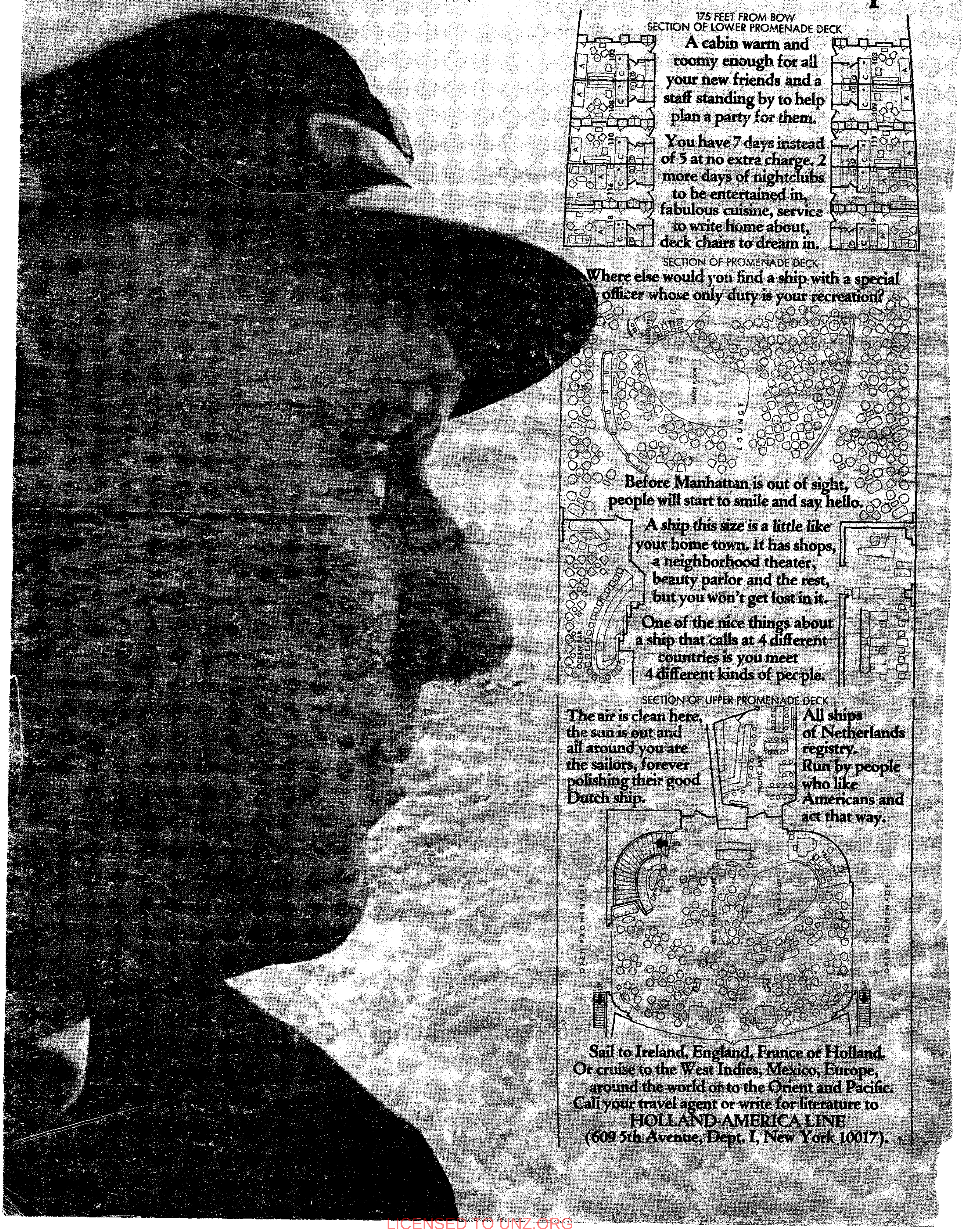
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175 FEET FROM BOW
SECTION OF LOWER PROMENADE DECK

A cabin warm and roomy enough for all your new friends and a staff standing by to help plan a party for them.

You have 7 days instead of 5 at no extra charge. 2 more days of nightclubs to be entertained in, fabulous cuisine, service to write home about, deck chairs to dream in.

SECTION OF PROMENADE DECK

Where else would you find a ship with a special officer whose only duty is your recreation?

Before Manhattan is out of sight, people will start to smile and say hello.

A ship this size is a little like your home town. It has shops, a neighborhood theater, beauty parlor and the rest, but you won't get lost in it.

One of the nice things about a ship that calls at 4 different countries is you meet 4 different kinds of people.

SECTION OF UPPER PROMENADE DECK

The air is clean here, the sun is out and all around you are the sailors, forever polishing their good Dutch ship.

All ships of Netherlands registry. Run by people who like Americans and act that way.

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